H

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.

Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO

BY

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY
D. C. L. (OXON.)

VOLUME II.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

Copyright, 1890,
By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

All rights reserved.

CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.

VI.

Belton. How pleasant it is to get into a studio! There is always something attractive to me in its atmosphere. It seems to be a little ideal world in itself, outside the turmoil and confusion of common life, and having different interests and influences. An artist ought to be very happy in his life. His occupation leads him into harmony with nature and man, lifts him into ideal regions and sympathies, and gives to the outward world a peculiar charm and beauty.

Mallett. It is a happy life; all other occupations after art seem flat and tasteless. The world has for the artist a different aspect from what it wears to the common eye. Beauty starts forth to greet him from the vulgarest corners, and Nature shows him new delights of color, light, and form at every turn. He is her lover, and "love lends a precious seeing to the eye." If art be pursued in a high spirit and pure love, I know nothing more delightful. It gives a new meaning and value to everything. Life is only too short for the wooing.

B. Is an artist ever in love with his work? Do you recognize any truth in the myth of Pygmalion?

M. No. I cannot understand how an artist can be enamored of what he has done. He, more than any one, must feel its short-comings. He knows how inferior it is to his aim and to his conception, and the nearer he comes to the end of it, the less he is contented with it. Even when he succeeds, success is a merely relative term: the thing produced must necessarily be below and within the producer. It is not the victory so much as the battle that delights him. It is not the product, but the producing. There is a certain sadness which comes over one at the end of every work: first, from a sense of disappointment that the result is not more satisfactory; and, second, from the loss of a companion and friend of many days, to whom the greater part of his time and thought has been given. Before the work is completed, there comes a certain exhaustion of purpose and power. Already the mind is projecting itself beyond into new conceptions and ideas, which beckon forward with illusory promises of higher beauty and fairer accomplishment. The thing to be done will be better than what is done. The next combat will be crowned with victory. The future is glad and large of promise; the present is sad and unsatisfied.

B. This is so with every pursuit — with life itself. The past and the future have a certain

consecration which the present has not: the mists of memory enchant the one; the glories of hope transfigure the other.

M. Still, one enjoys the present through the ministrations of art more than by any other means. Every day has its happiness and its work; and it is the union of the mechanical and the poetic — the real and the ideal — which gives it a special charm. The body and mind are working together. Artists are generally long-lived — and particularly sculptors — for the simple reason that the mind and body are both kept constantly in harmonious action.

B. I suppose irritation and worry kill far more than hard work, and this is the reason why business and commerce use men up so rapidly.

M. Besides, in art one is always learning, and that begets a kind of cheerfulness, under the influence of which the mind works more easily, and with less wear and tear. The labor we delight in physics pain, and as long as we enjoy our work there is no danger of overworking. It is only when we get irritated and worried that work begins to tell on us and wear us out.

B. I suppose artists have their black days too? I hope you have. You have no right to have all your lives pleasant.

M. Black enough days we have, undoubtedly, when nothing will come to our hand; when we get confused and tormented, and know we are going wrong, and cannot see the right way. Then our

work haunts us and harries us, and pursues us in our dreams, and will not give us peace. But these days pass, and we get over the trouble; the sun shines again, and all goes well.

B. Do you ever get any hints in your dreams which help you?

M. Never! When I dream of my work, it is always going wrong, and I am vainly attempting to put it right. And this arises from the simple fact, I suppose, that it does not occupy my dreaming thoughts unless I have been worried by it or by something else. But I never get anything of value from dreams.

B. With time and study, at last, I suppose you embody your conceptions at once with more ease and with more certainty? But every work must have its own difficulties, however you may have accomplished yourself in the practice of your art.

M. The beginnings of art are comparatively easy, and we are often surprised to find so little difficulty in achieving a certain result not utterly bad. The friends of every youth who begins to paint or to model see in him the promise of a future Phidias or Raffaelle. But as we train our powers and continue our studies, the difficulties increase; we see more to do, and we are less satisfied with our work. The horizon grows larger and larger at every advance, and we soon begin to feel not only that perfection is impossible, but excellence exceedingly difficult. We labor to attain what is less tangible and more essential. Of course the

mere facility increases enormously, so that at last we do with ease what cost us at first great labor; but we strain ourselves to harder tasks. Nature taunts us, and tempts us, and tries us with her infinite variations and finesses and subtleties. There is never an end. The more we learn, the more there remains to learn. The higher we go, the more precipitous rise the heights above. The peak that, seen from its base in the valley below, seemed to tower into the sky above, proves, when we have reached its crest, to be but a trivial fragment in a mighty chain of mountains, — that cliff over cliff rise, towering beyond, and never do we reach a summit that does not dwarf all below, and open the way to loftier heights, to ideal Silberhörner, that dazzle and delight us with their unattainable splendors and inaccessible despairs. Then, again, in seizing one thing we lose another. What we gain in knowledge and facility we lose in naïveté and freshness of impression. It is difficult to keep up to the end that sustained enthusiasm which alone holds the keys of success in art; and in proportion as we lose our love we lose our power. Nothing good is done in art by trick or sleight-of-hand. The complete force of the man must be put forth, and his work must be done in absolute earnest.

B. It is said that Thorwaldsen, in the latter part of his career, stood before one of his statues which he had just completed, and, after looking sadly at it for a time, said, "I see I am growing

old, and my powers are failing. This statue satisfies me."

M. I know not whether the story is true, but the observation was just, and contains a great deal of philosophic truth. In age the temptation is to relax one's efforts, and to rest satisfied with achieving a certain excellence, within one's knowledge and power, instead of striving for more. So we see in the later works of distinguished artists more freedom of style and brush, but more carelessness of detail and execution, more mannerism, and but too often mere repetitions of themselves. Art is an imperious mistress, and we must give her all if we are to obtain her utmost favors. Nor is it so alone in art. It is so in everything. Nature never gives. She exacts strict pay for all you take. She does not scatter her largesses to the idle and the careless. She only pays the wages of your work. Worse than that, her highest fruit she puts just beyond your reach, to tempt you on to your extremest effort. If you will not strain to your utmost for it, you must be content to go without it; it does not drop into your hands of itself.

B. Ah! I am afraid I do not quite agree with you. You take no account of genius, with which some few are dowered by nature, and into their hands the fruit sometimes does seem to drop without any pains and struggles on their part. And then, again, there is so great a difference between men in their natural facility. Some seem to do with ease what others labor for in vain.

M. True, but the strain comes somewhere with every one. Great natural facility at first is not always, if it be ever, a boon to be coveted by one who seeks to attain great excellence. Somewhere at some time the whole soul must be put into one's work, the whole powers strained to the utmost; and it is perhaps better that this should occur at an early period, otherwise the danger is that we may rest contented with those small achievements which are bounded by our facilities. There is a desperate wall somewhere or other to block our progress. It may be early in our course, when we are bold and fresh and enthusiastic, and then with will and energy we may overleap it; or it may be in the middle of the course, when fatigue has come on, and the mind is jaded, and we have been spoiled by praise, and then we lack the energy to surmount it, and prefer to canter about within the easy limits we possess. No man ever did his best without laying out all that was in him. There is nothing so dangerous and so tempting as facility, unless it come from hard study and long practice, and even then it is a temptation and a danger.

B. That is very true. Facility is often mistaken for genius, but it generally leads to mediocrity. How many a person I have known who, with great promise at the beginning, soon faltered and then stopped; while others, with no early facility, strengthened themselves by study and will, and passed far beyond them at the end. So many are satisfied with doing pretty well what they can

do easily, and want the energy to do very well when it costs labor and struggle. But at least four fifths of genius is an indomitable will.

M. Very true. Take Michel Angelo, for instance: he had not a natural facility like Raffaelle, but he climbed to far higher regions by force of will, and an energy that ninety years did not tire; while Raffaellè had passed his culmination at thirty-seven, and his last works, young as he was, are far from being his best. However, we need not go to great examples; common life and every day will furnish them. A thousand are pleased with dabbling in water-colors and toying with them as amateurs, to one who earnestly works with the determination to be an artist. After all, there is far greater difference between men in their will than in their talent. What we will to do, despite of obstacles and failures, we generally succeed in doing at last. "Easy writing," says Sheridan, "makes damned hard reading;" and we must make up our minds to work if we wish to win success.

"Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus,"

says Horace.

B. I remember years ago a little incident which amused me, and illustrates these remarks. An accomplished artist in water-colors in Rome was one day showing his portfolio to an English lady. She was delighted with his drawings, as well she might be, and after many expressions of admiration she turned to him and said, 'They are

perfectly beautiful. How I wish I could paint in this way! Pray, how long do you think it would take me to learn to paint thus?" "I cannot tell," replied the artist, "how long it would take *you*, but it has taken me all my life."

M. It is a very common thing to hear persons say, How I wish I could do this or that thing, but nine times out of ten it is just the earnestness of wish or will that is wanting. The desire has no real root of determination. It is a momentary feeling. Such persons would not be willing to give laborious hours and days and years to attain the end they covet; but they would like to reach out their hand and pluck the fruit at once without trouble. I can't do this, means, very commonly, I don't choose to do it. I should like to have it, but I won't pay for it. If they do not succeed at the first trial they are discouraged. A true artist must make up his mind to fail a thousand times, and never be discouraged, but bravely to try again. I am always surprised to see how well most people begin, and how little way they go. They seem to think that to be an artist comes like reading and writing, as Dogberry has it, by nature.

B. And so it does. But remember that Dogberry also says — and his judgment in such matters you surely will not question — "God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike, — alas, good neighbor!" And when Leonato says to this, "Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you," Dogberry replies, "Gifts that God gives."

M. "It shall be suffigance!" I will say no more. Dogberry also is right. There are gifts that God gives. If the creative power be wanting that moulds the material to its purpose, nothing great ever will be achieved. But without the additional gifts of courage and will, whatever is the power, it will come to nothing.

B. It is a common notion that no general education or high culture is necessary to the artist, but that art is a special faculty, a handicraft, a gift requiring no education save in its practice. No mistake could, as it seems to me, be greater. It is only from the pressure of full and lofty streams that the fountain owes the exultant spring of its column. The imagination needs to be fed from high sources, and strengthened and enriched to fullness, before it can freely develop its native force. The mere drilling of hand and eye, the mere technical skill, nay, even the natural bias and faculty of the mind, are not sufficient. They are indeed necessary, but they are not all. It is from the soul and mind that the germs of thought and feeling must spring; and in proportion as these are nourished and expanded by culture do they flower forth in richer hues and forms. It is by these means that the taint of the vulgar and common is eradicated, that ideas are purified and exalted, that feeling and thought are stimulated, and taste refined. Out of the fullness of the whole being each word is spoken, and each act takes the force of the whole man. It is not alone the athlete's arm that strikes — it is his whole body. The

blacksmith's arm in itself may be stronger, but his blow is far less effective.

M. Undoubtedly; but on the other hand, the public, on whose approbation the artist to a certain extent depends, requires equally to be educated, for without this the higher fruit of art cannot be tasted or appreciated. While the general education of the public in art is so deficient, criticism must necessarily be low and ignorant. All that we can ask is that it be not also arrogant.

B. There is no doubt that a taste and knowledge in art is rapidly growing in America.

M. Very true; but as yet there is a very general idea prevalent that the big is the great, and that it is size that constitutes grandeur. I have heard it constantly boasted, for instance, that the so-called monument to Washington, in the city of Washington, was the tallest obelisk in the world — as if that was in itself a great recommendation of it as a work of art. To which I have ventured to answer, Yes, perhaps. But it is not, correctly speaking, an obelisk, to begin with, for an obelisk proper should be a monolith. But I am willing to own that it is the tallest chimney in the world, and, I will also add, the most useless — and the ugliest. And besides, it has not only no use, but no meaning and no appropriateness as a memorial to Washington. We are now also loudly called upon to admire the Eiffel Tower just erected at Paris, on the ground that it is the highest in the world, and has I know not how many steps and

stories. But has mere size any claims on our admiration in a work of art? Some of the smallest are among the grandest that ever were made; some of the largest the most inane and empty. What rare Ben Jonson says of life is equally true of art: —

> "In small proportions we just beauties see,
> And in short measures life may perfect be."

B. Or, as Athenæus says, "Οὐκ ἐν τῷ μεγάλῳ τὸ εὖ κείμενος εἶνει, ἀλλα ἐν τῷ εὖ τὸ μέγα." (Not in the great is the excellent, but in the excellent is the great.) But on the other hand, it is not minuteness of finish and elaboration of detail which are primarily to be desired. A great work can afford to be imperfect in detail. Where the grand conception and impression are, there is the great work. But between the claims of Realism on the one side and Idealism on the other, the true mean seems to be pretty hard to hit.

M. Did I ever say art was easy? Nothing that is great is easy or common. There is no clearly defined road, more than for the bird in the air. One must know it by intuition and feel it by internal conviction. "What is it that makes your music Mozartish?" asked some one of that great composer. "I know not," he answered; "it is as it comes to me." And where does it come from? Ah! who knows? That which is force or power or individuality in any work is an unconscious effluence from the spirit of the artist. He knows not how or whence it comes. He only knows that it is imperious, and he must obey.

B. Which do you think the higher art — painting or sculpture?

M. Neither or either. The cup is nothing. It is what you put into it that is of value. Each art has its great difficulties, and it is not easy to say which has the greater. Still, in one sense, sculpture is the higher art, in my estimation, for the reason that, while its means are far more limited, its requisitions are greater and higher. It is at once more positive and more ideal. It has the highest requirements and the poorest means. Its ends are more difficult, its beginnings far more easy. To mould the pliant clay into some sort of material resemblance to any form is not difficult — it is in the grasp of almost every one. But to conceive a great statue and embody a noble idea, — not simply by imitation of the model, but by a grand treatment of form and a noble character of design and expression, — this is doubtless as difficult a task as can be set to an artist. There is every grade, from a mud-pie of a child to the work of Phidias. But, on the other hand, painting has the great requirements of tone and harmonious coloring which are avoided in sculpture, so that these difficulties nearly balance each other. Again, painting is more illusory, more imitative, more literal in its aims. It may please and enchant by literal reproductions of actual facts in nature. The whole field of genre, the facts and incidents of daily life, and the wide range of landscape, are open to it; while in sculpture a higher and more

restricted class of subjects is demanded, and a nobler treatment of forms. It cannot stoop to genre without losing its true characteristics. It has only form to deal with, it is true; but that form must be ideal in its character, and while in nature, must also be above nature. If it content itself with copying the model, it degenerates into commonplace, and abdicates its highest functions. The pure imitation which pleases in painting by creating a partial illusion is denied to sculpture. Besides, a statue must be right, harmonious, and effective from every point of view and in every light and shade. And, last, sculpture is restricted for the most part to a single figure, or at most to two or three, and into this everything must be put. In a word, it is the most material and the most ideal art. Each, however, has its great difficulties, and it is idle to put one above the other.

B. One thing, at least, is certain: that many more artists have attained great excellence in painting than in sculpture. The great sculptors are very few; the great painters many. Setting aside the Greeks, with whom the two arts seem to have been nearly balanced, as far as history informs us, there is no doubt that since then there have been scarcely any great sculptors to compare with the great painters. I do not speak of the present time, for that would be invidious; but up to our time there is scarcely a sculptor, except Michel Angelo, entitled to be called great, or whose works are to be placed beside those of the

renowned painters. Nay, even Michel Angelo himself was perhaps greater in fresco than in marble. This would seem to show that sculpture is at least a more difficult art than painting. At all events, Michel Angelo, so excellent in both arts, gave the higher rank to sculpture.

M. It is far less understood and far less popular, certainly. A picture appeals to a much larger number than does a statue. To feel and understand the beauty of the statue requires more knowledge and more culture. Few are capable of criticising it in its execution with intelligence. Its refinements of treatment, its delicate modeling, its picked truth to nature, are for the most part lost on the crowd. The public appreciate neither its anatomical accuracy nor its subtle expression of the human form; because the naked figure is so rarely seen, and so unfamiliar, that few are able to say whether it is right or wrong. All the finest parts of the execution are "caviare to the general." The public are capable of understanding only the expression and the pose.

B. The taste for sculpture seems to be growing of late, and especially among the Americans. They buy more statues, I am told, than any other nation. The English seem to care little for it, and to prefer painting. How do you account for this?

M. You have only to breathe the English atmosphere and see the English landscape, to understand this. Everything is color in England — and even more, water-color. The atmosphere is thick

and humid, and obliterates form. Everything is saturated or washed in color. On the contrary, the American atmosphere is tense and dry, revealing the outlines of everything, and insisting on form. The distances are clear — the far-off hill is drawn sharply on the sky. The trees are not blotted, as in England, but defined and etched upon it. The form asserts itself far more strongly than the color. So it is in Greece, where sculpture attained its largest proportions and its finest expression.

B. That is ingenious, but is it true?

M. I think so. You will see these characteristics in the minds and in the persons of the people, as well as in their art. The American is slenderer and more nervous in his material organization, more metaphysical in his intellect, more irritable in his temperament, than the Englishman. His sharp thin air acts always on him as a stimulus. It will not let him rest, but whips him on. The brilliant sunshine is like a wine that intoxicates him. It eats away his flesh, turns muscle into tendon, and refines and quickens his perceptions. So we find him always inquiring, investigating, questioning, inventing, working. His perceptions dominate his sentiments. He is always organizing and reorganizing, and inventing, and putting things into shape. Everything runs to form rather than to color in his mind. He must have things definite and decided. The Englishman has more equipoise. His susceptibilities are more blunted;

he is less nervous and more contented, calmer-minded, and steadier of purpose. He has his loyal sentiments, his fixed habits, his regular formulas of life and thought, his quiet prejudices, and, in a word, his inertia of nature. He is fonder of facts than of metaphysics. He is full of general impressions, and does not like to be disturbed in them. His sentiments dominate and color his perceptions and opinions. His face and figure are vaguer in outline than the American's, and fuller of color. He is fitter for a picture than for a bust. Much of this difference undoubtedly is to be attributed to the influences of climate; for even the unmixed English blood in America has already lost its type, and developed a new one. Take an English girl, and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English, and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature, and color. The American, as a rule, is slenderer, fairer, and slighter limbed, thinner-featured, and more vivacious and excited in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in color, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But where you will find the greatest physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high-arched, and tendonous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, flat, and full in the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an American and an English foot, and any one can distinguish them

with half an eye. All the attachments, as they are called, are longer and more tendonous in the American than in the English.

B. You seem to make out your case. Certainly there is a great difference between the general appearance of the English and the American. There is something charming in the one as of a rose, and in the other of a lily. Where the English have the advantage over the Americans is in their voices and intonations. An Englishwoman's voice is a pleasure to hear, — so sweet, and low, and pleasant in its modulations — while the Americans whine with a high-pitched voice. I wish they would correct this. You know them, "as the blind man knew the cuckoo, by the bad voice."

M. They sing better than the English, because the English never can fully utter their voice and throw it out.

B. Certainly the American girls are sometimes very handsome, and they generally have a refinement of look and feature, if not of manner. In their ways, too, there is a certain wild willfulness and independence which, when it does not go too far (as it frequently does), is very attractive.

M. The English have had at least one great sculptor, — Flaxman. He was a man of rare genius and a most refined imagination, — almost a Greek born out of his time and country. His illustrations to Homer and Æschylus are full of restrained grace and simplicity, and admirable in their character and composition. His illustrations

of Dante are very inferior to them, though full of talent. His life, however, was spent in making monuments and allegorical figures, for which he had no taste, but which the public demanded. But he will be remembered by the ideal works which the public refused and rejected. I think, for only one of his outlined compositions did he ever receive a commission, and that was for the Mercury and Pandora, which is among his drawings from Hesiod.

B. His power seems to have been best exhibited on his outlines. In the technical parts of his art, and in his modeling and manipulation, he was as clumsy as he was refined and poetic in his conceptions. At least, so I should judge from the modeled bas-reliefs of his which I have seen.

M. It is very true. He did not model well, — at least, all the casts from his models that I have seen are carelessly executed, and, in fact, mere sketches. But perhaps I have not seen any of what he could consider his finished models.

B. You were reproaching modern art the other day for its slavish following of nature, and saying that we could never attain a high development of art so long as we aimed simply at an imitation of nature. You promised at the same time that you would give me your notions of what true art is. Will it bore you to do this now?

M. Not at all, if it won't bore you.

B. I'll risk it. Go on.

M. In considering the true principles which

govern art, we must first clear our minds of the notion that the object of art is illusion. Art is art because it is not nature; and could we absolutely reproduce anything by means of form, tone, color, or any other means, so as actually to deceive, it would at once fail to interest the mind and heart as art. However we might, on being undeceived, wonder at the skill with which it was imitated, we should not accept it as a true work of art. It is only so long as imitative skill is subordinated to creative energy and poetic sensibility that it occupies its proper place. Otherwise, if by any process we could fix on a mirror the reflection of anything, we should have a perfect picture. Yet, perfect as the reflection is in every respect, it is not a picture, and it does not interest us as art. The most perfect imitation of nature is, therefore, not art. It must pass through the mind of the artist and be changed.

B. Shakespeare says we should "hold the mirror up to nature" in our art.

M. Ay, but what mirror? Not the senseless material mirror, in which nature is simply reproduced as fact. Art is nature reflected in the spiritual mirror, and tinged with all the sentiment, feeling, passion of the spirit that reflects it. It is nature that has "suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." It is, then, an absolute requisite of a work of art, that it should neither be real nor illusory. The moment reality or illusion comes in, art disappears. The birds that strove to

peck the painted grapes of Zeuxis, the ape that ate the colored beetles in the volume of natural history, are types of the ignorant and vulgar mind that never entered into the sacred precincts of art.

B. The story of the birds pecking the grapes in the picture of Zeuxis is always related as a proof of his wonderful power of copying nature, even to the point of literal deception. But birds and insects are easily deceived by the commonest representation of fruit and flowers. I have often watched the bee-moth as he tried flower after flower, painted coarsely along under the cornice of my Italian villa walls, sometimes making the entire round of the room in search of his sustenance, and never learning by experience.

M. The old story of the painted curtain of Parrhasius, which he was requested to draw aside from before his picture, is in the same class. It is evidently made out of the whole cloth, like a hundred others that are told about artists. But supposing it true, it proves that the result of the perfect imitation was to take the picture out of the domain of art, — to the minds of all who saw it. Much as one might admire the skill of the deception, the result was not interesting as art in its higher sense. But art is not only not illusion, — it is not even a mere reproduction of nature, — but an expression and bodying forth of the inmost being of the artist. Its germ is within and not without; it only uses nature as an outward garment in which to clothe the living idea and conception,

assimilating whatever in nature belongs to it of right, and rejecting all which is not fit or necessary. It weaves its figure out of nature, but nature is only the material which it uses in its loom, and which obeys the motions of the working spirit as it transfigures the outward substance with its own inner life. Truth and fact are to be carefully discriminated. Mere facts, however true in and for themselves, may be all untrue in art. Nothing is true in art unless it be assimilated by the imagination to the idea which is the soul of the work, whatever it may be, independently of that connection, and viewed by itself. Too close an imitation of facts often lowers the character of the work and degrades the idea, and this is specially to be seen in music, which, in so far as it is imitation, is on a low plane.

B. Is it not equally so with regard to sculpture? Suppose illusion to be its object, and literal imitation its true means, on such principles the wax figures of Madame Tussaud, with their real dresses, their real hair, and painted faces, ought to be truer products of art than the noblest of Greek statues. But, in truth, it is this very illusion which disgusts us while it deceives. So far from desiring illusion, it is an impertinence which we reject. "Μωμήσεται τις μᾶλλον ἢ μιμήσεται," as Apollodorus says.

M. Undoubtedly it is.

B. And let me, before you go on, also recall to you those charming lines of Wordsworth, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, by Sir George Beaumont: —

"I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

"So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there:
It trembled, but it never passed away.

"How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

"Ah! *then*, if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; *and add the gleam,*
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

M. Exactly! *That* is what is wanted in art, — the consecration, and the poet's dream, — and without it there is no real art in the highest sense of the word.

B. One moment, before you go on. These lines of Wordsworth reminded me of a passage in Shelley which it very closely resembles, —

"Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, yet forever
It trembles, but it never fades away," —

a passage which he seems to have liked, for he repeats it, with a variation, in his "Ode to Liberty," almost identical with this line of Wordsworth's, —

"It trembles, but it cannot pass away."

But if we continue quoting poetry, we shall not get

on with our discussion. You were saying that art should be above nature while it was in it, — as the spirit is above and in the body, — and that it should be an interpretation and not an imitation of nature. Now go on, if I have not entirely put you out.

M. In art there is no nature independent of man and his relation to it. While art should never be false to nature, it should be its master and not its slave. Nature is the grammar and dictionary of art; but it is not until we have mastered these, so as to use them freely and almost unconsciously as a language, that we can rise to be poets or artists. A faultless grammatical sentence, or series of sentences, does not make a poem; and many are the artists who, after they have learned the language of art, have nothing to say which is worth saying. If we have nothing really to say, what is the use of learning the language? A servile imitation of nature is fatal to all the higher impulses of the spirit, and will never result in anything admirable. A sketch by a great master is better, despite all its incorrectness, not only than the most careful reproduction through mere imitation of any facts in nature, but often better than the finished work of the same master, — better, because freer and fuller of the idea. Every artist will tell you that he finds it difficult in his finished work to come up to the impression of his sketch, for the former is produced in the heat of enthusiasm, and when the mind is penetrated thoroughly with the idea, while the latter is more studied and mechanical. Persons or-

dinarily speak of imitations of nature, as if nature were something definite, and positive, and absolute. But nature is to each one a different thing. It is what we are, and takes the coloring of the eye and the mind. It is infinite, too, in its variety, infinite in its scale, and infinite in its combinations; while an imitation of a definite fact is limited to that fact. Yet even that one fact is Protean. It changes with every light, and is affected by every emotion of the artist. Nature is not an aggregation of facts, — it is an idea in the mind derived from a long series of varying impressions and experiences. When we say a work of art is natural, it is because it answers to this idea, not because it is true to some particular fact. Many incidents true in fact are to the imagination false, unnatural, and unfit for art.

B. You remember Coleridge's lines beginning, —

> "Oh, lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone doth nature live," etc.,

all so true and so charming. But go on.

M. The vice of modern art is that it founds itself too much on the low principle of imitation and literal realism, as it is called. The study of particular facts in nature is considered as an end, and not as a means; and they are treated, not as idioms or phrases of a language to be learned and freely used to express ideas, but as being in themselves poems which are merely to be copied. The artist subordinates himself to some particular scene, or

place, or room, or dress, and by patiently and often servilely copying these, he expects to produce a great picture. He sets a model before him, and, by imitating carefully every detail of the individual, expects to produce a great statue. But in this kind of work there is no opportunity for style and grand character. Its place but too often is usurped by the sham and counterfeit *chique*. The imagination is not tasked to a great conception, but cleverness and trick play its part. Undoubtedly the dexterity and ability shown in some of these works of mere handicraft is very great, but there it all but too often ends. Such works surprise and delight for a moment, but their time is short. The public admire and buy. The artist yields to temptation and paints to sell, and thus talent and skill of a rare quality are wasted; and when the fashion of the day goes, such works go with it. The consequence is, that we have many phrase-books, note-books, and studies from nature, and very little art in its highest sense. That nature should be studied with the utmost earnestness and zeal, that it should never be falsely represented in our work, is too obvious to need to be stated. But all this study is only preparation for art. It is learning to play the scales, but it is not music. It is acquiring the language, not writing poems.

B. You differ from the principles laid down by Mr. Ruskin, who seems to think that a perfect reproduction of anything physical before you will constitute an admirable work of art.

M. Oh, I don't believe he would accept such a rendering of his thought and teaching. He has done an immense deal of good by his writings. He has stimulated the mind to think. He has brought art over from vague generalities to a real study of nature, which is the true basis of excellence in sculpture and painting. But it is not the end. We cannot idealize anything by omitting its peculiarities and slurring over its facts ; but only by mastering them, and then subjecting them to the idea to be represented. Besides this, he is a poet, and his descriptions of nature in landscape are wonderfully true and subtle. But in his statement of principles he is vague, contradictory, and unphilosophical. The principles he lays down dogmatically in one chapter, he controverts and refutes in the next, so that it is impossible to understand what his real principles are. He has no system, but very many just observations ; no metaphysical accuracy, but a high poetic and critical faculty. He has changed his view in regard to many of the great painters in the most remarkable way, — now decrying them as comparatively worthless, and at a later time praising them with equal vehemence. It always seems to me as if he were learning his lesson aloud, and correcting his impressions before the public. Still he speaks as authoritatively when he is beginning to study his lesson as afterwards when he has advanced to a position where he finds what he said is untrue. But he has one great merit. He is honest, bold, and in earnest.

B. His observations of nature always strike me as particularly admirable and close, and his descriptions are so poetic and rich in expression and style that they carry one away with their eloquence. But you were saying that imitation is a mere means and not an end of art. You are speaking, I suppose, more in relation to sculpture and painting than in relation to poetry and music?

M. I have been speaking of art in general, and not of art as confined to any particular form. Undoubtedly, in sculpture and painting, imitation must properly be carried farther than in music or poetry. Music, which is the most ideal of all the arts, at once wrenches itself entirely from imitation, and seeks to stir the emotions by fiery sallies into the upper nature which overbroods the lower nature of facts, forms, and incidents, as the sky over the earth. In landscape, for instance, the material facts are etherealized and transfigured by air, light, and color, so as to lift them out of prose facts, and the true artist should seek the sentiment as well as the facts. It is by the imaginative sense that he subdues the prosaic facts to the emotion and idea to be conveyed in his work, and thus fuses the literal into poetry. Round every form there hovers an essence that spiritualizes it, and it is this which the true artist should seek to appropriate as well as the form, for without it the form is vacuous. Nature is plastic to the soul. There is no stock, or stone, or weed

which a great emotion in the heart will not spiritualize. Nature is not a dead repertory of facts, — it is a living keyboard for the imagination to play upon, out of which infinite combinations of harmony or melody may be produced. But nature must be played by the artist in the key of the emotion to be embodied, and the modulations must follow the creative energy, or only consecutive sounds will be evoked, and not music.

B. That is what we mean in common parlance when we say of a work that it may be very clever, but it has no feeling, — that it shows great skill and technical mastery, but does not touch us. Nothing, I suppose, ever does touch us, unless it has come from a deep feeling. Unless the artist profoundly feels his own work, and infuses into it his own spirit, how can he expect to move any one? Mere mechanical dexterity evidently will not suffice. How many works, despite their technical merit, seem to us hard, cold, or clever; while other works, despite their manifest defects and incompleteness, delight us! But I did not mean to interrupt you, though you require, perhaps, to be taken down from your high horse once in a while, lest you go out of sight and lose yourself in the clouds. But go on.

M. Look at poetry, and you will see how little imitation has to do with it. The poet will never evoke the simplest scenery by enumerating its facts, but he condenses into a single phrase the whole spirit of the scene, and makes it live again

in the sympathetic mind of the reader. He leaves out the barren and waste details which do not of necessity belong to his emotion, and, without falsifying, reproduces nature as a garment to his thought. In music, too, the composer does not imitate the sound of the natural world, though he summons it up to you by the tones in which he embodies it. So it should be, though in a less degree, with the painter and with the sculptor. He cannot say all, and he must select. What is not necessary in art is impertinent. Each work has its one word to say, its one blow to strike, and if that be missed, all the rest is rubbish. If the artist have a real and sincere intent, a living idea and thought, let him subordinate all to that, rejecting the unnecessary, however pleasing in itself, and making his work in all its details converge to one point, and cry out with one voice. But to do this, he must have an imperious conception to which all must yield. He must learn the virtue of renunciation. What is left undone is as necessary to a true work of art as what is done. In each of the arts, too much is as fatal as too little. A suggestion is often better than a statement. The imagination is always ready to be beckoned, but rebels against being drilled or driven. In many modern paintings we are embarrassed by the over-statement of facts and the over-elaboration of parts. The single main impression is lost in the accumulation of unimportant details.

B. I have a modern picture in my mind now which justifies all you say. It was painted with very great technical skill; all the parts were carefully finished, and it showed great talent. But it had no central point of interest. Each detail was emphasized as if it were essential, and the artist seemed to have given as much love to each bit as to the whole. Indeed, the whole was lost in the parts. When I first saw it, the impression it made on me I cannot better express than by saying that it seemed to me as if I entered a room where everybody was talking at once, — each claiming my attention, and each saying his word as loud as he could. Apparently the artist was afraid of not being true to every part in detail, and thus lost his grasp on the essential one thing to be said. The public was delighted with the care with which everything was done; but the whole picture seemed to me a mistake, and a waste of talent. Notwithstanding its skill, it left no real impression upon me.

M. Art is now a slave or servant of the age, and no longer a leader and master. Yet this is not its true function. It is born to command, and its life is Freedom. But the necessities of the time, the follies of fashion, and the public desire for illusion and imitation, pull it down from its pedestal, and drag it in their train. It goes creeping along to swell the pageant of wealth and utility. But art does not sing well in a cage. It is only in the fullness of freedom that it does its best. As Schil-

ler says in his "Letters on the Æsthetic Education of Man," "man only *plays* when in the fullest sense of the word he is man; and he is then only truly man when he plays." What is mere truth is only the mechanics of art. It is of the earth, earthy. But inspiration and imagination have the spirit of what Schiller calls play. They are rejoicing and self-sufficing, and freely play with the materials that work has collected. So long as our art is mere work, it is a vulgar drudge. It is only when imagination lends it wings that it soars into its true sphere of the ideal, and becomes the master and not the slave of nature. Let me read you a passage from Schiller on this subject. He says: "The current of events has given the genius of the age a bias, which draws it further and further from the art of the Ideal. This must abandon actualities, and lift itself with becoming boldness above mere necessities. For art is the daughter of freedom, and from the urgency of the spirit, not from the necessity of the matter, must its conceptions spring. But necessities now rule, and bow fallen manhood under her tyrannical yoke. Utility is the great idol of the age, which all powers serve, and to which all talent does homage."

B. There is no doubt truth in all this, though it is a little vague in expression. Yet between the claims of the ideal on the one side, and of practical adherence to nature on the other, the artist seems to have as difficult a course to steer as be-

tween Scylla and Charybdis. In the past generation we had the Ideal school, which, by endeavoring to lift itself above nature, became vague and untrue and phantasmical. Now we have the Realistic school, which sins as much on the other side, and becomes literal and prosaic in its slavery to imitation. Taking to avoid Scylla, we have fallen on Charybdis.

M. The true mean is of course difficult. If art were easy, and its path strictly drawn, it would cease to be the problem it is. But listen again to Schiller: "Matter without Form" (he uses Form in the highest sense of imaginative shaping) "is only a half possession, for the most royal knowledge is buried when dead treasure in a mind, which knows not how to give it its shape. Form without matter, again, is only the shadow of a possession, and the utmost dexterity of art in expression is useless to him who has nothing to express."

B. All very true, but is it not also self-evident?

M. I suppose it is; but in discussions upon art, one has often strongly to insist upon principles which seem to be almost self-evident.

B. Let us go back a little to what you were saying about Imitation not being the end of art. In music and in poetry, one sees at once that it is not. The ear has a science for its art, but unfortunately the eye has not. There is no absolute harmonic scale of color, and still less of form; and we must therefore depend on our natural instincts, as we have no definite positive rules.

M. That is undoubtedly true to a certain extent; but I have no doubt that there is a real science of harmony to the eye as well as to the ear, only we have not yet discovered and formally established it; and so we blindly work in the one, while our way is comparatively clear in the other. I spent a good many hours at one time in endeavoring to make a thorough-bass of color, but it foiled me, and after many experiments I gave it up. But sounds and colors are closely connected, and the harmonies of one are as absolute as those of the other. The blind feel this perhaps more than those who see, and certain sounds represent to their minds a corresponding color. You remember the blind man who said that the sound of the trumpet seemed to him scarlet. Do we not all feel that he was right? It may be fanciful, and of course it is, but most of the instruments represent to me colors.

B. You may well say this is fanciful. I do not follow you at all. They represent nothing of the kind to me; and even if what you say were true, I suppose to each different mind the effect would be different, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to establish any agreement.

M. I dare say it would. I merely threw out a hint. But the common use of the words "tone" and "harmony," as applied to color, indicate that there is a subtle connection between sound and color, however dim and intangible. Certainly some colors clash together, and produce the same

mental impression as discords in music. So also harmonies of forms and lines are felt to be allied to music, though we cannot explain the relation. Proportion is harmony; symmetry is nothing but the harmonious relations of measures; and I have no doubt they have an absolute mathematical relation, as much as the pulsations of strings. It is because we do not scientifically know these relations that we are always groping in the dark; and having only an empirical knowledge, gained from practice, we are never sure of anything, and so cannot lift ourselves above imitations of what we see and feel to be agreeable; and this brings me back to what I was saying. In art, servile imitation means ignorance. Take sculpture, for instance. This, as I have said before, is at once the most positive, the most restricted in its means, and the most exacting in its end. If in this art mere imitation be not required as of necessity, it would seem to be required in no form of art. Yet it is precisely because of its literal imitation that sculpture in the modern days is defective. It has no style. It is not nature, it is the individual model; it is Lisette or Antoine. When compared with the best antique work, though it is far more elaborate in its execution and more finished in its details, it is far inferior in character, dignity, and style. In the antique the forms are scientifically disposed, according to a certain established scale or harmony of proportion, and the details are subordinated to that distribution. The type is never

lost sight of; it dominates all the parts. The Greek artist in his ideal works never suffered himself to be seduced by any accidents of the model from principles established by long study of the varying forms of nature, and reduced to system. His art has, like music, a thorough-bass, a scientific standard of proportion which is absolute. He permits himself no extravagance of gesture or form, but he seizes on the characteristic, works it boldly out, and knows what he is doing. All the ancient sculpture has a style of its own: whether the individual work be good or bad in execution, it is founded upon a distinct and scientific distribution of parts, — upon a system which the artist has learned, and knows as if it were a multiplication-table. Modern sculpture, on the contrary, is full of accident. It is domineered over by the model. It is founded on no system and on no scientific basis. It has no absolute standard of proportion for the human form, it is governed by no law, and seeks through imitation of the individual model to supply this want. Part by part it is worked out, but without any understanding of the whole, and without any style. Imitation is its bane, because the imitation is carried out without principles and without selection, and what is seen in the model is copied and taken as absolute.

B. Do you say the ancients had a mathematical and scientific standard of proportion to which they always adhered?

M. Undoubtedly. No one can carefully exam-

ine the ancient statues without being struck by that. They are all marked by the same characteristics of proportion, and even their poorest works are blocked out on a regular system.

B. Would not such a rule limit the sculptor exceedingly, and tend to render his work mechanical?

M. Certainly not, if the standard was just. Nothing would help him more than an absolute rule of mean proportion. He might vary it in any figure, if he chose, for a special effect, but in so doing he would always know how far he strayed, and would be careful not to exaggerate. Besides, small variations produce great differences; and, after all, he must be careful to keep to the real proportions of the human figure, whatever he do. Does grammar prevent us from being poets? Does the exact science of thorough-bass limit the range of music? Does not the imagination play with the utmost freedom within its bounds? Is the result of its strict rules monotony of character among different composers? Is there any resemblance between Beethoven and Rossini? Yet they both worked within the same absolute rules of thorough-bass; and if at times Beethoven chose for effect, contrary to rule, to make consecutive fifths, he violated the rule consciously, while he recognized it as in ordinary cases just.

B. Was the rule of proportion the same through all ages of Greek art?

M. No. The first scientific and absolute stand-

ard of the proportion of the human figure was established by Polycleitus, who wrote the famous treatise on the canons of proportion, celebrated in antiquity, and who embodied its rules in the statue of the Doryphorus, which was called the Canon. After him Euphranor introduced a variation, by lengthening the lower limbs in proportion to the torso; and still later, Lysippus increased this variation. But all recognize the necessity of a standard of proportion for the formalization of their work. This in no wise restrained their inventive powers, or limited the range of their imagination. How could it?

B. I do not see how it could. I merely asked the question, because I remember an article written upon a treatise of proportion, where the critic objected to any elaborate system or standard of proportion, upon the ground that it restricted the artist's powers, left him no free play in his art, and tended to render his work mechanical.

M. Nonsense. Such a critic could have had little idea about art to entertain such a notion. He must have supposed that a sculptor could do nothing better than to set a model before him, and copy as accurately as possible what he saw. But such a method as this would never result in excellence, except by chance. A model should serve an artist only as a grammar or dictionary of reference, to supply gaps in his knowledge of special facts and nothing else. It would be impossible to take from one the soul of his work, — nay, even

the pose of it, for the artist must use it in reference to a fixed notion of movement and expression in his own mind, and modify it to that. No model can take even the pose of the statue you are making, as you wish it to be; and some fixed notion you must have, otherwise, as the model constantly changes, not only in pose, but even in parts, according to her changes of movement, his work would require constant changes to correspond, and he would never end.

B. Besides, no model can ever enter, I suppose, into the feeling of the artist, and assume the true movement he seeks.

M. Never; and therefore it becomes necessary for the artist to have a fixed conception, and a thorough knowledge of what is just and proper to express it, taking only from the model what suits his idea, and rejecting or modifying the rest. And here the Greeks are our great masters. They sought for style, and not for minute imitation of details. The details came in subordinated intelligently to the masses, and they formalized their statues to a scientific standard of proportion. Too minute an imitation was by them considered a defect. Callimachus, for instance, on account of his exceeding devotion to detail, was nicknamed κατατηξίτεχνος — the over-refiner or niggler — and he was criticised by Quinctilian as *nimius in veritate*. Lysippus, indeed, was celebrated for the great finish of his works (*argutiæ operum*), but in his standard of proportions he was more ideal

than any of his predecessors, and he worked upon a peculiar system of his own, saying that "men should be represented, not as they were, but as they ought to be." Yet in his day the grand school was already on the wane, and soon began to decline into eclecticism, over-refinement, and delicacy, and to betake itself to portraiture and the making of Venuses and Cupids, — just as the best style of the great Italian painters declined and became academic in the time of the Caracci. In the grand school of Phidias, the details were completely subordinated to the masses. Nature was thoroughly understood and treated with great mastery, but minute detail was avoided.

B. Mr. Ruskin would seem to trace back to imitation of nature even the forms of arabesque, and has endeavored to account for the pleasing effect of certain lines and combinations by the suggestion that they are taken from natural products, as leaves and flowers, and are therefore beautiful. This seems to me to be an utterly untenable position. Forms and lines, and combinations of these, are not beautiful because they are to be found in nature, but simply because they are beautiful; that is, because there is an inborn sense of harmonious relations in the human mind to which they respond. Certain forms and certain proportions please the sense of beauty, and there is the end of it. A line does not please us because it may be found on the outline of a leaf, for the outline on the leaf would not please us merely because it was found

in nature, but because simply it pleases us. Both please us for the same reason. The combinations of harmonious and melodious tones in music are not taken from nature. They do not owe their charm to any imitation of nature's sounds, but to the inward sense of man. And the same is the case with arabesque. Certain combinations are agreeable, and others are not, whether they may be found in nature or not. It is idle to tell me I ought not to like the Greek fret, because there is no such form to be found in nature, and it is an imitation of nothing; and that I ought to like the honeysuckle pattern, because it is taken from the flower. I answer that this has nothing to do with the reason why I like or dislike either pattern. All forms in nature are not necessarily or equally beautiful; otherwise we might as well copy in arabesque one thing as another.

M. It was only this morning that I read a passage from Mr. Ruskin which bears upon this very question, and which is a famous specimen of his autocratic style and his inconsequential argumentation, or rather affirmation, which he deems philosophy. Here it is: "I have repeated again and again" (how imperious!) "that the *ideas of beauty are instinctive*, and that it is only upon consideration and in a *doubtful* and disputable way that they appear in their typical character." This would seem to agree with the notions you have just expressed. But mark how he continues: "While I assert positively, and have no

fear of being able to *prove*, that a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a right line, I leave it to the reader to accept or not the only reason for its agreeableness that I can at all trace — namely, that every curve divides itself infinitely by its change of direction." Can there be a more extraordinary contradiction of sentiment than is exhibited in this passage? First, he asserts that the ideas of beauty are instinctive, and appear in a doubtful and disputable way; then that he can *prove* that a curve is more agreeable than a right line; and then the only *proof* that he can offer is a suggestion, which the reader may accept or not. How can you prove anything which is doubtful and disputable by a suggestion that in itself is admitted to be questionable?

B. If the ideas of beauty are instinctive, then of course a thing is beautiful because we like it, because it is agreeable to us, because it corresponds to an instinctive sense of beauty; and this is the end of the whole matter. Besides, I deny the proposition that "a curve *of any kind* is more beautiful than a straight line." A half-circle drawn with the compass is no more beautiful than the line of the diameter. Nothing is more fatiguing or mechanical than an uninterrupted curve. It is the combination of various curves, now flattened so as to be almost straight, now swelling, balancing each other, interrupted, and related to each other and to straight lines, which is agreeable in composition and in form.

M. On the coast of Cornwall the wreckers have the custom, on dark and stormy nights, of tying a lantern to the neck of a bell-wether, and setting him loose on the cliffs. As he moves along, nodding his head up and down, he attracts the notice of sailors and fishermen making for shore, and, taking his wavering lantern for a lighted boat in harbor, they direct their course towards him, expecting thus to make a safe landing, and are lured and wrecked upon the rocks. I must confess I think that artists who take Mr. Ruskin as an absolute and practical guide in art will but too often find him a wandering — however brilliant — light to lure them to danger, and perhaps destruction. And the worst of it is, that he is all the more dangerous as a guide because of his brilliancy.

B. Let us leave Mr. Ruskin and return to our text. Art, according to you, would be the medium between nature and man — the interfusion of facts with feelings and ideas — and not a mere rescript or imitation of dead nature.

M. If art be a language, it is plainly the duty of an artist to learn its grammar and structure as thoroughly as he can. Then the question is whether he has anything to say which is original, poetic, or interesting. It is scarcely worth while to learn the language if one has nothing but trivial commonplaces to announce by means of it. Where is the use in learning to make rhymes and verses if you have no poetic and inspiring ideas to express? The means employed in the various forms

of art — in music, painting, sculpture, and poetry — are indeed quite different; but the end to be attained is the same, — to stir and move the heart and mind, to lift it out of commonplace, and to idealize the literal and make it subservient to some grand or beautiful conception of the imagination. I have already said, but let me again repeat it, — for it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, nor too steadily kept in mind, — that in each of the arts there is as great danger of doing too much as of doing too little, of being too literal as of being too vague. In many if not in most cases, a suggestion is better than a statement. Too much literalness of imitation invariably degenerates into dullness and prose, and a hint, suggestion, or touch often does more to stimulate the mind than a careful elaboration. Every great work contains more than its statements. It has a mystery in it that stimulates the mind, and carries it beyond the mere facts into a dreamland of sentiment and feeling. In poetry especially the poet is often tempted to say too much. The imagination is always ready to supply whatever is suggested, but refuses to be guided and taught its lesson. In a picture, also, there is one thing to be represented in especial to which all else should be subordinated — one main idea to be expressed, and to insist in giving equal value to all that is accessory is a mistake. Besides, it is not true to nature. When the eye is in the centre of the scene, then all is definite, while all else is subordinated and com-

paratively vague. To give to all the parts equal value and precision is to draw off the mind from the main object upon which the attention should be fixed. The true artist shows his judgment as well as his imagination in not distracting the eye and the mind, by giving the same importance of treatment or the same vividness of representation to the accidental and unnecessary as to the necessary and essential.

B. The same observation will apply to the theatre. The actors are obliterated by the gorgeous scenery behind them. The "Tempest" of Shakespeare, for instance, by this treatment becomes a scenic effect, and Prospero and Miranda are merely subordinate figures in a splendid landscape. With a green curtain behind them, the imagination will supply the scene, and the passions of the persons become the all in all, as they should. This is one reason why Shakespeare always produces a vastly greater effect on one who reads any of his plays than on the same person seeing it on the stage. The imagination must be very dull if we need actual facts and properties and scenery to stimulate it. But nowadays we must have a real wreck for Ferdinand; a real, or apparently real, river for Ophelia to drown in; a real castle, battlements, and moonlight for Hamlet to meet the ghost upon; and the poet is reduced to the line of the playwright. The scene-painter gets as much applause as the author. It is like the artist in "Little Peddlington," with the actual pump and

the veritable axe and cow-house. We want illusion, not reality.

M. The stage has always exercised a great influence on art, as well as has art upon the stage. The Greeks had almost no scenery; their imaginations were so quick that they did not need it. They did not seek for scenic effects and illusions, but were absorbed in the passions portrayed by the actors in their words and gestures. They had no asides on the stage; but all was represented, so to speak, in *basso-rilievo*. In like manner, the figures in their pictures were in a plane, and had the character of *basso-rilievo*. They had no middle distances, no far-off backgrounds, no various incidents, but only foreground figures. They were sparing in effects, and simple and almost sculptural in their arrangements, and concentrated the interest in few figures. On our stage we represent distances and narrow planes with many figures and elaborate backgrounds and scenery, and our historical pictures partake of the effects of the theatre in their groupings and arrangements. We should not be satisfied with the simple and bare effects of the Greek stage. We not only want the play, but the scenery.

B. All our art is different from the art of the Greeks; and certainly in one art — that of music — we have left them, so to say, nowhere. The monotony of their music would bore us to death. This is the great art of our century, which has developed a new world. I doubt if they did not

surpass us in painting as much as in sculpture; but unfortunately we have none of their pictures except a few wall-decorations, and not one of their wonderful statues except those which are partly decorative — so, at least, I have often heard you say.

M. It is true. The noble works of the Parthenon, of which only a few defaced and broken statues now remain, are decorative figures made by unknown artists, and not celebrated by any ancient writer. But if these noble statues were only decorative, and not considered worthy of special notice, what must have been those famous ones which were the wonder of the world, and so extravagantly praised by the critics of antiquity! What must have been the Athena of Phidias, or the Olympian Zeus, which was said to have exalted and enlarged religion itself! What the magnificent works of Praxiteles, Calamis, Polycleitus, Lysippus, Scopas, Alcamenes, Myron, Agoracritus, and the rest! All these are lost; not one remains — unless, perhaps, we may except the group of Hermes and Cupid lately unearthed at Olympia, which is full of feeling, grace, and nature, and which, as it corresponds to the text of Pausanias in subject and place where it was found, may possibly be by Praxiteles. But which Praxiteles — for there were two — if either? We must be very careful to remember that Pausanias wrote centuries after Praxiteles died; and all that he can say is that a statue then stood in this place which was

called a work of Praxiteles. Well, how many pictures that are called Raffaelles, and how many statues that are called Michel Angelos, do we not know that neither Raffaelle nor Michel Angelo ever saw? And we have only Roman copies of the great Greek works. Nay, we do not know with certainty that even these are copies, or if so, of what they are copies. The Apollo Belvedere itself is a Roman work of about the time of Nero.

B. How do you know this?

M. First, from its workmanship. It is not in the Greek style — not *carré* — squared, and flat in its planes, but rounded in its forms, as the Romans worked; and second, because it is executed in Luna or Carrara marble, which fixes its date — the quarries of Carrara having been first opened about the time of Nero.

B. Is there, then, so great a difference between the style of workmanship among the Romans and the Greeks?

M. Very great. But it would take too long to explain it here; and, besides, I doubt if I should make it perfectly intelligible in words after all, though I could easily show you the difference by comparing two statues. All I can say is that the Greek work is, to use two French words which better explain what I mean than any English ones which I can now think of, *carré* and *arrêté* — more squared out and decisive in its statements of form. The scientific statement of form is never

lost. The treatment is freer, bolder, and based on clearer knowledge and principles. The Roman work is more puffy and rounded, and the muscles are more feebly stated and smoothed away. Compare the Apollo with the Theseus of the Elgin Marbles, and you will at once see the difference.

B. But were not all, or nearly all, the sculptors in Rome Greeks?

M. That is the general opinion, I know; but I do not agree to it. If they were, they changed their whole style of workmanship. But I see no sufficient reason for any such supposition. Almost all the known names of sculptors in Rome are Greek in their terminations, but this proves nothing. Greece was the land of art and of sculpture, and at one period undoubtedly many came to Rome and practiced this profession there, though it does not seem that among these there was a single one of the celebrated sculptors. But Greece could never have supplied artists enough to make the almost incredible number of statues that existed in Rome. They were, as you remember, said to equal in number the inhabitants. One man alone — Emilius Scaurus — had three thousand disposable statues to put into his temporary theatre; and how many more he had, who knows! Now the inhabitants of Rome — not of the *urbs*, or city, but of what was called Rome (the Romans making in this respect the same distinction that is now made between London and the City) — must have been at least four mil-

lions; and it is difficult to believe that Greece alone could have furnished artists enough to make them, even if she had sent every sculptor she had to Rome.

B. Do you place the inhabitants of Rome at so high a figure? You surprise me. Mr. Merivale, if I remember right, puts them only at some 700,000.

M. Justus Lipsius, who is a far better authority on this point, has discussed the question in a very elaborate essay, and he estimates the number at four millions. After carefully examining all the data we have, all the statements of the various ancient writers who allude to it, and all the facts which seem to bear on the question, I am convinced that in estimating the number at four millions I am rather understating than overstating it. It is much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. But if you are interested in the question, I will lend you an essay on it which I wrote years ago, and which will give you the grounds on which my estimate is founded. De Quincey also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at four millions. I will cite one fact only, and then leave this question. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold 250,000, or, according to Victor, at a later period probably, 385,000 spectators. Taking the smaller number, then, it would be one in sixteen of all the inhabitants, if there were four millions. But as one half the population was composed of slaves, who must be

struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodation there for one in eight of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one half by striking out the women, there would be room for one in four. Again, striking out the young children and the old men and the sick and impotent, you would have accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it? — for such must have been the case were there only four millions of inhabitants. If we suppose there were only a million inhabitants, it is plain from the mere figures that it would never have been possible to half fill the circus. But I will say no more on this subject now, for otherwise we shall spend the whole day on it, and I have already thoroughly discussed it in the paper of which I spoke. Let us now go back to the Roman sculptors. I was saying that I saw no sufficient reason for supposing the sculptors in Rome to be Greeks, although for the most part the names which have come down to us have Greek terminations. I take it that it was the fashion in Rome for sculptors to assume Greek names, just as in our day singers assume Italian names, and for a similar reason. Italy is the land of song and opera; the language is the language of opera; and singers of all nations take Italian terminations to their names — just as, Greece being the land of sculpture originally, and

having produced the most renowned sculptors, the Roman sculptors assumed Greek names, and perhaps pretended to be Greeks. Some of them probably, although long domesticated in Rome, also came of Greek ancestry; at all events, we know it was the fashion among dandies and literary men in Rome to talk Greek, and to quote Greek, to put on Greek airs, and to wear Greek dresses; and it is quite probable, therefore, that this affectation extended to sculptors. To such an extent was this carried that the great Julius Cæsar himself, while dying, remonstrated in Greek with his assassins; and Cicero in his "Officiis" recommends the Romans "not to lard their talk with Greek quotations," though, as far as his own letters are concerned, he greatly sinned against his own precept.

B. Yes; and I remember Shakespeare, who divined everything, girds at this peculiarity of Cicero in his "Julius Cæsar." Cassius says, "Did Cicero say anything?" and Cassius answers, "Ay, he spoke Greek."

M. Well, suppose a thousand years to pass by, and some Australian or South American or Patagonian to be endeavoring to trace the history of music from the records we have — would he not be as much justified in declaring that all the singers of this age were plainly Italians, inasmuch as their very names were evidences of the fact, as we are in declaring all the Roman sculptors to have been Greeks?

B. In like manner, in later times, when Latin was the literary language, most of the writers assumed Latin names, of whatever nation they were — as for instance the old chroniclers, Luitprandus, Frisingius, Ditmarus, Arnulphus, Adelboldus, Rupertus, Adhemarus Ostiensis, Chronographus Saxo, and others. Nay, even in our own day we see the German historian of the Middle Ages in Rome calling himself Gregorovius, after the old fashion.

M. It is a curious fact, however, that Rome itself has given us no great names in literature or art. None of the great Latin writers of ancient times, in prose or poetry, were Romans; and none of the great painters, poets, or writers of the Renaissance. Among the former, for instance, Virgil was a Mantuan; Terence a Carthaginian and a slave; Lucan and Seneca were Spaniards, and were both born at Cordova; Plautus was an Umbrian; the elder Pliny came from Verona, and the younger was born at Como; Cicero was born at Arpinum, in the Abruzzi; Sallust was a Sabine, and came from Amiternum; Catullus came from Verona; Propertius was an Umbrian; Tibullus came from Pedum, in the Sabine hills; Juvenal probably was born at Aquinum, though the exact place of his birth is not known; Martial was a Spaniard from Bilbilis; Persius was an Etrurian from Volterra; Livy came from Padua, where he was born and died; Cornelius Nepos was a Veronese; Ovid was born at Sulmo, in the country of the Peligni; Horace was an Apulian from Ve-

nusia; Phædrus was a Thracian or Macedonian; Strabo came from Amasia, in Pontus; Julius Columella from Cadiz; Quinctilian from Calagurris, in Spain; Apuleius from Madaura, in Africa; Ausonius from Bordeaux; Statius from Naples; Valerius Flaccus from Padua; Fronto from Numidia.

B. This is very remarkable, but you have left out in your list Tacitus, Lucretius, and Suetonius.

M. I shall have to give up Lucretius, and also Varro. These were both born at Rome, and in the whole range of authors these are the only exceptions. As for Tacitus, the time and the place of his birth are unknown, as well as the time of his death, so we can say nothing about him. If he were a Roman, he was an exception, as you see, to the general rule, and there is no reason to suppose he was. So also the birthplace of Suetonius is unknown. Rome has therefore no great name among authors to boast of in the ancient days, with the exception of Julius Cæsar, Lucretius, and Varro. The same observation holds good of the time of the Renaissance. All the great painters, and sculptors, and poets, and historians, and essayists came from other places, — principally from Venetia, from Umbria, from Tuscany, from Naples. I cannot recall a single one who was born in Rome, unless, perhaps, Giulio Romano. Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Pulci, Tasso, Macchiavelli, Muratori, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Palma, Da Vinci, Giotto, Ma-

saccio, Lippi, — in a word, all the great men who illustrate the literature and art of Italy, — were born out of Rome. The Eternal City can show "no single volume paramount" — no master spirit.

B. Ah! but you cannot make good all your quotation. You cannot say, "No single volume paramount — no code." There at least the Romans were great — in their laws and their science of government. The Roman Code is the basis of all our law.

M. I am not so sure even of that. The Institutes, Digests, Code, and Novellæ — that is, the whole Corpus Juris Civilis — were indeed compiled under the order of Justinian, then Emperor of Constantinople. But he was not born in Rome, and we have no knowledge that on the commission of jurists to whom the compilation of this great work was confided there was a single Roman. There may have been, but there is no proof, nor even probability, that there was. So, too, the Theodosian Codex was compiled in the East in the reign of Theodosius, called the Great, and he was not a Roman. We do not even know that Gaius, the great Roman jurist, whose "Institutiones" was the text-book of the Roman law before the Institutes of Justinian, was a Roman by birth. Besides, the law was not a science, and scarcely a system, in the time of Cicero, and the advocate founded his cases more upon appeals to the passions and prejudices of his jurors than on strictly

legal arguments. Cicero, in one of his speeches, casts a slur upon the condition of the law in his day, and says, "Occupied as I am, I could yet make myself sufficient of a lawyer in three days." In trials of state criminals the jury selected from the senators were judges as well of law as of fact, and the presiding magistrate was scarcely more than the curule chairman, without any power of decision.

B. You must add to the list of Romans the name of Marcus Aurelius, who was certainly born in Rome.

M. How could I have omitted him! Yes, truly his name does make up for a great deal. I know nothing nobler in spirit than his "Meditations," though perhaps his name could not properly come in among the great authors of Rome. He was the purest and noblest character that ever wore the purple, and one of the purest and noblest spirits that ever lived. It is not the literary merit of his book, however, that gives it value. It was but a private journal, and not a book intended for the public, and I was thinking rather of authors who wrote for the world.

B. Well, at all events you will admit that the great artists in Greece were Greeks, and that Athens was not as poor in native artists as Rome.

M. That depends on what you mean by Greeks. Many of them certainly were not Greeks proper, and very few Athenians. Polygnotus, for instance, was a Thracian by birth, and came from

Thaos, and his Athenian citizenship was conferred upon him only on account of his distinction. Zeuxis, again, was a Macedonian from Heraclea; Parrhasius was an Ephesian from Asia Minor; Pamphilus was also a Macedonian from Amphipolis.

B. Who was Pamphilus? His name is not familiar to me among the great Greek painters.

M. Still he was a very distinguished man, and of great repute in his country — a Greek Leonardo da Vinci, skilled in mathematics, geometry, various branches of science, and painting in all its methods, of wax, encaustic, etc. He was the master, among others, of Apelles, Melanthius, and Pausias, and it was through his influence that the arts of Greece were greatly developed. He had a school of art, in which the course of study occupied ten years, and his entrance fee was a talent, which the scholar was obliged to pay whether he pursued the whole course or not. But to go on with the Greek artists who were not Greeks, we must add the great name of Apelles, who was born in Asia Minor, though at what precise place is not agreed upon. Suidas refers his birth to Colophon, but Pliny to Cos. The Apelles to whom Lucian refers as an Ephesian is probably another person: whatever he was, however, he was not a Greek proper. Dionysius was also a native of Colophon; Athenion was a Thracian from Maurea; Autophilus an Egyptian; and Protogenes, either a Carian from Caunus, or, according to Suidas, a Lycian from Xanthus.

B. Were there none of the great painters of antiquity who were Greeks proper? — none who were Athenians?

M. A few. Timanthes was a Greek from Sicyon; so was Eupompus, I believe. Apollodorus, Nicias, and Panœnus (the nephew of Phidias) were Athenians; but I recall no one else among the painters. Yes, I do. Nicomachus and Aristides were both Bœotians from Thebes. As for the sculptors —

B. No, I thank you. I am sufficiently upset now in my ideas. You will go on and prove that Greece never produced any great men. I decline. I am not sure that you won't undertake to prove, in Mrs. Gamp's phraseology, that "there wa'n't never no such place as Athens," and that it is a sort of "Harris" among cities — a Ἀρρισσόπολις, and that Haristides is as apocryphal as William Tell. I should not dare to ask you who Pericles was.

M. Your last statement reminds me of a pretty girl, not over-cultivated in literature and classical lore, who was turning over the leaves of Shakespeare's plays one day, and came to Pericles. Here she paused for a moment, and then looking up, said, with a delightful smile, and pronouncing the great Athenian's name as she would "obstacles" or "manacles," "Pericles, Pericles —what *are* Pericles?"

B. Did you tell her?

M. I told her they were a queer sort of shell-

fish, or periwinkle, or oyster, found in Greece, and that when the Greek girls got tired of a man they wrote his name on the half-shell, which was a delicate way of sending him off, and this they called ostracizing him.

B. And what did she say?

M. No matter.

B. That reminds me of a definition of mind and matter, which I once heard: "What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind."

VII.

Mallett. Have you a bit of string?

Belton. Of course I have. It is my particular meanness. Everybody has a little personal ridiculous meanness, and that is mine. I cannot bear to cut a string which I can untie, not that I want it; not that I expect it to be of any special use; not that I take care to put it aside, so as to find it when I want it; but that it goes against me to cut it. I carefully undo it, roll it up, put it away, and never find it again. What is your meanness? — for of course you have one.

M. Mine is paper. I have an Arabian feeling against tearing up letters and destroying scraps of paper, — not from the fear that prompts the Arabs, lest the name of Allah may be inscribed upon it — not for any really good reason, but from an unreasoning impulse. It goes against my grain. This habit entails a good deal of unnecessary work and loss of time afterwards — for notes and letters so accumulate that one must clear them out and destroy them at some time, but still I go on practicing it.

B. If one could bring one's mind to file away all the notes and letters one receives, and put them

in order, with easy catalogues of reference, much that is very valuable would be preserved which is now destroyed, and which to after generations would be most precious. Think of Shakespeare's letters, for instance. They were of no value to his correspondents at the time, and were probably all torn up; but what would we not give for them?

M. John Quincy Adams followed this rule. He kept, as I have understood, everything which was written to him, and this of itself gave him a certain power in public life. If any man denied he had ever expressed certain opinions, or mentioned certain facts, or been engaged in certain transactions in public life which he had forgotten or would fain conceal, there was sure to be a record in Mr. Adams's papers, in case there had ever been any correspondence between the two. After all, in the correspondences of public or of private men there is often much which is of far greater importance in elucidating questions, characters, and opinions of the day, than is to be found in their formal writings. What is called gossip often throws great light upon public events, and letters are a minor and truer history of the time than is contained in the elaborate pages of historians. I cannot bear to destroy a letter; nor do I ever see a person recklessly tear one to pieces and throw it in the waste-basket without a chill. Not that I know what I shall do with them; not that I have any intention of using them for any definite purpose; and, worst of all, after laying them away I

forget all about them, and who wrote them, and what they contain — still, from some strong unreasoning impulse I keep them. It is very foolish, I know; but one does so many such foolish things.

B. What surprises me is that editors and printers do not preserve the manuscript copy by distinguished writers from which their works are printed — not only because of its interest to them personally as autograph, but because they are throwing away what has to others often a high market value. Besides, it is instructive as well as amusing to see an original manuscript by a great author; it lets one into the private laboratory of his thoughts; it shows how he worked — whether he was facile in his productions or labored over them. His very changes and corrections would show the growth of the subject in his mind, and the value he put upon expressions and phrases. Fragments are often printed in fac-simile to give the character of the handwriting and the alterations of words and phrases; but these give us only a slight glimpse through a crevice into a region which we all would like to have entirely open to "expatiate" in. There is a reckless wastefulness in throwing away such manuscripts which I cannot understand.

M. My feeling goes with yours in this matter. I feel as if there were in the manuscripts of an author an almost sensible part of himself — that, so to speak, it is materially possessed by his spirit. There are, indeed, those who claim to possess the

power of nervously apprehending the character and quality of an author's mind by holding in their hands his handwriting — I do not mean by a study of the handwriting, but by a mesmeric sense. Whether this be so I will not undertake to say; but independent of this there is a pleasure in looking at the original manuscripts fresh from the mind and hand of the writer. But does any person of sensitive organization take into his hand an important letter without a certain recognition of its contents before he reads it?

B. Not to go into the mesmeric question, on which we might not agree, I suppose we should all admit the interest we have in an original manuscript of a celebrated author. Yet almost no printer or publisher preserves such, while they would scrupulously keep any little gift by him which was worthless in itself. When Dickens's things were sold, the other day, everybody flocked to the sale to obtain a memorial of him, and the stuffed raven brought a great price.

M. I know one man who showed me, as a precious possession, two American cents which had been given him by Mr. George Peabody, "The great American philanthropist, you know, sir. I was his valet, sir, and I took care of him during a long illness; and when I left him, sir, he gave me these two American coins as a remembrance, sir, you know;" and he added, "I value them very highly; nothing would induce me to part with them." He seemed a little jealous even of allow-

ing me to see them, lest I should carry them away with me. But there are other things I care more for, and I was not tempted, as I might have been had they been a letter of Shakespeare's.

B. We were speaking of little meannesses, and agreeing that everybody had them. They curiously lie in some minds close beside great generosities. I have known people who would bestow a thousand pounds on a public charity, and yet grudge and cheapen the wages of their washerwomen. I have known others ready to make a liberal present to a friend who would stop to haggle over the five per cent. discount for ready money; not out of miserliness either. If five per cent. or twenty per cent. had been added to the original cost, they would not have considered it a moment. But so trifling and miserly a meanness as that which I saw related of Turner, the landscape-painter, the other day, is rarer and more astonishing. The story is told by Charles Julian Young in his journal, and is as follows: Mr. Leader, the father of the former M. P. for Westminster, had commissioned Turner to paint him a picture on a given subject, and the price was fixed at three thousand guineas. Turner himself brought the picture, when it was finished, to the house, and Mr. Leader gave him a check for the three thousand guineas; on which Turner reminded him that there was still 3s. 6d. due to him for the hackney-coach in which he had brought the picture to Putney.

M. That is scarcely credible, and yet it is probably true. Turner was a great miser, though at times he could be generous. Artists are as a rule, I think, generous as well as extravagant; but there are some striking exceptions. Nollekens, for instance, was a notorious miser. (Do you remember, by the way, our friend who described his cat in the same terms, as "a great miser," meaning mouser?) He was as bad almost as Ellsworth, living in the meanest and wretchedest way, and denying himself the almost absolute necessities of life. Yet he died, it is said, worth nearly £400,000. What can be the pleasure of this?

B. Chi sa? It is quite unintelligible to me, and all the more unintelligible in these days of paper money. While one's money was all in chinking and glittering gold, there might have been a material pleasure in gloating over it, and handling it, and hearing it ring. It was something positive, and real, and tangible; but to have it only in printed paper — or worse, laid away in a bank or invested in shares, with only a record of it in an account-book — this is even more inexplicable. But however it be, no man has ever enough if he is rich, and, generally speaking, the poor are the generous in this world. Some people have a pride in leaving behind them a great sum of money, and no really wealthy man gets anything like its true value out of his fortune.

M. Some wealthy persons seem to get what is to me a quite unintelligible pleasure out of the

thought that they will be able to surprise the world, on their death, by the unsuspected amount of the fortune they leave, and that on 'Change some such conversation as this will take place: "Have you heard that old B. is dead, and has left — what do you think? — now guess." "Well, £100,000." "No, no — £400,000. Think of it — £400,000! Who would have thought it?" "No! impossible!" "I assure you it 's a fact."

B. Do you remember that other old B., who was so rich, and who died the other day; and this conversation occurred about him: "So old B. is dead at last. He must have left a pot of money. Have you an idea what he left?" "Oh yes — *Everything!*"

M. Precisely — everything! All his life had been given to making money that never made him happy, and did no good to the world, and when he died he left behind him simply everything.

B. Who was it — some very rich man who was buying some cigars one day. When the tradesman offered him some of an extra quality, and very expensive, "Oh no," he said, "I cannot afford to smoke such costly cigars." "But these are the same cigars that we supply to your son." "Ah, that may be," was his answer. "But he may be able to afford them. He has a rich father; I have not."

M. I should have a fancy, were I rich and with overflowing pockets, to give great personal gifts to friends, or even to strangers who were in need. It

would be a delight to me to say, Here are one thousand, ten thousand pounds. Take them, and be happy; and it would be ample reward to me to see them happy. Think of being able to go into Jones's house, knowing that he is torn to pieces with trying to make the two ends meet, and saying, There are ten thousand pounds: be happy, and let us all be happy together. Think of Mrs. Jones's look! Would not that be pay enough! I should not like so much to dole out small sums at intervals to repair losses or pay debts. That is like mending or patching old clothes. But I should like best to set persons straight up on their feet; give them an entire new suit of fortune, and make them feel rich at once. That is my notion. Giving to public charities does not tempt me. There is no personality in them. I like persons, but not masses. Besides, public charities half the time are great mistakes.

B. Yes; and sometimes private charities are equally so. One naturally expects gratitude for generous services rendered, but somehow it seems to me that in most cases gratitude for past favors is a good deal mixed up with the anticipation and hope of future favors; and that one act of generosity is considered as a pledge and promise of others to come.

M. But, at all events, private charities do not seek the remuneration of public applause. I am uncharitable enough to believe that it is precisely this public applause which is but too often the

spur to many a public charity. For my own part, I cannot help feeling more admiration for secret, spontaneous, unexpected, and even odd private charities, which seek no reward and hide out of sight, than for those which are made with a great flourish before the world. For instance, there was B., who in crossing the English Channel fell in with a lonely old lady, whom he had never seen, and out of pure kindness of heart he helped her to a seat and paid her a number of little attentions, to make her comfortable, and finally, on arrival, called a cab, put her into it, and said good-by; and shortly afterwards the old lady died, and to the astonishment of B., she left him all her money! Now that is what I call a dear old lady, and I have never failed since then to be polite and attentive to every old lady I meet in my travels. Then, again, there was the artist whom I knew in Florence years ago, who was struggling along through adversity, with no orders, and no hope of any, when one day a notary comes into his studio and informs him that an old gentleman opposite — an Englishman, of course — has just died and left him his entire fortune. "But I did n't know him; it must be a mistake," said A. "But he knew you, and it is no mistake," said the notary; "and though he never spoke to you, he used to watch you, and he informed himself about you, and then made his will in your favor, and I am come to announce the fact to you." I need not say that from that day forward he had more orders than he

could execute. But this is the way of the world. Still another person I know whose ancestor obtained a fortune from an utter stranger simply by opening his pew-door to him and giving him a seat. The stranger had entered the church, and was rather embarrassed where to go. The cold Christian shoulder was turned on him as he went down the aisle, until this gentleman, observing his shyness, rose, opened his pew, and motioned him to take a place in it. The stranger thanked him on leaving the church after service, informed himself of his name by the hymn-book, went home, and left him a fortune by his will.

B. And served him right. But I know a better story than that — where Fortune played a wicked trick on a beautiful woman. She was in the theatre one evening with a friend, and the two ladies sat opposite each other in the front seats of the box. It so happened that an eccentric gentleman, who was in the pit below, saw her, was greatly struck with her grace and beauty, and, after gazing at her for some time, turned to his next neighbor, and asked if he could tell him the name of the lady in box 10, or whatever the number was. His neighbor, thinking he referred to the other lady, who owned the box, gave that lady's name instead of hers. The gentleman wrote it down in his note-book, and said no more, but went home and made a codicil to his will, leaving a fortune, as he supposed, to her, and giving his reasons for so doing; but unfortunately he inserted

the name of the other lady, thinking it hers, and the fortune went to the wrong person.

M. And I suppose the friend gave her up the fortune?

B. Oh, you do! Well, you are ingenuous. She took quite a different view of the matter, and declined to believe that he intended to do otherwise than he did do — and that is, to leave the fortune to her. Why should he leave a fortune to one rather than to the other? Both were strangers to him.

M. The old gentleman — I suppose he must have been an old gentleman, — young gentlemen don't do such things — must always have carried about with him a sort of covert amused sense of the joke he was playing, and laughed to himself over the astonishment that his will would create. I think I can quite understand the secret fun that he must have had out of it — something like having a hidden jack-in-the-box in one's pocket for the children at home.

B. It is always well to be beautiful if one can; and if one has not beauty, good manners and kindliness of acts are always in one's power. We lose nothing by being friendly, and we gain so much. Some persons seem to pride themselves on brusquerie and what they call frankness — which is often but another name for coarseness and inconsiderateness. A pleasant word may breed a happy feeling, and a cold word chill a tender sentiment. Truth is a great virtue; but love is a greater.

Those people who are always telling you what they call the truth are generally very offensive, and they rarely do you any good.

M. You remind me of old Mrs. M—— and our friend H——. After making a very rude and disagreeable speech to him, when he was first presented to her, she added, as a sort of excuse, "You see, I am a *downright* person; and I must speak the truth." "Oh, well," he answered, "I, on the contrary, am a very *upright* person; so it does not matter much."

B. I should have liked to see her face when this was said.

M. What a strange thing chance is! what wonderful things are born of pure accident! How near we come to happiness, how close we touch to fortune, without knowing it! How nearly we graze Death, and are all the while perfectly unconscious of the danger! Like vessels at sea, we often pass each other blindly in the darkness of night, unknowing that a foot more or less might have carried both to destruction — or a foot more or less have brought us glad tidings and friendly salutations. Had we happened to have met such or such persons, what a change it might have made in life! Had we spoken a word that was on our lips or in our heart, how different all might have been! Ah! the might have beens! how sad they are!

B. Society is a strangely shuffled pack of cards, and a perfect hand is nearly impossible. Let us

thank God if we get any of the honors and a few of the trumps.

M. Having the trumps is a matter of chance, but being a trump is always in our power. Whatever are our cards, it is our own fault if we do not play them well.

B. Not always. There is such a thing as luck. I worship the Bona Dea! Without her all our efforts are useless. It is easy enough to be good as long as you are happy. The difficulty is to be good when you are irritable and unfortunate. It is easy enough to drive by day over a good road so as to be pretty sure, with skill, to avoid accidents; but in a dark night, amid pitfalls and broken hedges and earth-slides, with all your skill it is nearly impossible not to come to grief.

M. We all pray for good luck, I suppose, and believe in it; and yet good fortune often hardens the heart. The rich are not generally the generous in this world.

B. There is no apple without its speck, and the fairer the fruit the more conspicuous is the defect. We expect the rich to be generous, the pious to be loving, and the Christian to be forgiving! But the specks of bigotry and intolerance are generally rather large on the professed Christian, and the crimes committed in the name of religion are the most cruel in history. True piety is a great grace, but the "unco pious" are generally hard and intolerant.

M. A friend of mine, who was giving a large

dinner, once called on old T., the negro caterer, to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands. "Yes, ma'am," said old T., "I 'll look out for it all; but fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergymen and them kind a-comin'?" "Certainly," said my friend; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Oh," says old T., "if they 's clergymen and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious eats tremendous!"

B. Oh, Tartuffe is not dead yet. We all of us have our pet vices, and our pet meannesses, and our pet indulgences. There is a speck of Tartuffe in every one. But to go back to what we were saying a little while ago of little special trivial meannesses, such as preserving strings and scraps of paper, and all the brood that "waste not, want not" engenders, and Miss Edgeworth recommends in one of her delightful stories, — Miss Brontë, you remember, wrote those wonderful novels of hers on the backs of old letters and scraps of paper, and Pope had the same peculiarity. Longfellow also wrote the "Psalm of Life" on the back of an old letter.

M. Oh, that was not from meanness, and I sympathize with Miss Brontë entirely. A great blank sheet of white paper alarms me; and as for writing freely in a beautifully bound book, I cannot do it. A fair white sheet of fine pressed paper seems to demand of you a certain deliberation and caution, and engenders a certain formality of style and pre-

cision of expression; while on a scrap of paper one may give vent to one's thoughts, and let them flow as they come. I cannot divest myself of a feeling that I must put on company literary manners when the white sheet is before me. It seems to expect and exact them, and to scrawl upon it seems to be bad manners. With the old back of a letter one is in one's slippers; one may be foolish, and familiar, and natural. It is the same about drawing with me. I like to draw on accidental pieces of paper, and not to have everything trim, and exact, and requiring. I repeat, the root of this feeling is meanness. It troubles me when I see anybody carelessly seize a sheet of paper to scribble on, or make calculations on, and then throw it away as if it were of no consequence. And when I am asked to write in an album, I feel as conscious and unnatural as if I were going to sit for my photograph.

B. You know X——. Well, the other day a friend met him, and was so struck by a certain unnaturalness of look, expression, and bearing, that he said, "Is there anything the matter with you?" "Oh no," was the answer; "I am only going to have my photograph taken!"

M. Under such an infliction as that, how can one be natural and unaffected?

B. It is almost as trying as being called upon suddenly to make an after-dinner speech, which is the most fearful imposition that can be laid on man.

M. Ah, that is perfectly stultifying! When one knows that this horrible trick is to be played upon one, existence is miserable until it is over. How grimly one smiles and pretends to be at his ease, and jerks out spasmodic talk at intervals, and then falls back into himself, and roams up and down the empty chambers of his brain in search of an idea, or goes over and over in his memory the phrases he has shaped, and which keep eluding the grasp! It is like the hour before being hanged. How he envies the friend at his side who has gone through the ordeal, and smiles now after it is over; or who is not to be called upon!

B. Ay, but there are some persons whose greatest pleasure is in making speeches, who are happy only when they are on their feet uttering platitudes in a pompous voice, and expecting, nay demanding, applause for stale jokes and inevitable puns.

M. What bores such people are! Or is it because we envy their facility that we hate them so?

B. I dare say there is something in that. Did you ever try uttering nonsense sentences? It is astonishing how long one can continue to utter deliberate nonsense before one is found out.

M. I don't think it is necessary that any after-dinner speech should be very sensible, provided the wines have been abundant, and provided it is delivered solemnly. Nothing imposes on the public like solemnity, dashed with pompousness. The world always takes a heavy man to be a wise one;

and with sufficient gravity and dullness you may persuade the mass of people to accept loud-sounding nonsense as profound sense. Big words are always imposing.

B. Is there any engine of social oppression more terrible than speechifying? When shall we abolish it? We used to let a man off with a toast, a sentiment, or a song; but *nous avons changé tout cela.* There was something very absurd in the old sentiments which used to be given — the Joseph Surface sentiments which so pleased our grandfathers. But even these were better than our modern speechifying. They were at all events short, and one could prepare them and commit them to memory, so as to have them ready for any occasion.

M. We were talking the other day about the artificial jargon of poets at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, and priding ourselves on our superiority. But this morning I met with a poem, cited with approbation in a leading newspaper of England, which I think in its way, though different in style, is quite worthy of anything our grandfathers ever wrote. Listen, and see if you can make anything out of these lines: —

> "It was a place so dreamy brown,
> Pensive with sheep-bells under the down,
> Scent dreamy wild with a windy crown."

These were said to be "decidedly pleasing."

B. Well, are they not?

M. Yes, very pleasing; but do they mean anything? What is a "scent dreamy wild with a windy crown"?

B. Chi lo sa? Something very charming, undoubtedly. But why "windy crown"?

M. Oh! "windy" is a favorite word with some of our modern poets. What is meant by it sometimes I do not precisely know. I only know that some of the poems in which it occurs are admirably characterized by the word.

B. What do you think of this? "Saddle-fast in a good ship, it is good sport to flatter the mane of the huge *destrier* Oceanus."

M. I shall introduce it into my next after-dinner speech on board ship. It is a great deal better than your quotation from Johnson, — "Let observation with extensive view." It is in what you may call a grand swelling style. But where did you find it?

B. No matter where; it occurs in the pages of an author of talent of the present day. I will not give you his name.

M. You invented it.

B. I did not. I could pick you a good many nearly as good from the same author, but this struck me as being what is called nowadays "a gem." I wish to give it an appropriate setting.

M. Why "*destrier*"?

B. There is nothing so fine in English.

M. We are getting into the habit not only of using French words, but also of translating French

phrases into our English: for instance, there is scarcely a paper I take up which does not inform us that something has been "definitively arranged" — meaning, of course, "definitely" or "finally" settled; or that something "goes without saying" — what goes, and where it goes, and without saying what, we are not told. This very day I read in "The Popular Science Monthly" of New York that "it goes without saying that the more mathematical parts of Professor Y.'s work are highly excellent." Now whatever *il va sans dire* may mean in French, and however idiomatic it may be in that language, when thus translated into English it means simply nothing, and is as senseless as it is unnecessary. If *it*, whatever it may be, would only go without speaking as well as without saying, I should be much obliged to it.

B. Yes. And we now never say anything — we intimate it. Mr. Jones boldly says to Smith at supper, "If you say that again, I 'll knock you down." But the newspapers report that he intimated an intention to prostrate his opponent. Jones also adds that Smith is a blackguard and a rascal. Smith's friend says that "Jones *alluded to* him as not being honorable in his conduct." Brown, wishing to know who began this, asks, "By whom was this *initiated?*" Smith's friend replies that it was *initiated* by Jones, and that the controversy lasted the *balance* of the night, and was then *definitively settled* by an apology. Brown then asks where the parties are "stopping" now,

— meaning to ask where the two persons are staying, for nobody now stays in a place, he "stops"; and Smith's friend "intimates" that it has "transpired" that they are in Green's Hotel, and that Smith has "extended an invitation" to Jones to dinner, and that thus the "difficulty" has been "definitively arranged." But in the newspaper account of it the writer says, "An outrage which at first sight seems almost incredible, has just been ventilated by special inquiry."

M. No; that last is impossible.

B. I quote it exactly from a paper of to-day.

M. That is too bad. Well, I know not whether it is worse than the euphuism of some modern authors. Everything now is "precious" or "supreme" with certain writers. It is a "supreme" day; a "supreme" satisfaction; a "supreme" poem. I read the other day a critique of some pictures in which it was said that "the preciousness of these examples is not alone in the design or other more finely intellectual elements, but in the gorgeous superlative technique." And speaking of one picture, it is described as having "full-formed lips, purplish now, but ruddy formerly, and once moulded by potentialities of passion," and as being "a transcendent success."

B. Nothing happens or occurs now: it "transpires." "A number of cases," I read the other day, "had transpired," and all I can say is that I hope they feel better after transpiring. But a still more remarkable statement I lately read by

a popular English novelist, who, wishing to inform us that if his hero were suffering from any secret sorrow he concealed it from the world, says, "No skeleton in the background ever transpired."

M. No! You must have invented that.

B. I assure you it is a fact, almost incredible as it may seem. But to go on with a few more examples. We now "inaugurate" everything that we do not "initiate," apparently without the least idea of what the words really mean. We "commence," we rarely begin. We give "ovations" to persons, not meaning rotten eggs. We "open up" everything; but why *up?* Soon we shall open up a door, or a house. "To the general reader this volume," we are told by a late writer in what is called a "prominent" English newspaper or "journal," will open *up* a storehouse of new ideas." A newspaper is called an "issue," and I wish sometimes it could be healed. "Notably" is constantly used for "for instance;" and "to notify" in America has incorrectly the meaning of "to give notice" instead of "to make known." "You are hereby notified" is used instead of "It is hereby notified to you." Again, everything is a "note" of something; whether the note is do, re, mi, fa, sol, or la is not said. Then we have "recitals" of music on a pianoforte, and next, I suppose, we shall play pictures on a canvas. "Trouble" is also used in a new way. "Do not trouble about it." Trouble whom, or trouble what? The best

writers in England also say "different to," instead of "different from." But how can one person or many "differ to" another? Again, we "indorse" everything. "There is no need," says a late writer, "to indorse the fancy that Shakespeare may have been a law clerk." Think of indorsing a fancy!

M. And will you be kind enough to explain to me the meaning of the word "square," as it is constantly used of late in America? Things and persons are said to be "square" on this or that, and people look "squarely" at each other.

B. That is plain enough. To be "square" is to be honest and direct and reliable.

M. Trustworthy, you mean. Don't say "reliable;" it is a detestable word, and, besides, is not properly formed. To mean what it is intended to mean it should be "rely-on-able." Every one is "rely-able" — or able to rely — but every one is not to be relied on.

B. I was wrong. But you put me in mind of a conundrum I once made: Why has a known liar always the advantage of you?

M. I give it up.

B. Because you cannot re-ly upon him.

M. Very bad.

B. Oh yes, everybody says that to every pun. The remark is not original.

M. Very few are, that are good. But to go back to "square." You say it means honest, or direct; but what is "a good square meal," for

instance, of which I have just read in an American book? — and why "square," rather than round? Things which were perfect and honest and admirable used to be round, not square. *Toties teres ac rotundus* used to be the metaphor. The perfect form used to be a circle.

B. Oh, we have too much "round" already in America, and coming "full circle" is an old phrase. Persons are always "hanging round" or "going round;" or if you ask for them when they are not present, but near by, they are "somewhere round," or "somewhere around," as the precisians say; or if your friend promises to "come round" to-morrow — though he may have simply to cross the street — he tells you squarely that he will come round.

M. There is another word in constant use which annoys me, and that is "prominent." Every person of the least note is a prominent person. I read daily that one of our "most prominent citizens" has done this or that; not meaning to particularize him as specially protruding or prominent in what is generally called the stomach, but simply as a well-known person.

B. "Got" is still another word which is most distasteful to me, and always jars on my ears, yet it is constantly intruded into sentences where it is totally unnecessary. "Have you *got* this or that or the other thing?" is almost universal, and so is the answer, "No, I have not got it" — or, as those Americans say who wish to be extremely

accurate and precise, "No, I have not *gotten* it." Are not all such questions and answers equally good and sufficient without the "got"?

M. A great deal better, in my opinion. But this is trivial compared with the chambermaid vulgarisms, that I am sorry to say I find in many modern English works, of "whatever," "wherever," and "whenever," used for "what," "where," and "when;" as, for instance, "whatever is he doing," "wherever is he going," or "whenever is he coming," for "what is he doing," "where is he going," "when is he coming." Can anything be more vulgar?

B. Nothing; and it is not only vulgar, but quite senseless. I am sorry, too, to see that the improper American use of the word "quite" is now coming into vogue in England. Mr. Henry Kingsley, for instance, says in his novel of "The Harveys," "I had been quite a long time at school, and had never once asked him to come to our dingy house." What is quite a long time? Quite means entirely, completely. What is completely or entirely a long time?

M. They have not in England gone so far as to accept the phrase of "quite a number of persons," which I see in every American newspaper and book. What is quite a number? Is not one number as much of a number as another?

B. Also the Americans have entirely altered the meaning of the word. When they say, for instance, that any one is quite well, they mean he

is not quite or entirely well, but only tolerably well.

M. One of the oddest phrases used in America, and one which is not justified by the usage of the best writers of English, is, "I don't feel like going or doing" something, for "I don't feel inclined to go or do" something. You may feel like a thing or a person, but how can you feel like an action? You may feel like a fool, or an ass, or a stick, possibly, but how can you feel like a-doing or a-going?

B. It is, nevertheless, universal in America.

M. I remember being startled by what struck me as an extraordinary and ludicrous use of this phrase. I had just arrived in America, and was taking my breakfast in the breakfast-room of the hotel, when a pretty woman came in with a little child, and seated herself near me. The child had no appetite, and refused, in a whining voice, everything that was offered to it. The mother apparently was disturbed by this, and at last relapsed into silence for a few minutes. Then suddenly she turned to the child, and said, "Well, don't you feel like beefsteak?"

B. Feel like beefsteak! That was good. It is better than the singular epithet I once heard an American lady apply to a fish at a *table d'hôte*. When it was placed on the table she turned to her husband, and exclaimed, "What an elegant fish!"

M. Odder still is the American use of love for like. They love beef and potatoes, and they like their friends.

B. I beg your pardon. They "perfectly love" beef, I admit, but persons are "perfectly sweet and lovely" too. Think of a "perfectly sweet and lovely" man, or a man who, besides being "perfectly fascinating," is also "just as sweet and lovely as he can be;" and I know not how many times I have heard that phrase. It was only yesterday that I read in an American newspaper this singular description of a new machine: "It is a lovely notion in itself; as good as a gold mine, — or ever so much better." "Ever so much," you know, is American for "very much."

M. Do you mean to suggest that the Americans have not a right to use the English language as they choose?

B. If I dared to do so, I should. But I don't dare to do this; I have been so often abused for such a suggestion.

M. The Americans are a great people, sir. Do you know there are over sixty millions of persons in America?

B. Yes, I 've heard all that; and I "perfectly love" them all. But if my dearest friend has a wart on his nose, I can't help seeing it.

M. But you need not mention it.

B. No, because he can't get rid of it; but he can rid himself of bad grammar, and bad English, and bad spelling.

M. Well, the English use as much slang as the Americans.

B. Suppose they do; what then? Are they

not to be reproved for it? or do they answer that they have a right to do as they please with their language, since it is theirs? No; the English language belongs to neither Americans nor English to abuse and maltreat. It is the noblest of all languages, in my opinion; the richest, the freest, the most ductile; and it is painful to see it so abused as it often is in both countries.

M. You cannot expect a language not to grow and to change, unless it is a dead language.

B. I wish it to grow, but not to be corrupted and tampered with. No other peoples play such pranks with their language as we do. The French and Italians, for instance, jealously protect theirs from the invasions of ignorance and vulgarity, and study to keep them in their perfection; but we open our doors and let in tramps from anywhere. The literary class formerly was small and select. Nowadays everybody writes and prints. At the close of the last century, the distinction between writing and speaking was very great, and the literary style for the most part was conscious, artificial, and labored. Now we have gone to the opposite extreme of carelessness, and phrases which scarcely can be tolerated even in speech are thought worthy of print. We mistake slipshod for ease, and the English language is losing its vigor and idiomatic form under the influence of daily scribblers. Foreign adventurers are freely admitted into the best company. Foreign idioms and slang are accepted and adopted to the exclu-

sion of the staid graces of the old English tongue. In protest against this tendency, Euphuism has come forward with as many bows and grimaces and elaborations as Osric when he conveyed the challenge to Hamlet. This new school of overfine elaboration in England is to my mind as bad as the careless commonness of America. I do not refer to the American authors, who really strive in their writings to avoid the carelessness so generally shown by their countrymen in speech, and who not only aim at correctness and style, but often succeed in attaining it. Some of the American writers, indeed, may be held up as models of pure English style. But why should they not speak as well as they write?

M. Oh! we speak the language we constantly hear — and of course every one writes more carefully than he speaks. We catch phrases, expressions, intonations, utterances, without our will, unconsciously, as we do the scarlet fever and measles. It is impossible to resist it. But when we write we express ourselves more deliberately and consciously. But I agree with you in what you were saying of the new Euphuistic school of England. When I read that a poet is not, "as the popular notion tends too much to supposing, a mere vague idealist," when he has "no indeterminate magnitudes of the natural world to spatiate in," I feel as if the author had put on over his slipshod rags some of the cast-off finery of Lyly's wardrobe, that we of this age, as well as Shakespeare, only laugh at.

B. Art has to suffer from the fantastic diction of this school of so-called æsthetical writing more than any other subject. When I read of the "sustained treble of a Limoges plate," I seem to be in a limbo of languages where nothing is real, and only ghosts of ideas are fluttering about me. It is, as Holofernes says, "too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it."

M. "A most singular and choice epithet."

B. Go on. "They draw out the thread of their verbosity finer than the staple of their argument." Go on.

M. "They seem to have been at a general feast of languages and stolen the scraps."

B. Let us, however, take care what we say, and let no one hear us, or "we shall be infamonized among potentates." As for myself, I point at no one in particular. ("God beware," as my German friend said.) Far be it from me to do such wrong. "I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and will right myself like a soldier." But enough of Don Armado; and I fear I sin myself in the way of swelling. I can strut on occasion with the best of them.

M. In the English pulpit a peculiar sacredness seems to attach itself to certain methods of pronunciation which are never heard in common speech. To have *sin-nēd* and *er-rēd* seems to be more terrible than shortly to have *sinned* and *erred;* and the *Charrch* to be something more sacred than the

Church. Why is this affectation of pronouncing all the perfect participles as dissyllables, with such emphasis?

B. "They somewhat affect the letter because it argues piety," with Holofernes.

M. A certain set is now striving to introduce a radical change in spelling, so as to conform the spelling to the pronunciation. Where would there be a limit to this were it admitted? Would it not be better to try to pronounce as we spell? At least it would be more practicable. The fact is, that we begin by mispronouncing, and end by misspelling. For instance, the final syllables of all words ending in *sion* or *tion* we now pronounce as if they were written *shun* or *shon*. Shall we alter the spelling of all these words? Shall we write *passion*, *pashon*, and knock the *i* out of *fashion!* Formerly all these final syllables in *ion* were pronounced and emphasized; so was the *l* in such words as *should* and *would*. Shall we leave the *l* out now because we have ceased to pronounce it? But it is useless to instance particular words, — the whole English language as a written language would disappear. I cannot say that Dr. Noah Webster's changes approve themselves to my mind. Why *honor* and *favor?* These words were not brought into English from the Latin, but from the Norman, and they were not only spelled *honour* and *favour*, but the stress of the accent was on the final syllable in the early poets. Besides, the eye of the reader ought to be pleased as well as the

ear; and to my eye there is greater grace in *favour* than in *favor*, which to the eye is hard and ancient. Again, we do not so pronounce the word. If we follow pronunciation, we should strike out the *o* and not the *u*, or leave out the *h* and spell it *onner* or *onur*. How does that look? All its ancestry is gone, all its glory is departed. Why not also spell *courtesy*, *curtesy!*

B. Why not?

M. Because all its courtesy is gone to the eye, and it is *curt* instead of *courtly*. Why *theater*, *meter*, and *center?* Have we gained anything by transposing the *e* and the *r?* We have to restore the old spelling when we form the adjective. We do not write theaterical, or meterical, or centeral.

B. What would you do with the terminations in *ough?*

M. Let them alone. It is in no human power, without overthrowing and ruining the language, to spell English as it is pronounced. We know how to pronounce it, and that is enough. I don't care how difficult English is to foreigners or children, — it was not made for them. As for those words in *ough*, about which such a point is made, they were all rightly spelled according to the old pronunciation, and were all guttural in Chaucer's time. Let these words alone — they have a history; or, if you will change, change your pronunciation. I find *mould* now almost universally spelled *mold* in America, and nothing irritates me more. And why is this? Because, forsooth, we

so write *gold* and *hold*, etc., as if they properly should have the same pronunciation. Surely they should not. *Gold* is short; *mould* is long. You hear the *u*, or ought to hear it, in the latter, but certainly not in the former. Let us try to pronounce both words properly, and the difference is at once felt. If we do not feel it, we either mispronounce, or our ear is very far from fine. But I suppose persons who pronounce Boston as if it were spelled Baust'n would scarcely heed the difference. You see I spare you the derivation and ancestry of the word, though that is enough to me.

B. If we are to change the spelling, let us take back some of the old. There are words that I should like to see changed. For instance, *messager* seems to me far better and more accurate than *messenger*, and *passager* than *passenger*, and *parlament* or *parlement* than *parliament*. What business has the *i* in this last word? It exists in no other language, and is not pronounced in ours, and, besides, is a modern misspelling. *Message* and *passage* naturally make *messager* and *passager*, and are so spelled by Chaucer. The *en* was substituted for the *a* at a later period by the new spellers, who ignorantly thought they were doing good work. So, also, I think, we should spell *victualler*, *vitailler*. We so pronounce it, and Chaucer so wrote it. So, too, I should like to take back some of the old words which we have lost, such as *gaylard*, which corresponds to the French

gaillard. You remember Chaucer's Prentice in the Coke's Tale — "Gaylard he was as goldfynch in the schaine," — and *camois* for *hooked.* So *yoxeth* seems to me far better than *hiccups* or *hiccoughs.* Then, again, it seems to me a great pity to have lost such plural forms as *eyen* for *eyes.* We still say *oxen*, not *oxes.* *Silvern*, too, is better than *silver*, not only for sound's sake, but as distinguishing the adjective from the substantive. We have *brazen*, *golden*, why not *silvern?* One of the defects of our language is its excess of sibilants, and the plurals in *en* please my ear and eye. Would "dearly beloved brothers" sound as well as "brethren"? For instance, —

> "With camois nose and eyen grey as glass."

So, too, I confess to liking *withouten* better than *without*, and *asken* in the plural instead of *ask*, — perhaps because they are associated in my mind with that pathetic and exquisite passage of the Knight's Tale in Chaucer —

> "What asken men to have
> Now with his love, now in his coldē grave
> Alone, withouten any companie."

M. What an exquisite passage that is! Indeed, what an exquisite poem the whole of the Knight's Tale is! How fresh, how vigorous, how living, how pathetic! What a wonderful description that is of the forest! One actually seems to see it, it is described with such vividness. What sharp, clear pictures he paints with a touch! No one

can approach Chaucer in the intensity and truth of some of his lines, as, for instance, —

> "The smiler with the knife under his cloak."

The smiler! — what a touch! Again, —

> "The coldē death, with mouth gaping upright."

Is that not grim enough? Or try him at landscape. Remember the picture painted on the wall, —

> "First on the wall was peynted a forēste,
> In which there dwellēth neither man nor bestē,
> With knotty, knarry, barren treēs olde,
> Of stubbēs sharp and hideous to beholde;
> In which there ran a romble and a swough,
> As though a storm shuld bresten every bough."

Truly he might say, —

> "All full of chirking was that sorry place."

B. But take, since we are quoting, again, that beautiful morning scene of his in the same poem. Can anything be fresher and more beautiful? —

> "The bisy larke, messager of day,
> Salūeth in hir song the morwe gray;
> And firy Phœbus riseth up so brighte
> *That al the orient laugheth of the lighte,*
> And with his estremēs dryeth in the greves,
> *The silver dropēs hangynge on the leves.*
> And Arcite, that is in the court ryāl,
> With Theseus, his squiēr principāl,
> Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
> And for to doon his ōbservaunce to May,
> Remembrynge on the poynt of his desire,
> *He on a courser sterting as the fire,*
> Is riden to the feeldēs him to playe
> Out of the court, were it a mile or twēye."

There is nothing like that in all English verse. The quaintness, the simplicity, the directness, the freshness, the feeling for nature, the grace, are quite unapproachable. I wish I could go on quoting Chaucer, but there would never be an end, and I might as well leave off. How did he manage in his old age to keep such perfect youth and heartiness? One never feels as if he were old. The heart springs up and sings in every line. His gayety is irrepressible. The world is always young to him. His humor is so sly and sharp; his pathos so tender and refined; his gladness so pulsing and contagious; his romance so chivalrous; his sympathies so large; that he carries one away with him at his "own sweet will." Yet I hear many persons say they cannot read him. His quaint spelling disturbs them, and they find his verses halting and unfinished.

M. His verses halting! I know no poet whose verse is to me more charming, more full of exquisite cadence and variety. He prided himself on the exactness of his feet and measure. One must know, to be sure, how to read and accent it — but that is learned with so little trouble; and when one has caught the inflections, the rhythm is beautiful. Besides, its very quaintness lends it a certain charm to me. How terribly he loses in Dryden's transcripts! all the soul and heart is gone. Take, for instance, at a little greater length, the passage you were quoting a minute or two ago from the Knight's Tale: —

"Alas the woe! alas the peines stronge,
That I for you have suffered, and so longe!
Alas the deth! alas mine Emelie!
Alas departing of our compagnie!
Alas, mine hertis quene! alas, my wife!
Mine hertis ladie, ender of my life!
What is this world? what axen men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Alone, withouten any compagnie.
Farewell, my swete, farewell, mine Emilie,
And softe take me in your armes tway,
For love of God, and herkeneth what I say."

Now, see how Dryden ruins this simple and pathetic passage: —

"This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emilie;
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power:
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss; and, yet, not bless'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'T is all I can enjoy of all your charms."

B. There is a delightful volume containing several of his Canterbury Tales, admirably rendered into modern English by Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Leigh Hunt, Richard Horne, and others, in which they have endeavored to change as little as possible his very words. But still their renderings have not the charm of the original, and in some cases I cannot but think they have unnecessarily

altered him to suit modern ears and tastes. With a little accentuation in the printing and change of the spelling, it seems to me that he ought to be quite intelligible to every one. Still, there are no other renderings of his poems to be compared to these; and they are made with true poetic sense and feeling. Mr. Horne has also published some interesting correspondence between him and Mrs. Browning in relation to this book. Have you seen it?

M. Yes; and it interested me very much. I wish there had been a good deal more of it, and I wish Leigh Hunt could have given us all his ideas and feelings about it. He truly relished Chaucer, and his essays on his poems are charming. There never was a more genial critic than he. I shall always be glad that I knew him. It was like touching an older generation of poets and writers. He showed me one day a lock of Milton's hair, which was one of his most precious possessions, and said, "Put your hand on it." I did. "There!" he said, "you have touched Milton."

B. Ah! that was the lock of hair on which he wrote a sonnet. There is nothing so living about us as hair. You really touched the same hair in which he twined his hand, possibly when he was dictating the "Paradise Regained." It must have given you a sensation.

M. It did. It was really a part of Milton that I touched. And strange that it should so long have survived him. There is probably nothing

that now remains of what was once Milton, except that lock of hair — all the rest is dust.

B. It is said that all the component parts of the body entirely change every seven years. Do we then remain the same persons, when all that we once were has insensibly departed from us? What are we then? or what is it that is *we?* How can we claim to be the same individual person that we were ten years ago?

M. We are not! We are neither identical in body nor mind. There is nothing of what we were but memories, and phantasms, and ghost of thoughts that still haunt us. Our bodies vanish from us even while we live. And when we die, to what base uses we may return! "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"

B. "'T were to consider too curiously to consider so."

M. "No, faith, not a jot."

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
> Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

B. It might indeed, or make a jug for our ale as in the old song, which is but another elaboration of the same idea.

M. You have been in that cold and splendid mausoleum of the Medici family in S. Lorenzo in Florence. I do not mean the room where the statues of Michel Angelo stand, but that other

lofty mausoleum, lined and cased in rich and curious marbles, with their great sarcophagi dedicated to the dead Medicean Grand-Dukes, — a grand, cold, heartless place.

B. I remember it well, and I remember that it cost nearly three millions of scudi — to be accurate, 2,700,000.

M. And I suppose you or any one would think that with all this splendor some little consideration would have been bestowed on the bodies of the royal personages whom the tombs are raised to celebrate. But it is not so. Where the bodies of the early dukes were first buried I know not, but in 1791 Ferdinand III. gathered together all the coffins containing the royal bodies, and had them piled together pell-mell in the subterranean vaults of the chapel, caring scarcely to distinguish one from another; and there they remained uncared for, and protected from invasion only by two wooden doors, with common keys, until 1857. But shame then came over those who had the custody of the place; and it was determined to put them in place and order. In 1818, a rumor was current that these Medicean coffins had been violated and robbed of all the articles of value which they contained. But little heed was paid to this rumor, and it was not until thirty-nine years afterwards, in 1857, that an examination into the fact was made. It was then found that the rumor had been well founded. The forty-nine coffins containing the remains of the family were taken down one by

one, and a sad state of things was exposed. Some of them had been broken into and robbed, some of them were the hiding-places of rats and every kind of vermin; and such was the nauseous odor they gave forth that at least one of the persons employed in taking them down lost his life by inhaling it.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,"

had become hideous and nauseous. Of many of them nothing remained but fragments of bones and a handful of dust; but where they had not been stolen, the splendid dresses, covered with jewels, the wrought silks and satins of gold embroidery, the helmets and swords, crusted with gems and gold, still survived the dust and bones that had worn them in their splendid pageants and ephemeral days of power; and in many cases, where everything that bore the impress of life had gone, the hair still remained, almost as fresh as ever. Some, however, had been embalmed, and were in fair preservation; and some were in a dreadful state of putrefaction. Ghastly and grinning skulls were there, adorned with crowns of gold. Dark and parchment-dried faces were seen, with their golden hair, rich as ever, and twisted with gems and pearls and golden nets. The cardinals wore still their mitres and red cloaks and splendid rings. On the breast of Cardinal Carlos (son of Ferdinand I.) was a beautiful cross of white enamel, with the effigy of Christ in black, and surrounded with emeralds, and on his hand a

rich sapphire ring. On that of Cardinal Leopold, the son of Cosimo II., over the purple pianeta was a cross of amethysts, and on his finger a jacinth, set in enamel. The dried bones of Vittoria della Rovere Montefeltro were draped by a dress of black silk of beautiful texture, trimmed with black and white lace, with a great golden medal on her breast, and the portrait of her as she was in life lying on one side, and her emblems on the other; while all that remained of herself were a few bones. Anna Luisa, the Electress Palatine of the Rhine, daughter of Cosimo III., lay there, almost a skeleton, robed in a rich violet velvet, with the electoral crown surmounting a black ghastly face of parchment, — a medal of gold, with her effigy and name on one side, and on her breast a crucifix of silver; while Francisco Maria, her uncle, lay beside her, a mass of putrid robes and rags. Cosimo I. and Cosimo II. had been stripped by profane hands of all their jewels and insignia; and so had been Eleonora de Toledo and Maria Christina, and many others, to the number of twenty. The two bodies which were found in the best preservation were those of the Grand-Duchess Giovanna d'Austria, the wife of Francisco I., and their daughter Anna. Corruption had scarcely touched them, and they lay there, fresh in color as if they had just died. The mother, in her red satin, trimmed with lace, her red silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, the ear-rings hanging from her ears, and her blonde hair as fresh as ever; and equally well pre-

served was the body of the daughter — the color of their faces scarcely changed. And so, centuries after they had been laid there, the truth became evident of the rumor that ran through Florence at the time of their death, that they had died of poison. The arsenic which had taken from them their life had preserved their bodies. Giovanni delle Bande Nere was also there — the bones scattered and loose within his iron armor, and his rusted helmet with the visor down. And this is what was left of the great Medici.

B. What a miserable story! Take physic, Pomp? To think that all the splendor and power of earth can come to this; that even our rags outlive us; that beauty and youth, and strength and manhood, can rot and crumble to dust like any carrion: 't is terrible. And we still go on playing our games of folly in the face of high heaven, and ranting and bragging, as if we were anything, until the sceptre drops from the nerveless hand of the dead Cæsar, and he lies down to rot like the veriest beggar in the ditch. The beasts that brag not put us to shame. And we, who pretend to know everything! what do we know? Will any one read me the simple every-day riddle of death? Why, the very mountains and rocks laugh at us, and spurn us for our self-conceit, and well they may. Nature scorns us: she drenches us with her tempests; buffets us with her storms; flings us fifty fathoms down her rocks to death; and burns us with her sun, — and still she cannot take the

vanity and conceit out of us. You are no child of mine, Nature says. I am only your step-mother, and I scorn you for your folly. Go, poor ape, and learn modesty and humility.

M. Yes, I think she does indeed. She seems to care little for us; we are always at sword's point — she to attack and destroy us, and we to parry her attacks. Death threatens out of every crevice and whispers in every wind; and Nature hides him everywhere to assault us. Sometimes, as if by caprice, she is kind, and turns us out and lets us be happy for a moment; but she is as fickle as the wind, and even when she smiles she points us out to Death, and leads us into his ambushes. What cares she if we live or die! She smiles the same over the mangled body or crushed heart as over the first kiss of love. What sympathy has she with us in our griefs and tortures and agonies! The sun shines just as clear and bright on the wretched as on the happy. Does our sorrow dim the light, or force the brook to talk less loudly, or keep the flowers from blooming? No! Nature mocks and laughs at our striving and our living.

B. Nothing is so terrible in our grief as the impassiveness of Nature: the perfect hardness of heart, the utter want of sympathy, she shows; the cold, cruel indifference to all we feel. Even in our joy she is always taunting us with a secret, which she pretends to whisper, but will not reveal. Everywhere she seems just about to tell us something we desire to know, to give us something we

desire to have; and when we grasp at it, it is gone — over there — out beyond, somewhere where we are not. Happiness is her lure, which she holds out before us, just beyond our reach, and when we rush to seize it, and stumble to the earth in pain, she will not come to our assistance. She talks a vague and inarticulate language which we cannot understand, and yet she will never explain what she means. What she means! No! nor what anything means. We all like fools pretend to understand her; but in our heart of hearts we know that it is all a pretense, and we cover over our utter ignorance by a veil of words, and keep ourselves from drowning in the abyss of thought by foolish rafts of phrases. Really, if we were not man, there would be nothing so laughable as man, with our whinings and complaints, and our prophecies and pretenses. Sometimes I think the beasts have the better of us — in their dumbness. They commit none of our follies of speech; they do not look forward and harass themselves with striving to pierce the impenetrable; they do not whine over the past, and consume themselves with vain regrets; they take what is given and live in the present, and have the decency to be dumb and grateful.

M. Still it is pleasant to spin

> "A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
> Of this familiar life — which seems to be
> But is not — or is but quaint mockery
> Of all we would believe; or sadly blame
> The jarring and inexplicable frame

> Of this wrong world, and then anatomize
> The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes
> Were closed in distant years — or widely guess
> The issue of this earth's great business,
> When we shall be as we no longer are."

B. That is Shelley, is it not?

M. Yes.

B. Ah, yes! it is pleasant to spin such webs of faith to catch flies. And the dewdrops hang on them, too, in the morning, and glitter like diamonds; but sometimes we are only the flies themselves that are caught in them, and then it is not so pleasant.

M. Flies! There is nothing I detest like flies. Nothing on earth enrages me like them. I like to see them caught in webs. They present the only shape in which courage does not seem a virtue. Pertinacious and fearless, they can never be driven away. They know not fear, they are so disgustingly alert. I like the old line — is it Dekker's?

> "Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies!"

I was reading some time ago a most horrible account, given by a writer in the "St. James's Gazette" of the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir on the day after the battle there in 1882, and of the fearful gathering there of flies. The Egyptian troops had, he says, neglected to bury their dead, and the British troops did not bury them, so that the bodies of the dead Arabs and Egyptians lay about the trenches and the fort walls. Let me read you what the writer says: —

"Long before I got to the trenches I noticed a dark line, distinctly visible on the otherwise bright sandy landscape, and as I got nearer, the fort seemed to be covered with a dark pall. I could not account for this phenomenon at first, and at the instant it was suggestive of something supernatural. On nearer approach, however, at about 150 yards' distance from the dark mass, I heard distinctly a loud humming noise. As I approached nearer, the sound increased in volume until it became a loud roar. It was not until I was close to the black line that I could make out the cause. Then I could see the topmost flies as they hovered and dived above the lower strata. I could trace this black line of flies for a half-mile or so on either side of me, and it rose like a thick curtain for some ten yards off the ground. Here is a calculation for some mathematician. A wall of flies one mile long, ten yards high, and forty yards wide; and the flies so thickly massed that they might be said to be riding one on top of the other, and brushing each other side by side. This black wall represented the line of dead Egyptians; and certainly if they were unburied they did not want for a pall. How I was to get through this cordon of flies was a doubtful problem. Time was pressing, and a party of Arabs were hanging behind, and enjoying some nice ball-practice, with my pony and me for targets. To go around the flank of this fly-wall was out of the question, so I put spurs to my pony and urged him through. The brute refused several times, literally frightened by the hum and noise. At last I managed to get him 'head on,' and never shall I forget my passage through those forty yards of flies. They presented such a firm front, as we passed through, that I could feel a heavy pressure,

heavy enough to compel me instinctively to grip the saddle closer with my knees. I had to close mouth and eyes, and trust to chance to get straight through; and it was no easy matter to endure the horrible stench that emanated from the mass. My pony was so terrified that I could not pull him up until we had got some hundred yards beyond the black mass, and out into the clear desert air again."

There! is not that a hideous picture?

B. Hideous enough. Thank Heaven we have no such armies of flies here. If the devil ever made any creature, he made the fly. It is as black as he is painted, and as devilish as one could wish. But I know why you hate flies so. You are getting bald, and they make your cranium a playground, a promenade.

M. Ay, that they do. But "bald" is a hard word. Why not say, Your hair is getting thin? That euphuism lets a man down easy. Bald, forsooth! I admit my part is wider than it used to be, but that is all. I am not bald. People like you sometimes rudely tell me I am; but I take good heed never to use a double mirror, nor see the back of my head. The last time I used two they played me a sad trick. I saw a person I did not know reflected in them.

B. I beg your pardon for my coarse language. There is a friend of ours who divides all persons into two classes: those whose hair is parted in the middle, and those whose hair is departed in the middle. And as Solomons said to George III., I congratulate you on being in the second class.

M. *Apropos* of what did Solomons say that?

B. *Apropos* of players on the violin. "They may be divided," he said, "into three classes; those who do not play at all, those who play badly, and those who play well; and I congratulate your Majesty on arriving at the second class."

M. I am a believer in wigs, provided the wig does not attempt to lie and deceive you into a belief that it is the real natural covering of the head. It is the wig's attempt at deceit which makes it contemptible and ridiculous. When it boldly says, I am a wig, and not a counterfeit head of hair, it is as respectable as any other head-dress, and may be quite as becoming. For instance, a handsome King Charles wig is certainly as becoming as a stove-pipe hat, and on an official head a wig has something imposing. I doubt if any judge would so sternly typify Themis with his natural hair as when he is covered with his wig. Persons in high offices who personate powers should not appear in their common dresses. In my opinion, a judge in his shirt-sleeves may be as just and able as one in his robes and wig, but he will not have the same authority. Think of a cardinal in knickerbockers and a dress-coat! Has he not lost half his impressiveness and influence by the change of his dress? Dress is as necessary for the body as language for the mind. It is, I cannot but think, a great mistake in America that the judiciary have no official robes to distinguish them on the bench, not only for the dignity which these give to the

office and for the influence they exert on the public, but for the effect they produce on the mind of the judge himself. A man in official robes cannot but feel that he is, to a certain degree, removed from his ordinary personal relations of common life; that he becomes a representative of the office, and bound to its duties. We admit, in the army and navy, that dress, uniform, and distinctive badges restrain personalities and give authority, and compel the wearer to a bearing and conduct appropriate to his position. So, also, we recognize the appropriateness and impressiveness of costume in the Church. Why is this not true in all other official positions in life? Why does it not equally apply to judges and advocates, and all the officers of a court? American Ministers at foreign courts are now prohibited from wearing the distinctive diplomatic dress ordained by custom of all other nations. But on what sufficient ground? It is asserted that such distinctive dresses are not republican. Why? Is not one dress as republican as another? It is, in my opinion, simply an offense against good manners thus to fly in the face of the world, and reject the usages of diplomacy. One might as well insist that it is not republican to put on the recognized dress-coat at an evening reception or ball. A gentleman simply conforms to the usages of the society he frequents, and he wears the dress worn by others; he does not seek to render himself conspicuous among them by singularity of costume,

nor tacitly to criticise their good taste by adopting a different dress. The generally admitted rules and customs of society may not be very wise, but every gentleman recognizes them as binding upon him. He does not offend by self-assertion and the assumption of superiority in even minor matters; he simply conforms to the general usage. Now all the nations of Europe have agreed (whether wisely or not is immaterial) to require that all persons holding diplomatic positions shall, on formal occasions, wear a distinctive diplomatic dress. The courts of Europe have decreed that on state occasions and presentations this dress shall be obligatory. To comply with this requisition, to conform to this universal usage, involves no loss of dignity or principle. But for a foreign minister or ambassador to refuse to do so is an impertinence to all the courts at which he represents his country, and a criticism and slur upon all his fellow-ministers and ambassadors who conform to this usage. It is as much as to say, You may commit this folly, but I will not. You may dress yourselves as lackeys, but I am no lackey, and I will show you what you ought to do. This is as presumptuous as it is ill-bred. It is virtually an assertion that he is better than they are. Surely any court in Europe has the right to lay down rules and conventions as to its own receptions; and can there be a greater impertinence or a more overbearing pretension than for any one to insist that he will not conform to them, and claim that

he is to be excepted from the rules which govern others because he is a republican. But it is asserted that the dress which is recognized as appropriate for any American in visiting the President of the United States is proper and sufficient for him at all the courts of Europe. That is begging the whole question. The President has the right to make his own rules for his own court; but surely he has no right to make rules for all the courts of Europe, or directly to violate those which in the exercise of their rights they have laid down, and in so doing to offend the prejudices and usages of diplomatic society in general, or to insist that he shall be made an exception, or to make his special privilege a national question. My notion is that a gentleman, when he enters any society, asks what are the usages of that society, how he should dress, and what are the forms adopted by others, and to these he conforms; and I know not why a diplomat should not do the same. But in point of fact this rule as to dress is an admirable one, and founded on good reasons. The dress itself is an indication of the office and position of the wearer. That office confers upon the diplomat certain privileges and rights, and his dress accredits him to all persons ignorant of him personally. If he present himself in that dress, ushers and soldiers, guards and servants, recognize him as a diplomat, and give him free entrance, and assist him to the enjoyment of his privileges. If, on the contrary, he present himself in his ordinary dress,

how are the subordinates of a court, the guards of a palace or public place, to distinguish him? It becomes necessary for him, in order to pass, to prove his identity. How is he to do this? Were it not for the dress anybody might present himself, and by claiming to be a minister, improperly obtain entrance, out of mere curiosity, or for objects thoroughly wrong. In fact, the most disastrous and disgraceful incidents have occurred merely through this absurd regulation. On one occasion an American Minister, presenting himself on a state occasion in his ordinary dress, was refused permission to pass the door by the guard. He asserted his position as American Minister; but the guard, not trusting to his assertion, still refused. He attempted to force his way, and then occurred a disgraceful scene — a fight between him and the guard, a great noise and confusion, his arrest, and final release after a time. Other cases, some of them ludicrous enough, I know; but it is better to say nothing about them — *non ragioniam di lor.* But to go back to what I was saying. So far from objecting to costumes and official dresses, I should like not only that the judiciary, and the army and navy, and foreign ministers, should have a special costume, but that every guild, office, trade, and profession should have one appropriate to itself. It was the case in Italy, in the olden days, and what picturesqueness it gave to life! There was no nonsense then about costumes representing the occupation or office of any person be-

ing anti-republican. During the best days of their Republics, every guild had its own dress. The merchant, the noble, the magistrate, the artist, the carpenter, the tradesman — each was distinguished by its costume, and all were proud or satisfied at least with their position, and not ashamed of it. Why do we all dress alike? Simply, I suppose, because we wish to conceal our real occupation. We are not willing to show ourselves in our true colors. We hope to be mistaken to be in a higher rank than that which we actually have. Is this republican — to be aping the dress, and pretending to the position of those who are above us? Are we ashamed of what we are doing? Do we want to fly under false colors? Is it a disgrace to be a tradesman, and a glory to be mistaken for a lord or a governor? Does it give us a secret delight to think that among strangers we may be thought to be members of Congress? or does it offend us to have any one set above us, or distinguished from us by any exterior badge or dress? Whatever is the motive for this deadly conformity of dress, it neither strengthens our character nor makes life picturesque.

B. I go even a step beyond, and think that badges and ribbons and medals are admirable inventions. Nay, I think that even the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, much as it is laughed at, is a good thing, and nothing shows the practical good sense of the French more than the institution of this order. It is not much of a distinction,

you say. No matter, it is something; and a man that wears it in his button-hole feels compelled by it to decency of conduct. He would not commit the same act with it on his person as if he were without it. Is this nothing? Humanity is a very foolish thing. There is no such ridiculous animal as a man; but those who wish to lead men and make the best of them, use their follies to guide them to good ends. It is, if you please, ridiculous that a man should desire the ribbon. But if he do desire it — and what Frenchman does not? — there is the fact; and why not make use of it? Men will strain every nerve to obtain it. They will earnestly work — nay, they will hazard their lives for it. It is thus a great lever to move society, and it is foolish to throw it away. The soldier will brave death for the medal of valor. If you have no medal to give him, you have lost a powerful incentive. Besides, in general, is it not a good thing for society that services and abilities and noble deeds should be recognized by some outward badge? There is no such cheap way of purchasing men in the first place, and then it acts as a stimulus on others to deserve and obtain a similar public evidence of merit. You say we ought to be above this. Perhaps we ought, but we are not; and we might as well accept things as they are. Again you say, if it really could be confined to true desert, it would be different; but such honors, if you will call them so, are not always given to the deserving. They do not really mean anything. They are often obtained by

influence and chicanery. True; but even though this be the case, they are not without value. You must not judge things by their exceptions. Are there any honors or distinctions or offices of which you cannot say the same? Are they only given to the most deserving? Does nobody intrigue for them? But is that a reason to refuse all distinctions? They are not republican at least, you say. Whatever aristocratic and monarchical countries may do, it is contrary to all this spirit of republicanism to do this. And pray, why? They confer no power, they give no authority, they injure no one, and why should not a republic recognize, by a badge, a token, a medal, a ribbon, great services to the country? Men may politically be equal if you choose, but for all that they are not equal in mind, in power, in character — in a word, in anything essential — and there is something of the devil's "darling sin, the pride that apes humility," in any pretense that they are. By the laws of America no title can be conferred by the country, and yet there is no people that are more fond of them. You cannot drive out human nature with a pitchfork. If you cannot there be Lord Booby or Sir Thomas Newcombe, you are Dr., or Colonel, or Judge, or Congressman, or Senator: and of late I find that the last two titles, which in the old days were never known, have become universal. All people like titles and handles to their name — republicans as well as monarchists. Why, if titles and distinctions and badges are wrong or inex-

pedient or ridiculous, do the colleges and societies in America confer them? Why are men pleased to place LL. D. after their names, or A. A. S., or anything else? Has it ever done any injury to society to give these degrees and titles? When it comes to conferring powers and privileges with the titles, the question assumes another aspect; but I cannot see why it would not have been an admirable thing if the country had by some badge or outward token recognized the great services and sacrifices and valor of those who distinguished themselves in the late war. I never look at a soldier in England who wears the Crimean medal, or at an Italian who wears the medal of military valor on his breast, without a sensation of respect and a certain thrill of interest, and a feeling that here is a man who has done something. On his part also he feels a natural pride in wearing it, as he feels a natural pride in any recognition that he has done his duty as a man should; and I cannot but think that this exerts a good influence on all. There! I have done.

M. Well, you have made a long speech, and I will not say there is no truth in what you urge. But really is there anything more absurd than a Frenchman with his Legion of Honor on his overcoat, on his undercoat, on his dressing-gown, on his waistcoat? I honestly believe that if you strip him naked you will find it pasted or tattooed on his breast. Dissect him, and on his heart would be written Legion of Honor, as Calais on Mary of England's heart.

B. Very true; but none the less the red ribbon is a great power in the hands of the government; and if a Frenchman is ridiculous in our eyes in the mode in which he wears it and in the pride he takes in it, all the more it shows that the ribbon is a power. For my own part, it amuses me excessively, but that is no reason why it should be abandoned.

M. You are an abominable aristocrat.

B. I think I should be a fool if, knowing I could secure the best services of any one by giving him so trifling a thing as a ribbon, I should refuse to do so.

M. You remind me of an anecdote which Mr. Justice Story used to tell of William Pinkney, the distinguished lawyer. On his return to America, after having represented his country as minister in England, he came to see the judge, and talking over with him his impressions of life and society there, he said, "Were it not for my republican principles, I know of no position more enviable than that of a peer of the realm of Great Britain, with a large rent-roll." "His republican principles!" the judge used to repeat, with a laugh; "I never knew he had any. He was the most thorough aristocrat, as he was one of the ablest men, I ever knew."

B. I have always heard that he was a very remarkable man.

M. In every way. At the bar he was *facile princeps* among a group of eloquent and able men,

equally powerful with the bench and the jury; a severe student and laborious worker in his profession, and a man of indomitable perseverance and industry. With all this, he was a great fop in his dress, and had the folly to assume, before the bar and bench, a careless contempt of study. After working all night on a case, he would present himself in court finically dressed in the height of the fashion, with the air of a man who had given but slight attention to the case he was to argue, and begin his argument in an artificial tone of voice and manner, as if he were but slightly interested in it. But as he went on, his air and manner changed; he threw off this affectation, and showed such mastery of details, such consummate power in marshaling his argument, such power of illustration and eloquence, as to carry everything before him. The jury, which had begun by smiling, became spell-bound. The court and bar listened with profound attention; and when he took his seat, it was no easy task to counteract the impression which he had left.

B. Eloquence seems to be a thing of the past. We have become more practical and more commonplace than we used to be. We do not believe in eloquence. Would it be possible now, for instance, for any man to produce such an effect upon the House of Commons as Sheridan did in his great speeches? That cold, august, and critical body was then so moved by him, that tears ran down the cheeks of some of the members; and such

was the impression he made, that after he took his seat all further discussion for the time was impossible, and the House was forced to adjourn in order to recover its composure.

M. So, too, in the Senate in America. Some of the great speeches of Webster carried grave senators away with the vigor and earnestness of their eloquence, and changed the whole aspect of the question. But we are lower-toned now, have less enthusiasm, and, I am afraid, less heart than in the olden days.

B. Oh, oh! given the eloquent man, you would find the same impression again. The truth is, we have not the eloquent man; and surely there is nothing more unpleasant — nay, more ludicrous and repulsive — than that wordy and inflated counterfeit of eloquence which is sometimes heard in America, in which there is such a pennyworth of brains and thought to such a monstrous quantity of verbiage. Not that the Americans are not facile and good speakers generally. The difficulty is, that they are too facile. They let their words run away with their thoughts. They orate: their swelling sentences are for the most part sham; they do not rise out of the heart and mind, and pour forth from necessity and with an inborn strength. They are all pumped up, and there is nothing more hateful than this. Eloquence is not a garment which can be put on to thought at will.

M. If in America oratory is mouthing and inflated, in England it is flat and commonplace, hesi-

tating, and generally so conscious that it is painful to the listener. The American has a great gift of what the Chinese would call "Talkee! talkee!" and at all events, one is not in constant fear lest he break down utterly; but the Englishman so stumbles and corrects himself, so hesitates over all his sentences, that it is with a sense of relief that we see him take his seat. Of course there are noble exceptions to all this in both countries; and I confess that I am on the English side in preferring business-like and practical statements and arguments, even though they are flat, to windy talk and strained phrases. There is certainly little or no eloquence in the House of Commons at the present day; but there is practical debate and discussion, however dull.

B. Yes; but men who are by nature eloquent are cowed by the House of Commons, and often do not dare to give vent to the enthusiasm they feel. The fashion has changed from what it was in the time of Sheridan, and I doubt whether the House would now listen to his speeches. We have changed our manners and speech as well as our dress. We go in for the useful and the practical. We affect slang in our conversation, and indifference in our opinions. We understate everything, and object to enthusiasm. We wear cutaways and trousers, and earnestness is not exactly good style. People stare if you are enthusiastic — as much as if you wore tunics. Life is no longer picturesque but monotonous, and the critical spirit is so in vogue

that every one is in fear of what may be said and thought of what they do. Not to do "the thing" that is expected is to make yourself a conspicuous target for the shafts of all, and everybody is expected to do what others are doing. This destroys individuality and monotonizes character. Once England was full of characters; now all are cut out on the same pattern, all speak alike, all dress alike. The eccentric Englishman at home is almost a thing of the past.

M. What a picture! It is a horrible age, as the present always is to those who are living in it. I don't, however, think we are worse than our fathers or grandfathers. They railed at their age as much as we at ours. But in one respect I agree we have not changed things for the better, and that is in our dress. Still we naturally abuse the present. The world always has abused it and always will. Let me recall to your memory some lines from an anonymous poem of the latter part of the sixteenth century, or the early half of the seventeenth. It is the old complaint that the times are growing worse: —

"Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broadcloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content.
French fashions then were scorned,
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorned
When this old cap was new!"

B. Man's dress is frightful — without dignity, beauty, or convenience.

M. No; not without convenience.

B. Yes; without convenience. It is nothing but habit which makes trousers even tolerable. They swell at the knee and the hip, they drag up the leg, they gather all the moisture and mud about the ankles and shoes, and are in every way as inconvenient as they are ugly. The proof of it is, that if we go out to shoot or ride or march, we change them if we can. Every soldier can march farther in a day with his trousers pulled up and tied under the knee, so as to afford the leg full play, than if he wear them down over his shoes.

M. Women's costumes are better. But women always manage to look well in anything. No matter how hideous any fashion is, it is always thought becoming. But a beautiful woman will be beautiful despite her dress — not because the dress is becoming to the person, but the person to the dress. They so lend their grace and charm to it, that they rob it of its ugliness. We can't help loving them whatever they wear.

B. All costumes are going out. Manchester invades the secretest village of the Abruzzi; and even the peasants are now abandoning their dress. Civilization has triumphed over picturesqueness; the stove-pipe black hat is making its way to the Pyramids; and the formal coats and uncouth trousers of the West are invading the East, and driving out the flowing oriental robes. The world is getting frightfully monotonous and ugly. Colors are going out, and man is endeavoring as far as he

can to make himself hideous. Think of the old Florentine streets, of the Rialto at Venice, of the Mart of Genoa, of the Forum of Rome, of the Piazze of Sicily and Naples, of Siena and Milan and Pisa, and Mantua and Verona, in the golden days of their prosperity, in the time of their republics and monarchies, what picturesqueness, what variety of costume, what brilliancy of color, what animation there was! How splendidly their figures grouped together in the streets and market-places! All was picture wherever one looked. Gorgeous colors flashed in the sunlight. Rich robes swept the pavements. Dignified figures moved along, in costumes befitting the majesty of man and the beauty of woman. Remember the old Venetian and Florentine and Sienese pictures which report the aspect of their cities in those days, and contrast them with the dull monotonous vulgarity that now characterizes their street-life. Are we any better for all this change? Have we gained anything by the sacrifice of all this variety and beauty? Compare the England of to-day with England in the time of Elizabeth simply for costume. Never have men been so badly dressed as in this nineteenth century. Prose has triumphed over poetry, ugliness over beauty. What a loss to art! Great deeds are still done. Great men live and move and act. Great events occur — full of interest, and fraught with great consequences. But how represent them in art? The heart may beat as high, the purpose be as noble,

the act in itself as grand; but how can you represent it in art, vulgarized by trousers, and debased to the eye by our modern dresses? This great man, who illumined our age by his wit, his wisdom, his courage, his foresight, his generosity, deserves a statue; but how can art represent what the mind craves, so long as he wears our dress?

M. The sculptor is forced into utter falsification of the fact on the one hand, by representing him as he never appeared; or utter falsification of all ideal demands on the other, by a literal and prosaic portraiture. And between these two stools the poor sculptor must fall. The public demands what is impossible, and then is dissatisfied that its expectations are not answered. Art is forced to fly to the past and to ideal regions, for daily life offers few subjects which can satisfy the painter or the sculptor.

B. The present always has to those who live in it a touch of the prosaic. There is a friend of mine who insists that in this age sculpture has no right to exist — that it is all reminiscence, and that real statues are a thing of the past.

M. That is encouraging to sculptors. But thank Heaven, then, that we have the past to live in and to work with! — and I am not sure that this is not in certain views an advantage. There is always in every sphere enough to do if we know how to do it. If the forms in which we cast our thoughts are old, the feeling and passion we put into them may be new. Love and sorrow, and

life and death, and mirth and all the varieties of passion still exist, and human nature is the same forever.

B. There is a good deal of human nature in man. But, come, you must not work any more. These folds are all right.

M. I wish I thought so; but they never will be right until I think so.

B. You 've looked at it too long. Wait till to-morrow, and see it with a fresh eye.

M. And pull it all down.

B. At all events, leave it now, and let us have our walk.

VIII.

Belton. I forgot to bring you a book which I had laid aside expressly.

Mallett. I thought you never forgot anything.

B. I forget everything — that is, everything that I wish to remember I forget, and what I wish to forget I remember.

M. Would you give up what you remember for what you have forgotten?

B. I should know a great deal more, certainly; and yet I am not ready to agree to any such proposition. I should not like to lose what I have; and who knows what would come up in its stead of rubbish and rottenness?

M. If I should confine my question to literary memory, of knowledge derived from books, I don't know that I should not gladly accept it. But perhaps it is better as it is. Great memories often encumber the mind with a quantity of useless trash. Yet I should like to have my library in my memory rather than on my shelves. Walter Savage Landor told me that after he had read a book, he gave it away on principle; "for if I know I am to put it on my shelf to refer to, I shall not fix it in my memory; but if I know while I am reading it that as soon as it is read it will be taken away, I am sure to keep all that I want."

B. Ah, but he must have had a remarkable memory to be able to do that.

M. He had; and in his old age he was furious if he did not remember at once any passage of a book, or any name, or date, and would immediately begin to abuse himself, crying out in his sharp, high voice, "God bless my soul! I am losing my mind, I am getting old;" and then the name or date or passage would come in the midst of his vituperation of himself, and he would calmly go on as if nothing had happened. He was the most impatient man with himself I ever saw.

B. And with others too, as I have heard.

M. Yes, he was very irritable, but very good company when he chose — a man of the most violent impulses, and also of the most generous ones. He was one of the best Latin scholars of his day; and once when I was saying to him how admirable I thought his "Imaginary Conversations" were, he interrupted me, saying, "I know how to write Latin — I am sure of that; but I am not sure of my English." To which all I could say was, that I should be satisfied if I could write as good English. As for his Latin, possibly Cicero would have found more faults in it than we in his English.

B. His style is wonderfully clear, close, and transparent, but perhaps a little cold.

M. Perhaps, but it is very pure and solid English, almost like a crystal block; and his figures are cut in it like intaglios in a gem. When he

stayed with me, he used to get up at daybreak; and many a time I have seen him long before breakfast, when he was past eighty, writing Latin verses.

B. Latin is a language whose charm increases as we grow older. Few relish it in youth. We want something with more fire and effervescence in it. But its dignity, breadth, stateliness, and compression suit the steadier and calmer tastes of old age.

M. Perhaps so. I know it bored me enough when I was young. But to go back to Landor. My friend X. had many amusing and some pathetic reminiscences of him. He told me, among other things, that Landor was very fond of epigrams, and often vented in this form his particular spite against persons who offended him. One day, he said, he came to him, with an odd smile, holding out a paper, saying, "Read that; it is on my wife. Ha! ha!" It ran thus, if I remember rightly: —

> "Out of his paradise an angel once drove Adam;
> From mine a devil drove me — thank you, madam."

B. A pleasant compliment to one's wife.

M. That is just what I said, but he answered: "Oh, but, perhaps, she deserved it;" at all events, from his point of view, for, in fact, she did drive him out of his paradise at Fiesole. It was a painful story. Landor had published at Bath a bitter lampoon on a lady, who brought an action against him for libel; and he was cast in it, and sentenced

to pay £1,000 damages. Being quite a child as far as regards business matters and practical knowledge of the world, he thought that he could avoid the payment of this sum by making over all his property of every kind to his wife and children. So he took this step, had all the necessary papers drawn up, and signed, sealed, and delivered, and off he went to his family, who were living at his villa at Fiesole. Here he arrived and spent some months, not, I fear, making himself particularly agreeable, and forgetting that the villa was no longer his, since he had conveyed it to his wife, when, one hot summer day toward noon, his wife and children turned him out of doors, with some 15 pauls in his pocket, on the burning highway, and told him to be off, and never to come back. He was then past eighty; and he wandered down to Florence, a broken-down, poor, houseless old man. There straying aimlessly about the hot streets, exhausted and ill, he had the fortune to meet Mr. Robert Browning, who was to him a good angel, and who took him under his protection, and did everything he could to make him comfortable and happy. Shortly after this Browning brought him to me at Siena, and a more pitiable sight I never saw. It was the case of old Lear over again; and when he descended from his carriage, with his sparse white hair streaming out, and tottered into my house, dazed in intellect with all he had suffered, I felt as if he were really Lear come back again. In a short time, however, he recov-

ered his spirits and vigor, and was, during all the time he stayed with me, a most interesting and courteous guest. Some time I will tell you more about all this, but it is not the time now. His memory was nearly as strong as ever, and his conversation original, clever, and sometimes very bitter. He told many a good story, and gave many a sharp slash at others. To me and mine he was ever most kind and gentle.

B. It is a terrible story, as you say. He was a remarkable man, but born out of his century. Literary and cultivated men will always value his writings, but they will never be popular.

M. I do not know that popularity is any true test of merit.

B. Perhaps not, — immediate popularity certainly not. It is astonishing how many reputations that flash up like rockets come down to earth mere sticks. Reeds grow fast, and oaks slowly. An author who catches the taste of the day does not often catch the taste of the century. Landor was happy, too, in selecting the form of "Imaginary Conversations" between distinguished men of different ages and opinions. None other would have so well suited his mind, and brought into such perfect play his wide knowledge of men and books. His mind had a tendency, after a time, to run off any one direct track of thought into paradox and contradiction, and the form he selected gave scope to this peculiarity, without weakening the force of his views. These "Imaginary Conversations"

abound with noble arguments and thoughts, worthy of the characters of those into whose mouth they are put, and I read them with great pleasure as well as profit.

M. His poems are generally cold and classical both in subject and style, and want the fire of passion and imagination. But some of the smaller ones are most happy in their turns of thought and expression, — as this, for instance: —

> "I strove with none, for none were worth the strife;
> Nature I loved, and after Nature Art.
> I warmed both hands before the fire of Life:
> It fades, and I am ready to depart."

B. He always grudged the shell Wordsworth stole, he said, from him.

M. It is curious to compare these two passages, as showing the difference between the two minds. Do you remember them? Pray recall them to me if you do.

B. Landor's are in his poem of "Gebir," and run, if I recollect right, thus —

> "But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
> Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
> In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
> Its chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.
> Shake one, and it awakens! — then apply
> Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
> And it remembers its august abode,
> And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Here Landor stops. His image leads to no reflection beyond itself. But with Wordsworth it is only an illustration to the thought which follows it. He says: —

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely — and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard — sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith."

M. It may be that Landor's verses suggested the image to Wordsworth, but one should not be too sure even of this. Such coincidences are common, where neither is indebted to the other.

B. Landor had no question on the subject, and he thought Wordsworth ought to have given him credit for it. It is difficult to believe that Wordsworth had not read "Gebir," and with care.

M. Landor did not easily forget or forgive. He always owed Wordsworth a little grudge for something or other that he had said or done; and though he praised some of his poems highly, there were others, especially the long ones, which he decried as very dull. "And so I told Wordsworth," he said to me. Among those which he particularly disliked were the series of Sonnets on the River Duddon; and he repeatedly said of these, with a sharp laugh, "Oh! for me,

There 's too much mud on
The river Duddon.'

B. Ay; poets are generally severe judges of other contemporary poets. I am afraid there is

always a little jealousy which distorts their judgment of each other.

M. Landor told me once that he had a discussion with Wordsworth about Byron. "And what is your opinion of his poetry?" asked Wordsworth. "A poet of not a large imagination," began Landor. "But" — "Oh!" interrupted Wordsworth, "I knew you could not like him — and yet people will praise him. He is no poet." "Ah! but," said Landor, "he has great poetic energy, though perhaps not much imagination." "He has neither imagination nor energy," retorted Wordsworth.

B. And yet Byron carried the whole world away with him.

M. For a time the Byronic fever raged fiercely; but was it more than an epidemic of the period?

B. Most poets are only epidemics of the period, — and lucky to be as much as that.

M. But to go back to Landor. I never knew a man whose friendships and dislikes so interfered with his literary judgment. One curious instance of this I recall. He was a warm friend of the present Lord Lytton, and when one of his poems (I cannot remember at the moment which it was) was first published he was very anxious to see and read it, and expressed this desire one morning to Mrs. Browning. "I have just received a copy," said she, "and I will send it over to you at once, before reading it myself." He thanked her and went home, and, in accordance with her promise,

she sent him the poem. Not a half-hour elapsed, however, before the book was brought back to her with no message. She was naturally surprised, and when, an hour or two later, he called upon her, she asked him if he had read it. "Oh, that book you sent me this morning! Read it? Good God! who could read a book that begins with 'but'? Not I — not I!" "But," replied Mrs. Browning, "that was Lord Lytton's new book that you wished so to see." "God bless me!" he exclaimed; "was it indeed? I had not the least idea of it. Pray send it to me again." She did so, and the result was that the next time he saw her, he said that "it was the finest thing he ever read in his life." So, too, I remember, when he was staying with me at Siena, I once lent him, at his earnest request, a manuscript poem of my own — a longish poem, dramatic in character. It was a delightful summer's afternoon, and we were all sitting on our green terrace — some of us painting, some reading, some sewing — and Landor sat a little apart reading this manuscript. Suddenly, when all were silent, he slapped the manuscript down upon his knee, and cried out in a high voice, "God bless my soul! Shakespeare never wrote anything half so fine as that."

B. And what did you do and say?

M. Do? Say? We all with one accord burst into a fit of laughter. What could one say? I only tell you this story to show you how his friendships interfered with his judgment. He even

laughed himself when we did. How could he help it?

B. I have always heard that Landor had a surprising memory.

M. He had. But great as it was, it never clogged his originality. Though he carried his library in his memory, his intellect was master of it all.

B. There are very few of whom that could be said. Think of carrying one's library in one's mind, as you say, and having no need to refer to books.

M. There was one person on record who literally did that, and he was Charmidas the Greek, who, according to Pliny, was able to relate by heart the contents of any book in his library. But for my own part, with all due deference to Pliny, I don't believe it.

B. Ay! but remember that libraries were not then what they are now. There were comparatively few books to remember.

M. Were there? I know this is the common notion, but it is, I think, a very mistaken one. Their libraries, on the contrary, were very large, — not so large as ours, of course, but large enough to make such a statement as Pliny's almost incredible, if taken literally. However, there have been stupendous memories enough in ancient and modern times to stagger belief, — such as those of Theodectes and Hortensius and Cineas, of whom Cicero speaks; and in our later days, Pascal, who,

it is said, never forgot anything he had seen, heard, or thought; and Avicenna, who repeated by rote the entire Koran when he was ten years old; and Francis Suarez, who, Strada tells us, had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory — enough, one would think, to destroy all his mental power of digestion; and Justus Lipsius, who on one occasion offered to repeat all the History of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life; and in our own days, Jedediah Buxton and Zerah Colburn, among others, who had such a prodigious power and rapidity of calculating in their minds. Colburn, it is said, could tell the number of seconds in 58 years almost before the question could be repeated.

B. The story is told that Jedediah Buxton was once taken to the theatre to see Garrick, and that he was observed to pay an unremitted attention to the great actor throughout the play. When he went out, his friend, who accompanied him, asked him how he had been impressed by the acting, and Jedediah answered by stating the number of words and syllables that Garrick had spoken. His mind had been interested solely in this enumeration.

M. I dare say it was a purely mechanical operation of mind with him, and I rather think that with all these great memories it is the same. As I have not a good memory, I wish to decry it, out of pure envy. I wish I could say that great men never have great memories. Unfortunately, it is not true. The names of Pascal, Avicenna, Scali-

ger, who committed to memory the whole of the Iliad and Odyssey in three weeks, old Dr. Thomas Fuller, whose memory was equally remarkable, to say nothing of Cyrus, Hortensius, Mithridates, are so terribly against me that I give up such a proposition; and I have serious thoughts myself, despite its disgusting ingredients, of resorting to the learned Grataroli of Bergamo's recipe for improving my own memory.

B. What is that?

M. He gives several, but one above all others as efficacious and comforting to the memory. It is this: to make a mixture of moles' fat, calcined human hair, cumin, and bears' grease, and swallow a pill of them of about the size of a hazel-nut at bedtime.

B. You haven't any bears' grease with you, have you? That might be effective rubbed on the head, and I think that Atkinson should know the fact. It would serve as a wonderful advertisement.

M. I don't remember that Grataroli advises that exactly, but he does advise those who have weak memories to shave the head and rub it with fresh butter, and to pour castor-oil into the ears; so I should suppose that bears' grease on the head would also be efficacious. Bacon, the author of Shakespeare (or was Shakespeare the author of Bacon? — one is about as probable as the other), also says that the roasted brains of hares and hens taken in wine have an admirable effect on the memory; and that there are certain nuts and flow-

ers, as well as spices, that stimulate the memory, is plain, for Charles of Burgundy derived such advantage from a certain mixture of these made for him by a learned doctor of his court that he paid him 10,000 florins for it.

B. There seems to be no nonsense too great to be believed in by even great men.

M. A smelling-bottle is said to be a good reviver of the memory, or anything that stimulates the brain, such as cardamum, cubebs, or anacardina.

B. I suppose with most persons names and numbers fade more readily from the memory than anything else; and I have even known persons who could not, on the instant, recall their own names, much less those of their friends.

M. Royal memories always surprise me. It seems to be a special gift with royal personages never to forget faces and names. I wish I knew their secret.

B. They cultivate this kind of memory assiduously; and this is the secret. From their very youth its importance is enforced upon them, and they carefully train themselves to remember these facts. Besides, undoubtedly such faculties, after being developed continuously, become hereditary, and are transmitted from generation to generation.

M. Perhaps; and yet in my own case this is not true. My father had a very remarkable memory, and mine is, to say the least, a very treach-

erous one; at all events, I don't remember in the same way, nor do I remember the same kind of things. It is really too bad that one cannot inherit the accumulated learning stored up by one's parents, as well as their goods and chattels. It can be of comparatively little use to them in a future life, whatever that may be, and it seems terrible to see it vanish with the breath.

B. One of the most remarkable memories of modern days seems to have been that of M. de Lacépède, the well-known writer on Natural History, who, if we may trust the account given by the Comte de Ségur in his "Mémoires," composed and corrected his works from beginning to end without writing them down. This, says the Count, M. de Lacépède himself told him was his habit even to an advanced age; and then ensued this conversation: — "Ah! probably verses?" "No, prose." "What!" I rejoined jocularly, "your work 'Sur l'Homme,' for example?" "Precisely; and, to prove it to you, I will, if you have time to listen to me, repeat the whole of my first volume! and not only the original copy, but all the alterations, all the corrections. I have at this moment all the erasures in my mind's eye, and yet I have not yet written a word; and I have almost written the second volume in the same manner."

M. This seems amazing. I can far more easily understand how a man can commit to memory the written work of another than his own, espe-

cially if it be unwritten; and this for the simple reason that in the one case every word is fixed, in the other there is nothing absolutely fixed. Every sentence — nay, even every word — may be changed at the will of the author; and until it is written down it must be, I should think, to a certain extent vague and indeterminate.

B. It was, I have been told, the practice of Mr. Prescott the historian to compose and finish his work in his mind, chapter by chapter, before committing it to writing.

M. It would take all my power away from me were I forced to exercise at the same time the double function of composition and recollection. I should "drag at each remove a lengthening chain." I could not write with freedom if I were obliged to exercise all the while a watchful guard of memory. Nor can I understand how there can be any flow of thought or expression, any enthusiasm or self-surrender, during such a process. How can one expect to "catch a grace beyond the reach of art," and "finish more through happiness than pains," when one is constantly under the supervision of a deliberate self-consciousness?

B. This is evidently not the experience of others, though I agree with you that I myself should be forced by such a practice into formality. Certainly in such a case, composition, one would think, must necessarily be slow. But there is no rule which fits to all minds. Some men think fast, others slowly. And it is the same with writ-

ing, and in fact with everything. With some the first word and the first form is the best; with others it is the last word and the most elaborate form.

M. In speaking of remarkable memories in our own time, we must not omit that of Macaulay, who not only read very largely, but seems to have retained with great exactness almost everything that he had ever read. Charles Sumner, himself endowed with a remarkable memory, in a letter to George S. Hillard, written on the 16th of February, 1839, says of Macaulay: "His memory is prodigious, surpassing everything I have ever known, and he pours out his stores with an instructive but dinning prodigality. He passes from the minutest dates of English history or biography to a discussion of the comparative merits of different ancient orators, and gives you whole strophes from the dramatists at will. He can repeat every word of every article he has written without prompting."

B. Nor should we omit the name of Mr. Justice Story, whose technical memory in law was, as I have been told, almost as large as his learning.

M. His knowledge of the law had scarcely any boundaries. There were, of course, in his time far fewer books than now to be mastered; but he had read nearly everything of any value in the range of jurisprudence. And he remembered with wonderful accuracy what he had read. It did not, however, lie in his mind like a dull, cumbrous

load of facts, cases, rules, and precedents, but like a living organization held together and vivified by principles. But not only this; he remembered all the leading cases in every branch of the law, by name and volume, and many of them by page. A friend of mine told me that on one occasion he had been engaged in hunting out through all the cases and text-books the principle which governed a most anomalous and contradictory series of statements and half-statements. He had spent a week's work over this, and was still wanting the clue of principle, when one afternoon he went to see the Judge. He explained to him what he had been about, and what difficulty he had found in reconciling the cases. The Judge at once said, "Look into Raymond's Reports, at the case of So-and-so, page so-and-so" (you see what sort of memory I have, for I don't remember the case nor the page as he did). "On the right hand, near the top, you will find an observation of Lord Mansfield which states the real principle. It is an *obiter dictum* of the court, having little to do with the case itself, which turned upon other questions, but in a sort of *aside* he has stated the principle which governs this whole class of cases. You would not naturally have come across this case in your investigations, unless accidentally, for the simple reason that the rest of the judgment has nothing to do with the subject." My friend looked, and found he was right. I mention this incident to show what kind of a memory he had.

His mind was not a lumber-room, with all sorts of things tumbled into it without classification or order, but everything there was completely arranged and in its place. This is the kind of memory I envy.

B. Ay, it is one that any one might envy. What a difference there is between memories! Some are very ready, some very retentive, but few are both. For my own part, I remember with my eye more than with my ear, or by any other means. What I see makes, as it were, a stamp; what I hear flies easily away. I see the words themselves on a page that I have read, but if I hear them read they do not cling to me. I remember, too, where to find what I have read, and the general purport remains with me, when the words have gone so that I cannot quote them.

M. It is curious where things are concealed in the memory. I suppose it occurs to all of us to seem to have lost things sometimes absolutely, when really they are only obscured and hidden out of reach, and revive again slowly after fixing our attention clearly upon them. It is like going out of the light into a dark room: at first all seems blank, and then little by little we begin to discern the objects which were shrouded from our sight in the dark. Sometimes, in response to our repeated calls, what we seek seems at last slowly and unwillingly to rise out of some blank void beyond our reach, and gradually to take distinct shape; and sometimes, after persistently refusing to respond

at all, and when, tired out with our efforts to recall it, we turn our minds to some other subject, suddenly, without reason and without our will or call, it will flash clearly out on our mind. What are we doing when we are thus seeking for something lost in the mind? What mysterious operation is then going on?

B. Who knows? I have the same experience, and I suppose every one has, that you speak of. Often, after vainly endeavoring to recall a fact, or a word, or name, or poem, or anything, I give it up as hopeless, and turn my mind away, and after a short time, when I am not thinking at all about it, the thing I have been seeking starts up vividly before me. Sometimes I think there is nothing forgotten, but only temporarily obscured, and that hereafter all will come forth clearly, and stand out in the light, that it is with the mind as with the photographic plate before it is developed — the image is really there, though dark and invisible, and only needs the developing medium to appear before us.

M. It is not a pleasant thought, for the power to forget is as blessed as the power to remember. It would be terrible to find that all the past was indelible — that all that we regret and are ashamed of is as living as all that we delight to remember; that we are to be haunted in the future by all the evil thoughts to which we have given harbor during life; that all the unworthy guests of the spirit which we have driven away in disgust will return

to us, and mock at us, and accompany us, despite our will. No! let us hope that we may be able to forget utterly all that is averse from our better nature, and that the good alone will survive.

B. Somehow we associate darkness with evil and goodness with light, though I know no sufficient reason for so doing; and therefore let us hope there is somewhat better than reason which prompts us to this feeling.

M. Do you remember J. Blanco White's remarkable sonnet To Night? Let me repeat it to you: —

"Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"

B. True, and admirably said. Light hides infinite worlds as well as darkness, and there is more vastness in night than in day. I know nothing more mysterious, and almost appalling, than to lie on one's back in the summer on an open plain, and look up into the infinite sky. Our world then disappears, and we are lost among the other worlds,

of which we know nothing distinctly, that swim far off, and sparkle in the vague ether, — vast constellated groups and systems that ever retain the same relation, — and beyond them, at infinite distances pale faint veils of nebula-dust, whose worlds the eye cannot separate, and nearer the great vivid planets that throb against the awful silence of the night. This is more than the mind can bear long. The terrible unanswerable riddle of creation presses on us, and its secret we cannot faintly guess. Is it possible, in the midst of these almost infinite worlds and systems that swing so far away, and stretch into infinity beyond our mortal sight, that our own little planet can be of much account? — or that each one of us arrogant human beings, almost an infinitely small speck in creation, can be of any special value? After struggling awhile with thoughts and feelings which overwhelm us, we rise and look about at the trees, the rocks, the shadows, the flowers, and seek consolation from them, and endeavor to anchor our thoughts on the familiar and begin to believe again that we are something. I remember thus to have been overcome by a sense of our utter insignificance when I was first shown the nebula of Orion through the huge telescope at Washington. That far-off, doubtful, and flickering gleam in Orion's belt, which to the naked eye is scarcely visible, broke forth in the field of the telescope into five great palpitant planets; and behind, stretching out infinitely, a vast nebulous cloud of worlds swept mysteriously away

beyond the reach even of thought, much less of sight. Nothing did I ever see that was so depressing, so rebuking to our arrogance, so almost annihilating to all our pretensions, almost to all our hopes.

M. Ah, yes! And yet, in the face of all this, we assert that we are the centre of all things — that man is the image of God; and we profess to map out creation, and determine the nature and purposes of God; and we fight with other men about what we none of us can know; and we call each other evil names; and we shut out our brother-man from salvation, and talk of heaven and hell, and decree eternal punishment to all who do not agree with our dogmas. It is enough to make one weep — or laugh, but the laugh is a bitter one.

B. Do you remember Béranger's song of "Le Bon Dieu," in which he takes it on the ludicrous side? —

"Un jour le bon Dieu s'éveillant
Fut pour nous assez bienveillant,
Se met le nez à la fenêtre.
'Leur planète a peri peut-être,'
Dit le bon Dieu.
Dieu dit, et l'aperçoit bien loin
Qui tourne dans un petit coin;
'Si je conçois comment on s'y comporte,
Je veux bien,' dit-il, 'que le diable m'emporte.'

"Que font ces nains si bien parés,
Sur des trônes si bien dorés?
Le front huilé, l'humeur altière,
Ces chefs de votre fourmillière

Disent que j'ai béni leur droits,
Et que par ma grâce ils sont rois.
Si c'est par moi qu'ils regnent de la sorte,
Je veux, mes enfants, que le diable m'emporte.

" Je nourris d'autres nains tout noirs,
Dont mon nez craint les encensoirs;
Ils font de la vie un carême,
En mon nom lancent l'anathème
Dans des sermons fort beaux — ma foi,
Mais qui sont de l'hébreu pour moi
Si je crois rien de ce qu'on y rapporte ?
Je veux, mes enfants, que le diable m'emporte."

M. Bitter enough; but who can wonder at it? I know not what to say when I see the absolute ease with which some of our theologians dispose of God and man. They seem to have no shadow of doubt that they are right, and that they alone are right. Religion with some of them is like a little garden, all staked down and laid out, and with its little limited paths and alleys and beds of flowers, where they cannot go astray. They will tell you all about God and his intentions, and explain the inexplicable with so serene an arrogance that one has not the heart to disturb them in their folly. I was tempted once with a gentle abbé whom I knew to venture upon this subject in a way that had never been suggested to him before, and to question the lesson which he was gabbling over by rote from his breviary, as he walked up and down among the orange-pots of our villa garden, smiling and happy in doing his regular lesson. I expounded to him slightly some of the old philoso-

phies, and particularly that of the transmigration of spirits, and the working upward of life from stone to flower and insect, and so on to man, and thence upward. But I soon regretted my folly. He weighed anchor and went out into the wide sea, and rolled about so helplessly there — adrift without helm or sail, or an idea of navigation — that I was glad enough to get him back to anchor with his breviary in the peaceful port of his Church, and to wash my hands of the whole matter. "I have only been talking nonsense to you," I was forced to say at last. "These are only foolish speculations of pagans, who did not know what God was, and only made wild guesses. But with you the case is different. You and your Church know all about Him." "Ah, si! e vero," he said, with a sigh, and was happy again.

B. What was the use of tormenting the poor man?

M. None: it was worse than useless. He was as safe and content in his dogmas as if they were all unquestionable. He was sorry that I was not to inherit happiness hereafter, because I had not been baptized into his Church, but he never plagued me about it. Good fellow! no matter what he thinks.

B. Thinks? He never thought probably at all. He thought he was thinking when he was puzzling his intellect with impossible propositions. He never looked over the wall that his Church had built about him.

M. Well, of what consequence is it? You nor I, nor any one knows any more than he; and I confess I rather envied him his settled assurance that he was all right in his doctrines. How far out does one's intellect carry one in the determination of all these vast questions? After we have strained our reason to the utmost it is of no avail, everything is so utterly unintelligible, and the more we think the more we are confused.

B. And the end of it all is, don't let us think, you would say.

M. The end of it all is, to do one's duty here according to one's best light, instead of creating God after our peculiar fashion. What is, is, and our beliefs one way or another will not alter anything. The true thing is, as Carlyle says, to "do the duty that lies nearest to you," and not to spend one's life grasping out after the distant and unintelligible. It is like the child crying for the moon, instead of being content with its ball. We are all like

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

B. There is certainly enough to do without wasting one's powers in vague speculations.

M. Oh, I don't object to speculation into the future or into the present — no one can prevent himself from doing that; only I mean that it is quite futile to expect to reduce them to theological formulas, and to damn everybody who does not

agree to our special formula. Still, anything is better than having faith in nothing. I was reading the other day an article about Prosper Merimée, which seemed to me to show that he was in almost as sad a state of mind as one could easily find. He seems to have been utterly cynical in spirit, and to have had no hearty sympathy or belief in anything. Here was a man of remarkable faculties who was weary of everything. Nothing in life seemed worth doing. A painter, he wearied of painting; an author, he sneered at literature; a politician, he detested politics; a man, he laughed at love. His heart was as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage. He was a skeptic about everything. Nothing could be more sterile than all his life, for he loved nothing, and no one can do anything well till he loves it. Not only he loved nothing himself, but he jeered at all who did love anything.

B. Did you ever meet him?

M. Yes; and for all his talent he did not impress me agreeably. One day in Paris, at one of Madame Mohl's pleasant receptions, the conversation chanced to fall upon Shakespeare, and one or two Englishmen were there, who expressed their high admiration of his genius. "Ah!" said M. Merimée, "vous autres Anglais sont toujours à genoux devant votre Shakespeare. Certainement il a dit des belles choses. Par exemple, il dit qu'un beefsteak cuite aujourd'hui ne vaut rien le lendemain." "What do you mean?" cried several; "where does

he say this?" "In 'Hamlet,'" said M. Merimée. "Il dit, 'The funeral-baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.' Bah! c'est juste." This, I confess, did not seem to me to be witty, as he thought, and it was a kind of sneer that repelled me. It showed a desire to run athwart the opinions and feelings of the company. It is rather hard, I confess, to remember this against him, but it is the only thing he said that I do remember, probably because it made so strong an impression on me. The cynical spirit has no charms for me. I care little what fun any one makes out of almost anything. Humor and nonsense often cover really deep enthusiasms. But to have no enthusiasm for anything, to love nothing, to have faith in nothing, and particularly to sneer, shows a sad and poor spirit. A writer in the "Cornhill," a few years ago, in a very just article on Merimée, tells a story of him which shows his character. A young sculptor was one day speaking enthusiastically about Art, and of the glory to be made by it, when M. Merimée said, with a caustic smile, — "Do you believe then in glory, young man?" Glory is not a particularly happy word to the English ear, though *gloire* is to the French; but M. Merimée believed neither in *gloire* nor in anything else.

B. I am dull, I suppose, for I never could see anything so very remarkable in "Colombe" as to justify its reputation. It seemed to me very fair, but nothing more.

M. It seemed to me well written, but cold and hard, and a little mechanical; but it is years since I read it.

B. His style was finished, and he wrote his language admirably. But the French generally write well, — better than the English. They are neat, precise, and clear in their style, and say what they mean with directness and simplicity, whereas in English we lack these qualities as a general rule. The French are more accustomed to talk, give vent to their thoughts and feelings more freely in conversation, are more impulsive and eager in their utterance, than the English, and when they write they write more naturally. Of all their prose writers, to me George Sand is the most admirable. French, in her pen, seems to become almost a new language, and has a peculiar grace, subtlety, fire, and freshness.

M. But when you speak of ease and naturalness, you will, I suppose, except Victor Hugo. His style is full of studied epigram and spasm.

B. So is his thought. He never forgets he is a poet when he is writing prose, and poetical prose is generally detestable. He has great genius, it must be admitted, but his exaggeration spoils it all. He is a sort of literary Bernini in his extravagance, both of conception and of execution. His ideas, images, and illustrations are wild and forced, and he has never learned how to restrain himself within the true bounds of art: as the American phrase is, he spills all over.

M. It is a very expressive phrase.

B. That is the reason I used it.

M. There always seems to be a certain want of manliness in the French character which is almost never seen in the English, and this exhibits itself as much in their writings as in their life. Sport in England is scarcely related to "le sport" in France. The main idea of the French about shooting seems to be the dress they wear, which is made less with a view to use than to appearance, and chiefly distinguishes them as sportsmen. As a nation they have no real love for manly sports and exercises. "Le boxe" is English, and so are hunting and shooting, cricket and football, and all games of strength and activity. In France these are exotics and do not flourish. The Frenchman loves the house better than the open air, the city rather than the country, billiards better than shooting, the *foyer de l'opera* better than the hunting field, the carriage better than horseback. When you see him mounted on a horse, his chief notion seems to be to display himself. *Il se promène* — he promenades himself — makes his horse curvet, canter sideways, dance up and down, do anything rather than let it gallop straight forward. It is all action and no go. One meets at many a railway station along the road the French sportsman coming in from his shooting, marching up and down the platform, gay and smiling. He is trimly and finically dressed, his gun is swung over his back by a strap, he is spick-

and-span as if he were to appear on the stage; he has a hunter's horn on his shoulder, — why, who knows? and a handsome hunting-knife in his belt; and in his nice and netted game-bag are five or six sparrows. He has enjoyed "le sport," and he expects to be admired. His gamekeeper or companion of "la chasse" is dressed in top-boots, and looks half way between a jockey and a valet. This is his notion of the thing when it is well done.

B. This same want of manliness exhibits itself in their writings. Their novels, poems, and dramas have invariably an artificial turn of high-strung sentiment and social intrigue. The *motif* of many of their plays is seduction or a criminal liaison. They assume a condition of things which is repulsive to a just sense of honor, and impossible for pure and honest persons: a young wife married to an old husband whom she deceives, and a young man without principles or decency to whom she sacrifices herself; or a wife whose happiness is ruined by some hopelessly unprincipled scoundrel, who has had a previous liaison with her. The interest is in such cases to carry on the game without awakening the suspicion of the husband or the wife. Then, again, there are constantly letters to be concealed which ought never to have been written, and would never have been written by any decent person. The characters always lie with perfect effrontery. It is the natural way of getting out of a scrape.

There is no nice sense of honor anywhere. Take, for instance, such a play as "Une Visite de Noces," by Alex. Dumas, fils. Can anything more outrage all sense of decency than the very idea on which it is wrought out? Or take "La Supplice d'une Femme," in which Madame Favart won such applause a few years ago. Is the condition of things taken for granted at the opening of the play, and made throughout the hinge on which everything turns, possible to accept? Is there any reason given for it? One would think from their delineations of character that every woman in France was by nature and propensity, if nothing else, a courtesan.

M. Worse than these, take "Nana." What is this but the literature of the brothel? If this is what we are to come to with our "Realism," as it is called, for Heaven's sake let us be as unreal as possible. It is the reign of the *demi-monde* on the stage, but of course I must believe that this is a foul misrepresentation of French ladies in real life. It is not to be conceived that among decent people these things are possible. Yet certain it is that this kind of indecent intrigue forms the plot of a large number of French plays and many of the French novels; and the character of most of the works of fiction in France is such that one can scarcely be found which can be put into the hands of a young girl to read. Is it possible that this truly represents the condition of French society? Or is it a foul libel

on it? I choose to hold the latter opinion. How disgusting it is, then, to see art raking among the filthy slums of vice for subjects, and thus degrading life, when its true province should be to lift and enlarge all that is noble and generous in us.

B. But you would not restrict Art to mere honesty and nobility of character? Otherwise, what would become of tragedy. Crime and vice are fit enough subjects, if properly treated. One cannot object to Iago on the stage that he is a villain — or to Macbeth that he is a murderer — or to Falstaff that he is licentious, mean, and a liar: all depends on the treatment of such characters. It is not the vice or wickedness of these French plays so much as the spirit in which they are conceived and developed that disgusts. It is the constant innuendo and allusion which offends. One cannot, however, deny that, given their theme, the best French authors develop it with great spirit, talent, and vivacity. They are seldom tedious, heavy, and boring, — and, disapprove as you may, you cannot but admire the skill and literary faculty they display.

M. I like the Italian mode of viewing this subject. Some of the most popular plays in Paris I have seen hooted from the stage in Italy, though I regret to say that this feeling is wearing out of late. "Whatever we may be in our private life," the Italians say, "let us at least honor Art and be publicly decent. That such things may be done

in secret is possible, but they form no proper subjects for the drama: they corrupt the public taste and the public morals. Let us, on the one hand, be not too squeamish and over-nice, but on the other let us recognize the limits of decency and propriety, and not degrade art.

B. There are some charming plays in French, such as "The Village" of Octave Feuillet, which is full of pathos and tenderness of treatment, and refinement of feeling; and what a pity it is that the French writers will waste their extraordinary talent on *demi-monde* subjects. There can be no doubt that they have a wonderful ease and lightness in dialogue, as well as great cleverness in the delineation of character, and skill in the development of their plot. But the subjects and incidents they choose, and the low tone of their morality and manners, simply disgust one. Indeed the stage has so fallen now, that it would seem as if there must be soon a reaction towards virtue and nobleness. A pure, high-minded character now would have the effect of originality, and I cannot but think would have a fresh relish after all this low viciousness.

M. Offenbach and his school are in the same way degrading music. The taste now is for wild extravagances and caricature; and music has to put on the mask of farce and grimace, and deify the drum and the tom-tom. There is no self-restraint anywhere in art. The Mænads carry the day with riot and indecency and vulgarity. We

are all going the way of the old Romans. When the world has had its fling, and the Saturnalia is over, let us hope art will come back into its proper limits, and devote itself to higher aims. Look up there on the wall at these verses I have copied. They are full of truth and philosophy, and I keep them constantly before me, lest I be led astray. Read them.

B. : —

> "Wer grosses will muss sich zusammen raffen,
> In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister
> Und der Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben."

They are admirable. Whose are they?

M. They are by Goethe.

B. You astonish me. After your tirade against him the other day, I could not have supposed this possible. "Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?"

M. I shall answer you as Sir Andrew did: "I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough." Do you think I am so mean and small as not to admire what is good, come from whatever source it may? Goethe has given us some admirable thoughts and maxims about art, and this is one of the very best. It is so true that I pin it to my wall and keep it ever before me. "Who would be great must concentrate his powers, — must work within the limits of his art; and it is Law alone can give us Freedom." There is true philosophy in this: whether there be poetry is quite another question. I constantly see artists (using the term to comprehend all forms of

art) endeavoring to put into their special art what does not belong to it, and overrunning its just boundaries. One of the greatest difficulties is to know what is possible in any art, and what can be expressed through its means, and not to attempt the impossible. For instance, what we can say in poetry we cannot reproduce in painting; what music can reach, poetry cannot touch; what painting may do, sculpture must avoid. Each has its own means, and we must accept its laws. Closely related as they are, they are each individual arts. But nowadays, in England at least, the boundaries of each art seem to be confused — or so at least the current jargon of art would seem to indicate. We have symphonies in color, recitations in music, tone-poems, harmonies of verse, etc. Picturesque sculpture is a mistake. So is sculptural painting. Some artists endeavor to embody in their picture or statue an idea which is poetical in itself, and which might be rendered by language so as to be delightful, but which, when wrought out in form and color, loses itself in vagueness, and needs interpretation and explanation to make it even intelligible. But no idea is fit for a picture or a statue which cannot express itself in that form. It must speak clearly for itself, and by itself, and ask no foreign assistance. Allegories are therefore for the most part too vague and unreal for pictures or statues, since they are only intelligible through the symbols with which they are surrounded. A child with a butterfly in a statue

or picture is only a child with a butterfly, though a poet by words may give it a far higher and more spiritual meaning. So, too, in art we must be content, as I have said, with the essential, and the unnecessary is an impertinence. This is what I suppose Goethe means by "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister." He must concentrate himself, and reject the unimportant.

B. In other words, "Enough is as good as a feast."

M. In the sense of Art, better; in other senses, not half so good. The very essence of a feast is superfluity, and it would be a very mean banquet with only enough. How could the beggars be fed if we only had enough at our table? Enough is a miserly word to a liberal heart. It is like using a man after his desert, in which case, as Hamlet says, who should 'scape whipping? "Use them after your own honor and dignity," he adds; "the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." This is the noble spirit.

B. Mercutio's is another kind of enough when he gets his death wound. "Ay! a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough. No! 't is not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, but 't is enough — 't will serve."

M. Enough, in the bad sense, is more than enough, and in the good sense less. These proverbs are generally only half-truths, and are often mean. Who was it who defined them to be the wisdom of many and the wit of one? The wisdom of them,

however, is generally the wisdom of common sense. They are not of an ideal but a low and practical character. They are maxims of the understanding, not of the imagination — of selfishness, not of generosity. I amuse myself sometimes in turning them inside out — that is, reversing their statements; and in some cases they are even better reversed. Thus, the common saying is, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and this is true in a low sense; but a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand is quite as true in a higher sense. What we have is never so good as what we desire, — our longings outreach always our possessions. No man with any soul is content with what he has; but he always hopes for more and better. The dog and the shadow is an illustration of this; we are always sacrificing to-day for to-morrow.

B. "Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas."

M. Ah! yes.

"Pray do not ask, 't is forbidden to know
What limits the Gods may assign
To my life or yours, Leuconoë,
Nor the secret strive to divine
By Babylonian numbers —
Accept it whatever it be,
Whether Jove means to give us more winters,
Or this be the last we shall see —
This, which is driving the Tyrrhene breakers
Against their rocky marge. —
Drink your wine, but be wise; to short limits
Retrench your desires too large.
Even while we are talking, invidious time
Is hurrying swift away:
Then, credulous, trust not to-morrow's promise,
But hold and enjoy to-day."

B. Yes, if we could — this is good philosophy; but we cannot. Life will not accept its limitations; our thoughts will run out beyond into the future. We value not to-day because we own it. A bird in the bush is worth, as you say, two in the hand; a promise is better than performance. This is very unwise: it does not make a good proverb, because it has a flavor of the ideal, and scorns facts, as no proverb ever does.

M. I suppose Italy and Spain are richer in proverbs than any other nation, and yet they are by no means the most practical. Sancho Panza does nothing, however, but talk proverbs, which the noble Don Quixote never does. I suppose Cervantes meant by this to show that they were the worldly wisdom of the common mind, and not of the imaginative and ideal one.

B. Did you ever see an extraordinary phrase-book in English and Portuguese published in Paris by José de Fonseca and Pedro Carolino?

M. Yes, I have heard of it — a most amazing book. But why do you ask in this connection?

B. Because, as we were speaking of proverbs, one or two in this book came into my mind, — this, for instance: "A horse baared don't look him the tooth," — for "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth."

M. Amazing! It seems hardly possible that a book like this could have been written in earnest, and yet it plainly is. No one in joke could so travesty English. Nothing but ignorance could

succeed in such wild blunders, just as no accomplished artist can draw with the naïveté of a child, however he may try. But it is difficult to believe that any two men could seriously have set their heads together to teach the Portuguese how to speak English after this fashion.

B. Oh, the seriousness is not to be contested. These authors are, as Heine says, "as serious as a dead German." And yet it is difficult, as you say, to believe it when you read such an anecdote as this: "One-eyed was laid against a man which had good eyes, that he saw better than him. The party was accepted. 'I had gained over,' said the one-eyed. 'Why i see you two eyes, and you not look me who one.'"

M. What a magnificent series of unintelligible monosyllables! The astonishment is that we can understand this, though the meaning is plain despite the grammar and construction. Do you remember that character in one of Dickens's novels who always speaks bad English to a foreign sailor, thinking that he can thus understand her better? This recalls it to me. But I knew an old lady who adopted this same method in Berlin. She could not speak a word of German, but by dint of speaking very loud and intentionally bad English, she always asserted that she could make herself understood.

B. It is odd, but not uncommon, to hear persons speak very loud to a foreigner, in the hope to make them understand better, — unconsciously confusing them with deaf persons.

M. We English are the most ill-bred nation, in one respect, that exists. We cannot restrain our laughter at any mistake a foreigner makes in speaking our language. It seems to affect us as being eminently humorous, and we cannot suppress with all our efforts a smile. An Italian or a Frenchman, on the contrary, will hear us abuse his mother-tongue and break it all to pieces with the utmost gravity, and the chances are more than one that he will compliment our bad grammar and mispronunciation, as if it were surprising that we should be able to speak at all. Our blunders do not seem to him humorous: at all events, he never laughs.

B. Well, I confess there is something very ludicrous sometimes in these blunders, and though I do my best not to smile, I am not always master of myself. For instance, when that most gracious, formal, and polished old gentleman K. said to Lady C., who lived on the upper floor of the Palazzo B., "I am always sorry to come and see you; your stairs make me so many dolors in the veals of my legs," how could I help laughing?

M. Lady D. used to be famous for her mistakes, and of late every mistake is thrown on her shoulders, just as every bonmot is given to Sydney Smith. One which is attributed to her is a remark towards the close of dinner to an Italian gentleman, who offered something to her at the table, and she responded smiling, "Grazia, ho mangiato bastimento e non voglio ancŏra" — "I have eaten the ship, and do not wish the anchor."

B. The most singular transformation of words I ever heard was by a Spaniard, who wished to express his sorrow to a friend at the loss his brother-in-law had sustained in the death of his wife. His consonants were not quite right, however, and he uttered this remark — "Monsieur, je suis très vaché d'entendre que votre veaufrère est devenu bœuf" — instead of "faché que votre beau-frère est devenu veuf."

M. It was Lady D., who, wanting her large cloak, ordered the servant to bring her *cloaca maxima;* and when a friend was taking tea with her, and the toast was all gone, is reported to have cried out to the servant, "Cameriere, più tosto."

B. Oh, I have heard that she said, "Aspettatore, più tosto," literally translating the word "waiter."

M. I don't believe she ever said it at all, but one must have somebody to father it or mother it. There is always something amusing, as I have said, in bad English, when spoken by a foreigner, but when spoken by a native it has a different effect — sometimes at least. A lady told me the other day that on one occasion she had the privilege of an interview with the renowned Brigham Young, and upon being presented to him she said, — "I was always very desirous to see you, Governor Young, and to make the personal acquaintance of one who has had such extraordinary influence over my own sex." To which the Governor shortly remarked, "You was, was you?"

B. Exquisite *finesse.* "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister."

M. Oh, I forgot to tell you, *apropos* of these verses, M. came in here one day, and observing them asked me what they were. I told him they were German, and by the great poet Goethe, and I then recited them to him; at which he cried out and stamped on the ground, not understanding a word of course, "Dio mio! che lingua! Mi pare che tuona. E poesia? vero? Dio! che lingua" After that I used to torment him by declaiming them to him, until at last he would cover his ears, and say he would go away unless I stopped, — "Mi fa male, sa. Poesia da vero! Bella Poesia! Par che si butta giù una carica di sassi."

B. German must sound rather rough after their soft language, — "Wer grosses will muss sich zusammen raffen" — does sound a little like emptying a cart of heavy stones.

M. A German friend of mine — an artist — told me an amusing anecdote about Goethe. My friend used to frequent a café in Rome not much used by his compatriots; and as he was sitting there sipping his coffee one evening — many years after the death of Goethe — there came in a stranger, also a German, and called the waiter. "Guesto," he began to him, with a strong German accent, — "Guesto, tunque, é il gaffè dove era solito a fenire il krande nostro boeta Goethe — non è fero?" "Eh?" said the waiter, "chi?" "Il nostro Goethe," answered the stranger. "Eh?"

cried the waiter with a shrug. "Chi lo conosce? Io non l' ho mai visto." "Tunque non è mai stato qua?" said the disappointed tourist. "Eh non! Io non conosco questo signore — mai è stato qua che so Io." On hearing this, our German, who had come primed with sentiment to visit the haunt of the great poet during his lifetime, turned about, disappointed and annoyed, and began to approach the door; when the waiter, seeing he was losing a customer, cried out, "Dica! come si chiama quel signore chi lei voleva?" The German turned and said, "Goethe." "Oh-h-h," cried the waiter, — "lui? non aveva capito. Certo! Lui! Ah! si lo conosco Io? Era qua pochi momenti fa — aspetti signore — tornera fra poco — oh! se lo conosco Io! Lo conosco come questa mano."

B. Is not the "Italienische Reise" a very disappointing book?

M. To me it is; but you know I don't worship at that shrine. But I am told it is a very remarkable performance.

B. I found it very dull; and I was surprised to find it so. I had heard so much about it before I read it.

M. To return a moment more to proverbs. My wife dreamed a little while ago an excellent one, and it was this: "Man wakes to trouble as the needle to the thread." Is not that a perfect dream-proverb? It almost seems to mean something.

B. It is as good as what D. said as he was just

waking up. He was making a call late one evening. There were several friends in the room, and a general conversation was going on, when he fell asleep for a few minutes. Suddenly he awoke, and feeling conscious that he had been asleep, felt it necessary to say something to conceal the fact, or to cover it over if it had been observed. So he remarked *apropos* of nothing, as if he had been following every word of the conversation, — "Ah! yes; but, you know, it is n't always the least good-looking that have the most money."

M. Admirable, but rather puzzling, is n't it?

B. Very — and you may imagine the utter surprise with which it was received — having nothing to do with anything that had been said.

M. What excellent epigrams one makes in one's sleep; what trenchant repartees; what happy poems! Unfortunately, if one remembers them in the morning, they have not the same excellence. During the American War, I made one of such startling power and point that it woke me up, and half-dreamily I kept repeating it lest I should forget it, and thus preserved it in my memory. In the morning I wrote it down. It was utter blank nonsense.

B. I, too, can do admirable things in dreams. A little while ago I made one of the most finished and exquisite compliments ever known. I was in Russia. I spoke Russian fluently. I was surrounded by Russian ladies, and to one of them I turned with this happy phrase, "Inchikumbür Ki-

chumbüz." I defy any person to say anything more refined and perfect than that. No wonder they applauded me.

M. Had you an idea of what it meant?

B. Perfectly. It means, "Take not my heart, but a cork." The play of words is perfect — is it not?

M. Simply perfect. It is better even than my epigram.

B. The only difficulty about it is, that it is in no known language.

M. That is no objection — so much the better.

B. What wild freaks our dreams play with us! It seems as if we lost all judgment, and our thoughts ran helter-skelter about, jostling against each other in a sort of Saturnalia, like boys let out of school. Is the spirit freed then from the body, and let forth on its wild rambles alone? How, then, do we bring it back again? What mysterious power is it by which we again chain up these wild, errant thoughts, and bind them into subordination to the reason? Is what we call imagination a half-loosening of the thoughts and feelings, with still a rein upon them to keep them to their track?

M. I suppose, when we do anything consecutively in dreams, we are not quite asleep. When we are profoundly asleep there is no consecutiveness or order or reason in what passes through the mind. We accept impossibilities and absurdities as if they were realities and facts. Sometimes the mind has been so fixed upon a thought during

waking hours that, while in sleep, it still holds guidance over us, and then we produce something at times which is valuable. I was told an interesting story the other day of the distinguished naturalist Agassiz which illustrates this. He had found the half of a fossil fish, and had become extremely interested in endeavoring by comparative anatomy to supply the other half. But he was unable to do so satisfactorily to himself. While this problem was haunting his mind he went to bed and to sleep, and in his dreams he resolved it to his complete satisfaction. On waking, however, the solution had passed away from his recollection, and vainly he strove to recall it. The next night, thinking that perhaps it might again recur to him in his dreams, he placed at the head of his bed a sheet of paper and a pencil, so that, in such case, he might at once make a drawing of it before it escaped him. During his sleep he again completed the fish, and on waking in the morning he found it carefully drawn on the paper that he had placed at his bedside, though he had never awaked during the night, and was not conscious of having drawn it. The fact was that he had done it during his sleep.

B. That is curious and interesting on three accounts: first, that he should have forgotten the solution of the problem when once he had made it; second, that he should have dreamed it again; and third, that he should have drawn it in a somnambulistic state. It is rare that a dream repeats

itself. It is rare that we do anything reasonable and valuable in somnambulism; and it is also rare that we forget a dream so soon, when it has been the result of a fixed effort by day in the same direction.

M. Yes, the combination is singular. Generally speaking, however, I think that the impression of our dreams clings to us very slightly after waking. Strong as it may be for a short while, it soon evaporates, as the mists in the valley dissolve at the touch of the sun, leaving nothing behind. And what is also curious is, that we always clearly distinguish between what we have dreamed and what we have experienced, known, or seen in waking hours. The expression we often hear, "I must have dreamed it," is not a correct one. We do not confuse what we dream with actual facts, otherwise we should be in a most singular condition of mind about everything. This story of Agassiz reminds me of what occurred to me once. I had been for years endeavoring to solve a certain problem, and get at the principle on which the system of proportion among the ancients was founded. Connected with this, I had also been pursuing a series of studies in ancient philosophies, and particularly in that branch of it relating to magic and to the mysteries of numbers. I had long been persuaded that, as there is a strict law of thorough-bass for musical sounds and harmonies, so there must be as strict a law relating to proportions and harmonies of forms; and further,

that the ancients were possessed of some principle, formula, or canon, either scientific, mathematical, geometrical, mystical, or perhaps purely empirical, upon which all their systems of proportion were founded, and according to which they divided and measured the human figure. No one could carefully study the ancient statues without being persuaded of this. But what was this principle? Many hypotheses I framed, but none satisfied me on practical application. On a book-case opposite my bed there stood a small copy of the so-called Egyptian Antinous of the Vatican, which is a figure made in the time of Hadrian, and generally supposed to embody a certain canon of proportion. I had often measured it, and applied to it various systems of triangulation, and never had satisfied myself. One morning on waking, my eyes fell upon this figure, and instantly and unconsciously, without an effort of my will, a solution dawned upon me which had never occurred to me before. All the various statements and reasonings, and combinations and usages of the ancients which I had stored away in my mind came, as it were, suddenly together, and crystallized into a theory, and I started up, crying to myself, "Of course, that is it — that is what I have been seeking in vain for these long years." I sprang out of bed, without giving myself even time to dress, took a pair of compasses, a sheet of paper, and a pencil, made at once my diagram and calculations, applied them to the figure of the Antinous, and assured myself that I was right. I had discovered the secret.

B. Well, what was this secret, if it be permitted to ask?

M. The secret was simply this — I saw in an instant that the true relations of proportion in general as well as in the human body were the relations of the diameter, square, and equilateral triangle to the circle in which they are inscribed; and that this was the occult meaning of the symbol called the Seal of Solomon, which is the triangle inscribed in the circle. Then all the reasons for this struck me at once, the mathematical as well as the symbolical, the mystical, and the geometric. The laws of numbers, of forms, and of magic all coincided.

B. I now know just as much as I did before. Please explain yourself, for to speak plainly you seem to be talking a little wildly.

M. I don't know whether it is quite worth while, but if you insist I will try to explain myself.

B. Certainly, I beg to insist.

M. Well, in the first place as to the mystical part, — for the first definite suggestion of this whole thing came to me in answer to this mystical question, — what does the symbol of the equilateral triangle inscribed in the circle mean? and why was it used as a magical symbol for ages? Simply because it expressed the Divine Spirit humanized, or God in the world, or Man. The circle represents the world; the triangle, the Spirit, which always had a triune entity in all the systems

of religion. That Spirit (the triangle), bounded by the world (the circle), is plainly man, or, as we Christians would say, it is Christ, the emanation of God made perfect man in the world. Add to this figure the square, which always represented law in the ancient philosophies, and particularly in the system of the Hebrews, and we have God made man in the world through law. Everything which was established was among the Hebrews four-square. The square represented the absolute establishment of things, and this was its mystical meaning.

B. That is quaint and curious, though perhaps far-fetched.

M. It would not seem so to you, if you had studied these symbols in the ancient writers. These geometric forms were hieroglyphic statements, which were constantly used as symbols.

B. But I hope you had something a little more tangible in your mind than this.

M. I mean to go on now as I have begun, and then you may laugh as much as you please. Remember that the temple of the Jews was four-square. Recall the wheel of Ezekiel which contained the hieratic mysteries. I do not mean to explain them all to you, but if you are interested in this question, I would refer you to "La Haute Magie" of Levi, to the mysteries of the Tarot and Rota, to the treatises of Gaffarel, and in a word to all the old magical books on this question. You will find enough to read if you choose.

B. Thanks. I will take all you say for granted. Let us get on to something a little more tangible and definite.

M. I merely alluded to this question and don't mean to bore you with it. There is already enough written about it to make a small library, and I don't mean to add to it. Now for the mathematics. When I have said that this symbol is the nearest approximation to the squaring of the circle that is practically possible, I will say no more on that point; only if you are interested calculate it, and I think you will be convinced.

B. Don't say any more about the squaring of the circle. I am losing my mind already.

M. Then come down to numbers. The circle in all the ancient writers is founded on the dodecahedron, the 12-sided figure, and stands for the number 12 — the πυθμὴν ἐπίτριτος — the perfect number of Plato and Aristotle. The triangle represents 3; the square 4: 4 multiplied by 3 makes 12, the perfect number; added to 3 makes 7, the number used for the evocation of spirits. So that the triangle multiplied by the square makes the circle by which it is bounded. The numbers are mystical, and they all had their meaning. Read Plato's system of numbers, and you will see this plainly. Whether you understand them is quite another question. Nobody yet has done so. Yet this combination certainly coincides with certain formulas of his, which are not quite unintelligible at the present day.

B. Pray get to something practical.

M. Pazienza! and I will. I have already told you some days ago — and of course you treasure up all my remarks — that the Greeks had certain definite canons of proportion — first, that of Polycleitus which was the most celebrated, and the earliest definite canon of Greece; second, that of Euphranor; and third, that of Lysippus. All these were primarily founded on the Egyptian canons — on which, probably, the ancient statues of Debutades of Samos were worked. That they did work, even at this early period, on a definite canon, is clear, because he is said to have been able to make one half of a statue in one place, and the other half in a different place, so that when brought together they exactly corresponded in proportion. The canon of Polycleitus is reported empirically by Vitruvius, but Vitruvius evidently did not understand the system, and only gives us certain measures, some of which are entirely inaccurate. But he adds at the end of his account a statement which is vital to the whole system, and that is, that the human figure was included in a circle and a square — how he does not say. Leonardo da Vinci supposed he meant that the figure with its arms stretched out touched the boundaries of a square or circle drawn round it; and by his system, as well as that of most of those that have followed, the figure was divided into so many heads. Others take the cubit or fore-arm as the norm of measure-

ment; and others, still unsatisfied with these, have sought to work out a different system. But I will not go into these. There is no time, and it has already been done in a treatise on Proportion, with all the diagrams and rules and measurements.[1] Let us come back to Polycleitus. His system was founded, in my opinion, on the circle and square, — for so Vitruvius would indicate, — and I add, also probably the triangle.

B. But what is your system?

M. The simplest in the world. I take $\frac{1}{7}$ of the height of any figure I wish to make as the radius of a circle, and in this circle I inscribe an equilateral triangle and a square, subdividing each of them into 3ds and 4ths. This diagram contains all the proportions of the human figure of the size I wish to represent it, with exactitude and precision. Having it before me, I can at once and absolutely give you every length, depth, or breadth of the whole figure, as well as of all its parts, without looking at the figure, and entirely independent of it. Every one of these measures, taken either by the triangle or the square or the diameter, coincides with and proves the measures taken by the other. In this way the figure can be mathematically laid out in its proportions.

B. Explain a little more: give me an instance.

[1] See *Proportions of the Human Figure according to a New Canon*, by W. W. Story: published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

M. It is difficult to do so without this diagram

of the circle, with the diameter, the equilateral triangle, and the square inscribed. But here is one on the wall, and I will show you practically what I cannot clearly explain by words. Observe! the Diameter, which is the longest measure, gives the five great measurements of the body — (1st) from the heel to the middle of the patella (or knee-pan); (2d) thence to the process of the pelvis, at the angle where the great abdominal muscle folds over it, and which is always with the ancients a marked and distinctly asserted point; and (3d) thence to the highest angle of the shoulder. It also measures (4th) from the fontanella to the base of the abdomen, and (5th) the utmost breadth across the shoulders of the male figure outside the deltoids. The side of the Triangle measures the whole figure into four parts, — from the heel to the base of the patella, thence to the pubis, thence to the nipples, thence to the top of the head. The square divides it into five parts, and measures the arms. Take, as indicating the coincidence of these measures, the lower leg. The diameter measures from the heel to the middle of the patella; the triangle from the heel to the base of the patella, or from the middle of the patella to the ankle; and $\frac{3}{4}$ the square from the ankle to the base of the patella. Again, the radius divides the total height into 7 parts — half the base of the triangle into 8 parts, the square

into 5 parts, and, of course, half the square into 10 parts. Taking the supposed and ordinarily affirmed height of the whole human figure at 8 heads, the head would be half the base of the triangle; or, as in some systems, taking the whole height to be 7 heads, the head would be the radius. But practically, and in Nature, the head is always more than $\frac{1}{8}$ of the height, and in the best proportioned figures is less than $\frac{1}{7}$. This is equally true in Art. There is not of all the antique statues a single one which is 8 heads high. The head in Nature and in Art always divides the figure fractionally, and is therefore a very bad norm of measure in itself, and very difficult of application. What is the absolute measure of any head is difficult with perfect accuracy to determine, — the measure having necessarily to be taken on the curve of the cranium, — and a little more in front or a little more behind the absolute centre varies the measure. In this system I am endeavoring to explain, the head is not a norm of measure at all. It is neither $\frac{1}{7}$ (the radius) nor $\frac{1}{8}$ (the half of the side of the triangle); it is $\frac{2}{3}$ of the square, which represents a fraction between the two. That fraction is precisely the difference between 8 times the $\frac{1}{2}$ base of the triangle, and 5 times the side of the square. On this point I could say much more, about squaring the circle, etc., but I spare you. One thing more let me, however, say. Oddly enough, in all the systems of proportions that I ever saw the measures only are given of the body

and limbs when erect or straight, while no cognizance is taken of the fact that the measures entirely differ when the body or limbs are bent. In this system, however, cognizance is taken of this fact. For instance, when the arm is straight the measure from the shoulder to the elbow, and thence to the knuckles, is the square. When the arm is bent at an angle, the condyle at the elbow is thrown out, and the measure of both parts is necessarily longer, and is $\frac{3}{4}$ of the triangle. But I have already said too much I fear, and I will enter into no more particulars. I will only add that there on the wall is a drawing of the human figure, with the proportions as given by this diagram applied to it; and, as you can see for yourself, every part is thus measured, even to the smallest, and each measurement proves the other. There is an absolute coincidence of all to the same result. By this system, therefore, we have a scientific and mathematical standard of proportions which is perfectly easy to apply in practice, and absolute, not proximate.

B. Well, though you began in the mystical clouds, you have at last come down on *terra firma*. Do you always use this system, and do you find it practical?

M. Certainly! I never should think of using any other since I discovered this. It is the only simple, easy, practical, and accurate system I know. There is not the least difficulty in using it, and I know absolutely when I am wrong.

B. Have you ever applied it to the ancient statues?

M. Yes; to many, and with great care, and it so exactly conforms to them that I cannot but be persuaded that they adopted some such method. But we have had enough of this. I did not mean to go on so far, but it came into our talk about dreams, and you have led me on.

B. To go back to our dreams — that was a remarkable one by Coleridge during which he composed the "Vision of Kubla Khan." It is so exquisitely musical in its rhythm, so full of charm and grace, so clear in narrative, though touched so imaginatively, that it scarcely seems possible that it was really written during sleep.

M. I dare say, in writing it down Coleridge unconsciously varied and reduced it to consecutiveness; but I can never think of that "man from Porlock" with patience, who interrupted him while he was writing it down, and robbed us forever of the untold remainder. When Coleridge had transacted his business with this man he went back to his poem, you remember, and it had all escaped; and so, like Chaucer, he

> "left untold
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

B. Milton is usually so correct in his names and quantities that it is amazing how he could thus have mispronounced the Cambus Khan of Chaucer. Could he have been familiar with the original?

M. It was probably the exigency of the rhythm

which induced the change. But I am not sure that in this poem Coleridge did not, as he did in "Christabel," leave it purposely untold.

B. No matter; Martin Farquhar Tupper finished "Christabel" for him.

M. Can presumption go farther! "Fools will rush in where angels fear to tread."

B. What do you think of the old maxim about keeping a work seven years, and constantly correcting it?

M. I disbelieve in it utterly. When the writer has the accomplishment of writing, and is full of enthusiasm in his work, it is far more probable that he will, in the heat of the moment and the pressure of the feeling, seize the fittest modes of expression: and I cannot but think he should be careful what changes he afterwards makes in the exercise of a cold critical faculty. Undoubtedly, on carefully re-reading it, he may often change passages with advantage, give it more closeness and accuracy, charge it more with feeling, or retrench it in its looseness. But he may also work out of a composition all its life and freedom by over-elaboration, and make it stiff, artificial, or affected. Writing should at least seem easy and natural, however much we work over it, and there is great danger in making too many changes and retouching too often. By going over and over anything its freshness of impression is gradually lost, until, at last, to the tired sense any change seems an improvement. On the contrary, in the enthu-

siasm of composition we often snatch a grace beyond the reach of art — beyond what we could in colder moments have caught. Invariably when an author, after his poems have become known and popular, attempts to change them, the world rebels, and generally with justice. The change is scarcely ever an improvement. Some poems that I could instance have, I know, before they were printed, been so fingered and finished and altered, that they have lost all nature out of them; and many a one, I have no doubt, was stronger and more spirited when it first came from the brain before it had been tampered with. An author should be careless of critics while he is writing, or he will risk losing his freshness and originality, and I fairly believe that this fear of what might be said has hampered many a man and spoiled his work.

B. You cannot lay down any universal rule on this point. Some writers do their best at once; the strain of thought bursts out like a spring and will have its way.

> "Etrusci
> Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius amni
> Ingenium," —

as Horace says. With others invention is slow, and takes form with difficulty, oozing forth as it were like lava, and not gushing out like a torrent. John Webster, for instance, wrote so slowly and with such difficulty those wonderful tragedies of his, that his contemporaries and friends jeered him ironically for his easy parturition; but his work,

though born with such pains, still lives. Shakespeare, on the contrary, wrote evidently fast, and Ben Jonson reproaches him with never correcting; but his mind was exceeding full, and his power over his materials extraordinary. Ben Jonson himself often corrected his own verse into stiffness and artificiality. As for Shakespeare, I doubt whether he would have improved anything he did by going over it a second time. I know that in the first printed play of "Hamlet" some of the finest passages are wanting which are to be seen in the second, but I have no belief that he ever rewrote it, as critics say.

M. No, nor I. My own belief is that the first "Hamlet" was a surreptitious copy, taken down from the actors or the theatre, published without his knowledge, and full of errors and omissions. So, too, I believe this was the case with some of the historical plays which were printed in his lifetime. In these there are great differences from the plays as they appear in the first folio, but this was because originally he wrote them in connection with others, and afterwards struck out the scenes written by his collaborators, and wrote them himself. Mr. Richard Grant White's masterly essay on the Henrys I think establishes this beyond question, as far as those plays are concerned. In fact, I doubt whether we have the true text of any of the plays precisely as Shakespeare wrote them, but rather in many parts as they were "accommodated" by the actors on the stage, or

changed in the transcribing. Evidently Shakespeare himself was utterly indifferent as to his plays, and took no care to have correct copies made and preserved. He seems to have left the actors to do as they pleased with them, and probably the first folio was printed very much from the actors' transcripts, and not from the original manuscripts by Shakespeare himself. Many of the passages are plainly interpretations of actors' so-called "gags," — others are plainly printers' mistakes.

B. Yes, undoubtedly; but how unwilling we are even to correct what are plainly misprints. But perhaps we are wise in this, for otherwise, Heaven knows what would be corrected away and refashioned. I, for my part, am glad that there is a superstition about correcting even what is manifestly wrong.

M. I could not go as far as that — indeed I have even been so presumptuous as to try my hand at such corrections.

B. Let me have some.

M. Not now — another time.

B. Rogers wrote slowly and corrected indefatigably. He is said to have rewritten a score of times the anecdotes in the Notes to his "Italy."

M. He was just the man to do it, and I dare say he improved them each time, but this was because he was utterly without fire in his brain, and could only attain his end by elaboration. Such men ought to correct. Giusti, the Italian poet, did the same. He never wearied of correcting,

and his poems, which seem so spontaneous and unstudied, cost him infinite labor. Shelley's manuscripts also are almost illegible from corrections and elaborations and second thoughts. Landor also rewrote and revised very much, or so, at least, he told me. "Nothing," he said, "can be too good. I have thrown away as much as I have printed, and most people would think it the best half of what I have done."

B. I wanted to say something about dreams. Let me see — what was it? Oh, I remember. Did you ever have delusions during fever?

M. Yes; why?

B. Is it not strange that during the delirium our visions alone are real, while the realities about us are purely visionary. The eyes are open, the senses exceedingly acute; a rustling dress distresses us, a ray of light annoys us; and yet the things which do not exist to our outward senses are the only real things. The nurse is vague, we scarcely notice her; but the dream-figures are absolute. Do we not really see these ghosts of the mind? Can you persuade a fever patient that they have no existence?

M. It is unaccountable. I remember to this day, with perfect vividness, figures which moved before me, many years ago, during a severe fever —one in particular. It was a queer little dwarf, with a large head surmounted by a cap and feathers, who came one day and perched himself on one of the bed-posts at the foot of the bed. He

had a large portfolio under his arm, which he held closely, and there he sat and smiled at me. He was grotesque but pleasant, and I looked at him with a sort of amused interest. After staying there a little while, he crept along to the opposite post, and perched himself there, and we smiled and nodded at each other. Then he slipped along the bed, got up behind my pillow, drew out the portfolio, placed it before me, opened it, and turned the leaves over slowly. I would I could see that book again, for of all books I ever saw it was the most remarkable. As he turned over each leaf, there was a new picture, and every picture was alive. Now it was a vast landscape with gloomy clouds piled on the horizon, and lofty mountains whose close platoons of pointed pines went clambering up their slopes, and gleaming snow-peaks with flashing glaciers, over which gray, loitering clouds drooped and trailed. I heard the simmering of the wind in the pines. I heard the far roar of the torrents that whitened in the cloven gorges. A dark eagle sailed around high up in the deep air, and swept his large circles over the valley. Then the leaf was turned. I saw the interior of a splendid Gothic cathedral. Banners were floating from its pillars, the sunlight streamed through gorgeous painted windows upon a dense and murmurous crowd that were gathered to some great ceremony. As I looked, a procession with splendid dresses—knights, soldiers, priests, — came streaming in, and a wild burst of trumpets shook

the vaulted and groined roof, and thrilled every sense. The crowd fell on their knees. The odorous incense smoke wavered in the air from swinging censers, and saluted the sense ; and then came a solemn stillness, and a symphony of music, such as I never heard before and never shall hear again, swelled and died and rose again, and filled my whole being with delight. And then again the leaf was turned, and so on at every turning came a new picture ; and I lay there entranced gazing at them. Never shall I forget this book.

B. And you remember these pictures now ?

M. I have described the two which impressed me most. I never can forget them. I shall never hear any symphony, even of Beethoven, played by the perfectest orchestra, that will ever come up to that. Good Heavens ! could I only have written it down. Do you know that I would not give up that experience of fever for many a day of tame life. I came out of it a different being.

B. Did you in that fever have any such sensation as I once or twice have heard described, of being two persons ?

M. Exactly. I was for a week two persons. Of course, I took no cognizance of time. Night and day were one, and I was sweeping down for a time, as it seemed to me, over a glassy slope, where there was no hold. At last I reached a landing, and then I became two persons. I used to tell my watchers, when they came to my bedside, to turn over one, for he was uncomfortable, and

let the other remain as he was; and they often spoke to me of this afterwards. And this reminds me of another experience, which I mention as curious. I used, as a boy, to have nightmares of a singular kind, and this was one of them. I saw a single spot of light far off in the distance, and as I gazed it began to enlarge and grow into a ring, and from this flew forth other rings, and from each of these others and others and others, until the whole range of vision was of wheeling rings of light that came rushing down upon me until it seemed as if they would overwhelm me, and then when it seemed impossible to bear it longer — when they were close upon me — they would suddenly disappear, and all would be blank.

B. This was giddiness, I suppose?

M. Yes, I suppose it was; but that was the vision I saw. Now we are on this question, I will tell you another experience I had. I used to dream constantly of being on a smooth slope, on which I could not keep my foothold. Many other persons were there beside me, but all of them walked calmly to and fro, as if they felt no such difficulty. I, however, ever slipped and slipped towards a terrible precipice that bounded the slope, and over which I knew, if I could not stay myself, I should surely fall. This dream had haunted me for years at intervals. One night it was worse than ever. I was, as usual, sliding slowly towards this awful gulf, which was to be my fate, when in my dream I said to myself,

"Life is not worth this torture: I will fling myself down the precipice and over it." No sooner had I formed this resolution than I determined to carry it out. Turning round, I rushed towards the precipice as fast as I could, and suddenly the whole vision disappeared. And, what is curious, it never again returned.

B. That is indeed strange.

M. No; it never again returned. That was the end of it. There! I think I have told you enough about myself. Now, if you please, we will go and take our walk. I want a little fresh air after these fevers and nightmares.

B. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Belton. At work, as ever.

Mallett. Yes; time is too precious to be thrown away, even if idleness were not the greatest bore of life. I cannot understand how a man can be happy without a settled occupation, to hold him like an anchor from drifting aimlessly about. A life of dawdling and emptiness, without other purpose or aim than to while away the time, a life which has no duty to do, no work to perform, must in the end dissipate the powers and debilitate, at least, if not destroy, even the sensibility to pleasure.

B. Pleasure cannot be hunted down and caught deliberately. It cannot be aimed at point blank and brought down. Our sweetest joys are accidental, unexpected, and come to us as it were by a side glance or ricochet. Seen through the loops and openings of serious work, any pleasure gets a double charm. But to make pleasure the ultimate object of life, to pursue it constantly, is the sure way not to attain it. *Toujours perdrix* palls on the taste. The best thing soon loses its zest, if we indulge in it too freely and constantly, and finally a craving is begotten in us which urges us to desire what has no real relish when we get it.

M. What a bore every morning to have to ask one's self how one shall pass the day; how we are to get rid of the time which weighs on us. Thank Heaven, I never have that question to decide. My world and my work is waiting for me, and I am always glad to get back to it as to a dear friend. I come into my studio every day with a fresh satisfaction. I enjoy the mere work.

B. You have the great fortune to have an occupation which in itself is a constant delight, and which brings into play the physical powers as well as the mental. But suppose your work in itself were irksome or a sad necessity.

M. I suppose there must be many such cases. But, after all, any work is better than none, at least it seems so to me. Yet it is a great pity that any one should have work to do in which he is not really interested. That must be hard; almost as hard as being obliged to be idle.

B. Still, many a hard-working man looks forward to some day when he may be idle. Idleness looks charming until we get too much of it. I find that nearly all business men have a window to the future, through which they see themselves reposing from all toil and anxiety, lying on their oars, as it were, and drifting down the stream of time with nothing to do but to enjoy themselves.

M. Ay; and when they have attained this, they are bored to death. They long to be back in the traces. It is the old case of the retired tallow-chandler, who abandoned his business to be

happy, and could not keep away from his shop on melting days. There is nothing more dangerous to life and happiness than to abandon an occupation to which we have been habituated for years. The first week and month perhaps seem delightful, and then a restless dissatisfaction sets in, and the old habits of life come back again like a tide and push us into the old grooves of work. Sailors at sea are always complaining of their life, and profess to hate it. Their notion while they are on the ocean is that nothing would be so perfectly satisfactory to them as a cottage in the country, with trees and cows and a pretty wife. Give them the cottage, and the trees, and the wife, and plant them on the solid land, they yearn for the restless sea, the storm, the motion of the ship; the very things that formerly disgusted them look fair to their eyes. They long to brace themselves against a gale, and to feel the vessel moving under them like a thing of life.

B. The sea has an extraordinary fascination for some minds. Boys will run away from happy homes, where they have all the comforts of life, to live in a stinking forecastle, feed on salt beef, and reef sails in a tempest. If once this taste sets in, it becomes imperious and insists on being gratified. To me the sea has no charms. I hate it. That is, I hate it when I am on it. It is all very fine to see it from the shore. It seems to have no principles but is remorseless, reckless, fierce, turbulent, and changeful in its moods. One never

can count upon it an instant. If it smiles to-day, it rises with a roar to-morrow, and rages around you, like a violent untamable monster, longing to swallow you up. It is a material monster, too, that listens to nothing, and fears nothing; that is blind in its passions, and awful in its power; that plays with the wild devil of the winds, and seems to rejoice in their maniacal howlings and rages.

M. I remember once lying to in a sailing vessel off the Gulf of Lyons for two days, in a fearful Mistral wind, braced against the companion-way, watching for hours the wild raving madness of the sea. The huge toppling billows roared, heaved, and rushed at us, shaking from their crests their foaming manes that the savage winds whipped out with a wild hiss; now rising and gaping over us as if they longed to swallow us in their horrible maws; now, baffled, sweeping down under us, and tossing and shaking us fiercely on their tremendous backs; and now leaping down on us with a whoop of thunder, and sweeping the staggering vessel with a mountain of water. Under these crashes the vessel seemed like a living thing. It shuddered and quivered and thrilled all over; then stood still an instant as if it were stunned with fright, and then rose slowly and shook the sea over its sides. All the time the winds shrieked in the shrouds like demons, and the masts and close-reefed yards bent and swayed, and dipped and rose, as if flinging out their arms for help. I stood by the

captain, whose teeth were set, and watched all this scene. Once in a while he went down and looked at the barometer, which was steadily falling, and swore when he came back, and said he 'd be somethinged or other if he did n't believe the mercury would go out of the bottom of it. We scarcely spoke at all. It was useless for the most part, there was such a deafening noise of the winds and seas. Once, however, as a tremendous wave came swooping down towards us, the captain said, — and the expression struck me very much, — "There 's another of them damned gray-backs." Yes, gray-backs, that was what they were, — all freckled over with crisp gray spray, — ghastly and monstrous, and weltering madly about. Once I remarked to him ironically, "It blows a little, captain;" and he answered: "Blows? It blows right out straight." Right out straight — not meandering about and playing at blowing, but right out straight. That struck me also.

B. While I am on the ocean I always speak of it with respect; but when I get ashore, I give it a piece of my mind. The fact is I 'm afraid to say what I really think of it while it has me in its clutches. I try to conciliate it as much as possible. I pat it and call it good dog; but as soon as I get out of its reach where it can't bite me, I do not measure my terms. The Italians reverse this, but they too are right. *Lode il mare da terra*, they say. Praise the sea from the shore. There it is charming. It cannot break its chain and get

at you. You can quote all Byron's address to it calmly and patronizingly. You can request it to "Roll on."

M. Goethe says that all the English literature shows that it has the ocean at its feet. I do not quote him correctly, I know, but that is his idea, and it is very true.

B. We make the Ionian Sea into the Atlantic by our full voiced manner of pronouncing the πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης. But the modern Greeks give to the οι the sound of e, and call it the *poly-fleesveeo thalasses*, in imitation of its whisper along the shore, which, as a descriptive sound, is much more true to their sea and shore. The ocean does not go thundering in there as it does on our coast.

M. Do you believe we have the least idea how the ancient Greeks pronounced their language.

B. I feel sure we do not pronounce it right; and that is all I am sure of. And I suppose there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that the modern Greeks come nearer to it than any other people. It would be difficult to give any good reason for supposing the contrary. So, too, I am sure the modern Italians are nearer to the true pronunciation of Latin than any other people. The language has indeed changed a good deal, but through all the changes, it has probably varied less in their mouths than in the mouths of foreigners. We are, I know, accustomed to think that the literary Latin was the common language of the people, but this is by no means true. On

the contrary, there are many indications that the speech of every day, among the lower classes at least, was a dialect, which had a decided resemblance to the Italian. In the modern Italian the inflections of the verbs and nouns have been lost, but the vocabulary still exists; and in certain forms, modern Italian is pure old Latin. Thus these lines are as good Latin as Italian, —

> "In mare irato in subita procella
> Invoco te o benigna stella."

But setting aside this question, I think that there can be little doubt, that as far as pronunciation is concerned, the Italians are probably far nearer the real pronunciation than any other people. We English are, on the contrary, the farthest off of any. In the first place, no other nation pronounces the vowel sounds as we do, and herein we cannot but be entirely wrong. Think of saying, for instance, *āmāre* — with the flat *a*. Think of pronouncing this very quotation I have just made, — *In mare irato* — with the flat *a* and the English *i*. It makes me shiver all over.

M. The English pronunciation of Latin sounds to us, who are accustomed to the Italian, like a terrible jargon. I am glad to see of late a strong feeling growing up that we ought to change it. But I am equally sorry to see that the whole tendency is towards adopting the German pronunciation of Latin, which I cannot but think is entirely wrong.

B. The Germans never pronounce any language

correctly, modern or ancient. It is absurd to go to any people for accuracy of pronunciation who cannot distinguish between B and P, D and T, J and CH, G and K, F and V, and who constantly confuse V and W, and S and Z. Here are at least twelve consonantal sounds, between which they do not distinguish with any accuracy. For instance, I remember old Baron B——, who used always to say three words every morning in his salutation to my wife, without an idea that he made three mistakes whenever he said them. The courteous old gentleman always took off his hat and said with a smile, *Pon chour*, *matame*, and thought it was French.

M. "Of Stratford atte Bow," perhaps. But this reminds me of a scheme, with which I have amused myself, of making a new language, which might serve the English in their travels on the continent, and in which they might conceal everything they wished to say privately to their friends and countrymen. They need not go to the trouble of learning a new language, or of using those cumbrous forms of reduplication of our own, which some ingenious persons have mounted and called the Gulful language. They have their new language already made, and most of them are sufficiently familiar with it. It is French. In order to make it quite unintelligible to any one not in the secret, all they have to do is to adopt the English mode of speaking Latin; that is, to pronounce it as if it were English. *Comment vous portez vous* — pronounced

as English, is quite unintelligible; and so is the answer, *Tres bien je vous remercie.* Try it, and see if it is not.

B. Comment vows poreteze vows — Trees byen dgee vows reemercy. Yes, it is quite a new thing. Have you patented it?

M. No, but I think I shall. Perhaps, however, I could not patent it, as it is merely an application of an old thing to a new purpose. We all speak Latin in this way, and what is odd, we do not laugh in each others' faces when we do it. I should think it would be like the story of the two Augurs, who, when they met, could not but smile at each other's absurdity. At the last council in Rome to declare the dogma of Infallibility, bishops were gathered from every part of the earth, and the language they adopted was Latin. English Latin was, however, quite unintelligible, and the representatives from England were forced to use the Italian pronunciation in order to be understood. They might as well have talked Choctaw as English Latin.

B. In the same way, I remember years ago I was travelling in a vettura, through Switzerland, with a couple of educated English gentlemen, one of them a Fellow of one of the great universities, and an admirable Latin scholar. On our way we overtook an old German priest, who was trudging wearily along through the dust, and we stopped our carriage and offered him a seat. He gratefully accepted the offer, and having taken his

place, turned to my friend, the Fellow, and began to thank him and us in German. My friend unfortunately did not understand German, and expressed his regret through me to the priest. Ah, said the priest, that is unfortunate. So our conversation was carried on in German, and I served as interpreter on both sides. But this was slow and heavy work. At last the priest asked, "Can he speak Italian?" No, he could not speak Italian. "French, then? though I am poor at that," said the priest. My friend was also poor at French, and, being shy, would rather not attempt it. "Latin, then," said the priest. "Oh, yes! exclaimed my friend, with a lightening countenance. "Yes, Latin, that I can speak;" and so it was agreed that we should speak Latin. The priest then turned round to him and broke out into a sentence of Latin with the Italian pronunciation. My friend looked a little surprised, and asked him to repeat it. He did. "I don't know what he says," exclaimed my friend. I then translated it. "Ah yes, certainly," and turning round, he gave his answer in Latin. The priest, in his turn, could not understand. "*Was sagt die Herr? Ich verstehe nicht.*" The end of it was, that as both talked Latin which neither could understand, after a few efforts, I thought it best to beg them both to speak their own language, as I was to be interpreter; and it was easier to interpret through German and English than through their Latin, besides being vastly easier for them to express themselves.

M. This clearly shows, that if Latin is to be spoken at all, there should be some universal agreement as to its pronunciation. The only question is, what pronunciation should be adopted.

B. Plainly we must reject ours, if only for the vowels. As for the French, I suppose no one would recommend that. All but the French are agreed against that. It lies then between the Italians (or the Portuguese and Spaniards, who have the same pronunciation) and the Germans. But if the Germans can pronounce Latin no better than they do Italian and French, they certainly cannot claim exact precision of utterance. In all languages they confuse, confound, and mispronounce more than half the consonants, and therefore would be scarcely good guides as to matters of pronunciation, at least of consonants. And it is precisely on this point that they differ from the Italians as well as from the English. Their vowels are pretty nearly the same.

M. They certainly do make sad work with the consonants; and particularly with the B and P, and D, and F, and G. You have only to transpose, or dransbose dese ledders, and you fill imidade a Chaerman's sbeech in Enklish. — Garrigaduring id inteet, but glearly zhowing whom you mean.

B. A very accomplished German friend of mine, who now speaks English perfectly, told me once, that for years after arriving in America, he could not distinguish these two words from each

other, — *church* and *judge*. They sounded to him exactly alike. I was confounded at this, until he pronounced them to me, and then, sure enough, there was scarcely a shade of difference.

M. It is now proposed, is it not, to adopt the German pronunciation of the *c* before *i* and *e*, making it hard like *k*?

B. Yes, Cæsar is after this fashion to become Kaeser; Cicero, Kikero; and we are also to have wanee, weedee, weekee, for veni, vidi, vici. Let us see what support there is to the supposition that the ancient Romans so pronounced the letter *c*. The Italians pronounce it like our *ch* before *i* and *e*; and for my own part, I am persuaded that the ancients did the same; at least, I see no sufficient reason to think they did not. Take the name of Cicero, for instance. One argument that is advanced to prove that this was pronounced Kikero is that it was so spelled in Greek. Well, how were they to spell it, if it was pronounced Chichero, as it is now in Italian? They had no letters to spell this sound nearer than the Kappa. The Chi was a deep guttural, and the Kappa was the soft *k*, and they had no other letter. So they took the one nearest it, and besides, how do we know that they pronounced it properly? If it were pronounced Sisero, they had their Sigma, and therefore it was not probably so pronounced. The same reason applies to Cæsar, to Celsus; indeed, to all Latin names beginning with C. Now, names are not easily or vitally changed in their pronunciation,

unless during the lapse of ages; and these names have been constantly used and borne by living persons in Italy ever since the first great Cæsar and Cicero. They would not suddenly begin to be altered in pronunciation from Kaesar and Kikero to Cesare and Cicero with the soft *c* or *ch*. Nor does there seem to be any reason why the pronunciation should be so entirely changed. Again, if Cicero was pronounced Kikero by the Romans, why did they not so spell it? *Ch* represented with them the same sound as the Greek Chi (χ), and so they spelt the Greek names beginning with χ thus, — Chimæra, Chios, Chaon, Chersonesus, etc. Why, if the C in Cicero was pronounced hard like the χ, was it not written Chichero? Besides, look at the ancient inscription of Duilius, and you will have still stronger support for this opinion.

M. What was the inscription of Duilius?

B. It was an inscription engraved upon the base of the Columna Rostrata, which was struck down by lightning between the second and third Punic wars, and remained buried in the ruins of Rome until it was unearthed in 1565 near the Capitol. Though considerably defaced in parts, it was legible, and has been carefully restored by learned hands. Wait a moment and I will find it for you. I have a copy of it. I assure you it bears very strongly on the point we are considering. Ah! here it is. Listen, or look rather, because the spelling of it is the chief point in this connection: *C. Duilios. M. F. M. N. Consol advor-*

sum Poenos en Siceliad Secestanos socios Rom. obsidioned craved exemed, leciones refecet, dumque Poeni maximosque macistratos lecionumque duceis ex novem castreio exfociont, Macelam opidom oppucnandod cepet, enque eodem macistratod bene rem navebos marid consol primos ceset, socios clasesque navales primos ornavet paravetque, cumque eis navebos claseis poenicas omnes et max sumas copias cartaciniensis praesented sumo dictatored olorom in altod marid pugnad vicet . . . que navis cepet cum soceis septem milibos, quinremosque triremosque naves XIV merset, tonc aurom captom numei ϕ ϕ ϕ D C . . . pondod. Here, observe, we have the words *magistratos* spelled *macistratos; Legiones, Leciones; Cartageniensis, Cartaciniensis; effugiunt, exfociont;* in all of which the *c* has the sound of the soft *g*, and corresponds to the modern Italian sound of *c* before *e* and *i*.

M. You might also say that the *g* was hard, and that these words were pronounced *Leggiones, Maggistratos, Carthaggenniensis.*

B. It is possible also, I admit, to take this view, but not probable. It would upset the pronunciation of the *g* everywhere, and in all words of this kind, and would not help us, as the *c* then would be a hard *g*, and we should have to pronounce Cicero's name *Gigero*, or rather *Ghighero*, whereas we still have the sound of the soft *g* in all these and similar words; and the Italians have also the soft *c* completely answering to it before *i* and *e*. I think this inscription alone plainly shows that the

ancient Romans gave *c* before *e* and *i* the modern Italian sound. There is still another fact which lends greater strength to this indication. Plutarch tells us, in his "Quæstionæ Romanæ," that the letter *g* was unknown in Rome for five centuries, and was first introduced into use by the grammarian Spurius Carvillius in the year 540 (about 213 B. C.). Though this is a mistake, since it appears in the Duilian inscription, as we see, in 260 B. C., and also in the epitaph of Scipio Barbatus (say, 300 B. C.), before the year he mentions, yet it is plain that it must have been of very infrequent use, or he would not have made such a statement. This inscription, then, shows that the letter which was used instead of the *g*, and was its ancestor, was *c*, which must then have had the soft sound of our English *ch*.

M. We also find in many of the later Roman inscriptions in Greek the letter *c* used for *s*, plainly showing that the *c* had not always the hard sound of *k*, but rather that of our own *c*. So that it would even seem from this that our own manner of pronouncing it is more accredited than that of the Germans, and that we are more justified in saying *Sisero* than they in saying *Kikero*.

B. There is still another clear indication that *c* had not the hard sound of *k* to be found in the Claudian letters. According to Suetonius, the Emperor Claudius added three letters to the Roman alphabet, which were, says Suetonius, in the highest degree necessary, — *literas tres ac numero*

veterum maxime necessarias. One of these, called the Antesigma, was formed by reversing one *C* against another, thus, *ↃC*, and represented the function sound of the Greek *Psi*. It would seem to be clear, therefore, that if the *c* formed any part of the sound of *Psi*, it would never have had the sound of *k*, but rather of *s*. Still I think the Duilian inscription clearly shows that, used alone before *i* and *e*, it had the sound of *ch*.

M. It has always struck me that one of the safest ways of determining the correct sound of a vowel or consonant is by means of names of persons in which it occurs. Such names alter little, if at all, for centuries. They are in constant use, and handed down in cities and families from one to another in regular succession. The sound of them is constantly in one's voice, always lasts in the ear, and is subject to less variation than in any other word. Even when the spelling is lost, the pronunciation still remains. Now, you will find a number of ancient names in which the *c* is used interchangeably with the letter *t*, showing that these two letters were in such cases nearly if not equally equivalent in sound. Thus, among others, *Marcia* is sometimes spelt *Martia; Mucius, Mutius; Neracius, Neratius; Porcia, Portia; Accius, Attius.* The *c*, therefore, in these names, must have had the soft Italian sound of *ch*, and could not have had the sound of *k*. Besides, as you say, if *Cicero* was pronounced *Kikero*, why not so spell it with *ch*, which represented the

Greek X? Ay, more, if *c*, when used before *i* and *e* had the sound of *k*, why was it necessary to spell such words as *Chimæra*, *Chiron*, *Chios*, and others with an *h*? Was it not sufficient to write them *Cimæra* and *Ciron*? Again, such names as *Celsus*, *Cæsar*, *Decius*, *Cincinnatus*, *Cœcilia*, *Cicero*, *Marcellus*, *Lucius*, *Lucia*, and many others, have always been in use in Italy, and it is not probable that the pronunciation of them would have so utterly changed. Can any one believe that, while Marcius was pronounced soft, Lucius was pronounced hard? Think of Lukius and Kekelia and Kinkinnatus, and then of Marcia, Portia, and Mucius. No! I am persuaded that they were pronounced just the same in ancient as in modern Rome. If, indeed, I were forced to choose between the sound of *k* and of *s*, I should prefer the *s* sound, as more clearly indicated.

B. I am quite of the same opinion. Observe not only in names but in many words the same fact of interchangeable letters is seen. Thus, *solatium*, *suspitio*, *convitium*, *tribunitiæ*, *nuntius*, *conditio*, for example, are in the ancient MSS. often spelt *solacium*, *suspicio*, *convicium*, *tribuniciæ*, *nuncius*, and *condicio*. The Greeks naturally used *k* to express this sound in such words as *censor*, *Cicero*. It was the nearest letter they had; besides, how do we know what the sound of the Kappa was in Greek, and how it was distinguished from the Chi. The Chi was undoubtedly the most guttural, and the Kappa was comparatively soft. How soft?

M. What were the other two letters introduced by Claudius?

B. One of them was a sign to represent, apparently, a sound half way between the *i* and *u*, corresponding to the German *ü* or the French *u*. It seems that a number of words such as *maxumus*, *pulcherrumus*, *justissumus*, *lacrumæ*, *possumus*, *monumentum*, and others were pronounced in a peculiar way, and in the old inscriptions they were spelt with an *u*, while in the later times of Augustus they were spelt with an *i*. To represent this sound it is said that Claudius proposed and introduced a new sign; but in the inscriptions of his day this sign is only used to represent the Greek *u* or our *y*, as in such words as AegⱢpti, CⱢnus. The third letter is much more interesting because it was the sign for the Digamma, and was invented by him to distinguish between the two sounds of *v* and *u*, which had hitherto had only one sign in Latin, — the *v*. This deficiency of letters to express two distinct sounds has led to long discussions as to whether the *v* had any other sound than that of *oo* or *u*. The German scholars have in general been of opinion, I believe, that it had not, and that in such a sentence as *veni*, *vidi*, *vici*, the Romans pronounced the *v* as we should *w*. The introduction of this new sign by Claudius seems, however, completely to negative such a notion. If there were only one sound, only one sign could have been needed. He proposed, therefore, to represent the *v* as we pronounce it by the in-

verted sign of the old Digamma, that is, an inverted F, — thus Ⅎ; and Quintilian is of opinion that this was a very useful addition to the alphabet. *Nec inutiliter Claudius illam Ⅎ ad hos usus literarum adjicerat.*[1] It did not, however, attain general acceptance, and fell soon into disuse; but it is to be seen in the inscriptions of his time where it indicates our *v*, as in *Octaⅎia*, *ampliaⅎit*, *terminaⅎit*, *Diⅎi*, for *Octavia*, *ampliavit*, *terminavit* and *Divi*.

M. Besides, the true Latin *v*, as we pronounce it, is constantly transcribed in Greek by *b*, which, after the loss by them of the digamma, represented by *F*, was the nearest letter to *v*. Thus, *Severus*, *Varus*, *Valentia*, *Venusia*, *Valerius*, for instance, were spelled Σεβῆρος, Βᾶρρων, Βαλεντῖα, showing plainly that it had the sound of our *v*.

B. The lines of Terentius Maurus lend force to this view. He says, —

> "Græca diphthongus *ou* literis nostris vacat
> Sola vocalis quod *v* complet hunc satis sonum."

Here, of course, he refers to the vowel *v* or as we write it *u*, and not to the consonant *v*. Besides, the Italians still retain the sound of our *v* in all the names of persons and places which have come down from the ancients, and as you have justly said, such names would not probably be subject to alteration, since they are in constant unbroken use. Thus, *Valeria*, *Virginia*, *Vittoria*, *Virgilio*, for instance, may be mentioned as names of persons;

[1] Institutes, 1, 7.

or *Volturno*, *Vesuvio*, *Verona*, *Venezia*, *Velabro*, as names of places. Is it possible to believe that these names were pronounced Walleria, Wenezia? I think not. There is not a single name of a person or place that I can recall in which *v* has the sound of our *u* among the modern Italians, wherever it occurs, whether in the beginning or middle of the name. How could such names as *Octavia* and *Livia* be pronounced except with the hard *v*? Again, the Germans themselves, who claim that the consonant *v* of the Latins had the sound of *w*, seem to confound the sounds of *v* and *w* in their argument. Vossius says, for instance, "*V efferebant ut Germani duplex W nempe pronunciabant, winum, widua, waccelare, unde nostrum wijn widuwe waggilen*," etc. But in point of fact the Germans themselves pronounce the *w* like *v*, pronouncing *wein*, *vine*, and not as we do wine, — *witwe*, *vitve*, *Wilhelm*, *Vilhelm*, *was*, *vas*, etc. Sometimes, indeed, they give the sound of *w*, but not usually; so that their own use of the *w* does not bear out their argument.

M. The service of the Roman Catholic Church was originally written in Latin when Latin was the living language of the people, and it has constantly been uttered daily by the great body of the Roman priests as a living language ever since it was composed. It would therefore be natural to suppose that they would preserve the ancient pronunciation, or, at all events with only few variations. When the same formulas of words are re-

peated solemnly by a body of instructed men every day, whatever changes of pronunciation occur must take place very slowly, and almost imperceptibly. The pronunciation would be far more liable to change in the mouths of illiterate persons, who know not how the words were written, than among the priesthood, which was composed of educated men, who always have written and spoken the Latin language in Italy. The formal service of the church has not varied with the variation of dialect through all these centuries. It is still Latin and not Italian, and there is every reason to suppose, in like manner, that the old pronunciation has been preserved with small variations.

B. I confess that this strikes me as a very strong argument in favor of the Italian church pronunciation of Latin, and I always observe in this pronunciation certain characteristics which throw a strong light on the rhythm of Latin poetry. For instance, the Italians give a very strong stress and pause to the final consonant, particularly when the next word begins with a consonant, whereas, we half pronounce it and leap to the next. Thus, in such words as *Romanos dominos gentemque togatam*; they almost say, *Romanos-a dominos-a gentemque togatam-a*, giving a very strong value to the final consonant. So in pronouncing English they have the same peculiarity. We, on the contrary, in pronouncing Latin, give very often a quite different stress to a syllable in reading from what is required in scanning. Thus, in read-

ing we should say, *Dūlces mōriens reminiscitur Argos*, giving the stress to the first syllables, instead of accenting the last syllables, as we should in scanning. But after all, is it possible that the Romans did not clearly express the rhythm of their lines in reading, or that they made any such distinction as we do? Did not their pronunciation in itself clearly show the quantity, the accent, the stress? Is it possible that they had rules of long and short which were not expressed in their utterance? Does not the fact, that when two consonants meet the metrical foot is long by position, indicate the difficulty which they then had, and still have, of pronouncing rapidly two consecutive consonants? Is it possible for us, with our pronunciation of Latin, to distinguish a spondee from a trochee? We have laid down elaborate rules and classifications, but I cannot doubt that they so pronounced as to distinguish by their mere utterance the long from the short syllable. We do not in English have to look into dictionaries and encumber ourselves with rules of prosody in order to write verses. No nation that speaks a living language does. Why, then, should we not learn to speak Latin words so as to show what their quantity really is? Suppose we spoke French thus, throwing the accent back where they throw it forward.

M. We do constantly, and it is one of the vital defects of the English pronunciation of French. Even when we have adopted a French word into our language, we almost invariably mispronounce

it, and give the false accent to it; as in that horrible Anglicized bōoky for bouquet.

B. I was amused the other day by a story which I dare say is old, but none the less good for that, for everything is old in the way of a jest. The world has been before us with pretty nearly everything we can say, and a new joke is almost as rare as a new star. However, to my story, which, old or not, is placed in Paris during the Revolution (it is no matter which, there have been so many), when, by police regulation, every one going out at night was obliged to carry a lantern. An Irishman, however, takes the liberty to violate the ordinance, and goes out without a light. At once he is challenged by the first sentry, and the following conversation Pat reports as having occurred:— "'*Qui va la?*' says the sentry. '*Je*,' says I, for I knew the language. '*Ou est votre lanterne?*' says the sentry. '*Il est sorti*,' says I. '*Comment?*' says he. 'Come on yourself,' says I, and I pitched into him in a minute."

M. Have you ever seen an Englishman or Englishwoman represented on the Italian stage?

B. Yes, often; and I think nothing could be more absurd. The walk, the dress, the voice, the grammar, are exquisitely ludicrous. At first the voice seemed quite unnatural to me. It was like the monotonous quacking of a duck, but I soon fell into the humor of it, and recognized the caricature. Then the Englishman ordinarily on the Italian stage is in hunting dress, and has top-boots,

and a whip with which he constantly lashes them. He never takes off his hat, wherever he may be. He starts and says, "Yas!" to everything, and then stops. His walk is stiff and awkward; he is troubled with his arms and legs, and can never satisfy himself about their position. He gives no inflections to his verbs, and says, "*Me amare voi*" to express his love. He is invariably very rich, and often bent on suicide, and generally manages to make himself very ludicrous. I remember one play in which an Englishman comes in disguise into an Italian family, wins the heart of the daughter in secret, and finally persuades her to elope with him. Everything is arranged, and at night he steals in, enveloped in a great cloak which completely conceals his person. The young lady meets him, also in a cloak and prepared for flight, and they are just on the point of getting out the window when something alarms them, and they blow out the light. As they grope about the room, one of them knocks over an *étagère* laden with books and knickknacks, which falls with a great noise; and before they can escape, in rush the father and mother with lights, and the two lovers are discovered. The enraged father seizes the youth and drags him towards the footlights, crying out, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" when stepping back a pace or two, the lover loosens from his shoulder the great cloak, drops it on the ground, and discovers himself in top-boots and hunting dress. Then assuming an imperative attitude and

striking his breast with his hand, he electrifies the whole company by these imposing words: "*Io sono il Figlio del Lord Mayor di Londra.*" "*Dio mio,*" cry father, mother, and daughter, in an ecstasy of surprise and delight, struck by this magnificent vision. "*Domando la mano della Figlia Vostra.*" "She is yours, take her," cry father and mother, and the curtain falls.

M. Figlio del Lord Mayor di Londra, — that *is* imposing. I suppose they thought the Lord Mayor was next in rank to the Queen herself.

B. Undoubtedly. I remember another play, where an Englishman comes to a little village inn determined to kill himself. He seats himself in the public room, dismisses the landlord, pulls out two pistols, one from each pocket, sinks his head on both hands, and gloomily reflects. After a few moments, he says, "I will now kill myself;" and seizing the two pistols applies one to each ear. At this moment the daughter of the host enters, and he returns the pistols calmly to his pockets. The girl bustles about, sets a table, and begins to cry. "*Voi piangere* — why? *Yas,*" says the Englishman. The girl then makes him her confidant, and says that she is in love and wishes to marry Paolo, but he has a debt and cannot pay it, and her father refuses his consent, and she does not know what to do. The Englishman says "*Voi non denaro. Io denaro. Yas. Io dare denaro. Quanto volere?*" So the girl tells him that if she could have a thousand lire all would be well with them, and she

should be happy as the day is long. "*Io dare mille lire*," says he. Thereupon he pulls out a cheque-book and begins to write a draft for her. "*Mille lire?*" he asks. "*Si, Signore.*" "*Vostre miserabile lire? O nostre buone lire?*" he inquires, as if it were quite immaterial to him whether he is to give a thousand pounds sterling or a thousand francs. "*O nostre lire*," says the girl. "Oh, oh, oh," he says, "*solymenty mille miserabile lire. Yas. Io dare. Ecco*," and he gives it to her. She overwhelms him with thanks and goes out. He then takes out his pistols again and puts one to each ear, when the father and daughter's lover rush in. He pockets again the pistols. They then persuade him to attend their marriage. He promises to do so, and the end of the play is that, after putting the pistols to his ear several times, he finally decides that he will not kill himself, but will stay and live with them, and everything ends happily.

M. And this is what they call in Italy and France *la spleen?*

B. But to go back to what we were talking about. Though in most respects I think the Italians more nearly approach to the ancient pronunciation of Latin than any other nation, yet there is one letter which I am persuaded that they mispronounce, and that is the letter *j*, which they pronounce as if it were *i*. We in England have, I think, the true pronunciation of this letter, and my reason for thinking so is this: there is not, as

far as I can remember, a single Latin name, if there be a single Latin word, beginning with *j*, that in Italian is not spelt with *gi*, showing plainly that the true sound of the name and word was always kept. Though the spelling in the illiterate ages was lost, on the revival of learning and letters in Italy these words began to be spelt in Italian according to their sound and not according to their old orthography, and every one of them is hard. Thus among names, *Julius* becomes *Giulio; Jacobus*, *Giacopo; Johannes*, *Giovanni; Julianus*, *Giuliano; Josephus*, *Giuseppe; Juno*, *Giunone; Jupiter* or *Jovis*, *Giove; Jason*, *Giasone*, and so on. There is not, so far as I remember, an exception to this rule. Take then these words: *judex* becomes *giudice; jurare*, *giurare; justus*, *giusto; jam*, *già; juvenis*, *giovane; juvare*, *giovare; jugum*, *giogo*, and so on, every one having the hard pronunciation. I have no doubt, therefore, that the true ancient pronunciation of this letter has survived in the Italian language, and that the modern Italian mode of pronouncing it in Latin as if it were *i* is quite wrong. It is very natural, however, that they should do this, because they have no consonant sound represented by *j* in their own language, *j* being nothing but a long *i;* and seeing it in Latin they naturally pronounced it as they would in Italian, without reflecting that in their own language *gi* represents the Latin *j* and is always pronounced hard. Again, that *j* was sounded hard and was a consonant is plain from

the fact that when one word ending in a consonant is followed by one beginning with a *j*, the first word becomes long by position. Had the *j* simply the sound of *i* or *y* (which is a distinction almost without a difference), there would in verse be an elision of a preceding vowel or of the letter *m*. But this is never the case. Open Virgil's Æneid anywhere and you will find samples of this. For instance, here is the elision of the vowel before *i* and not before *j* in the same lines: —

"Haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque juvenco.[1]
Pergamaque, Iliacamque jugis hanc addidit arcem." [2]

And here is the elision of *m* before *l* and not before *j*: —

"Nunc etiam interpres Divum, Jove missus ab ipso." [3]

Or take such lines as these, and how will you scan them?

"Quem sequimur? quove ire jubes? ubi ponere sedes?" [4]

or

"Perge; sequar. Tum sic excepit regia Juno;" [5]

or

"Cetera populea velatur fronde juventus;" [6]

or

"Mutatæ agnoscunt; excussaque pectore Juno est;" [7]

or find me a line anywhere in the Æneid where *Juno* or *Jupiter* has an elision before the *j*. The fact is that *J* was only a variation of *Di*, and never became a simple vowel. *Zeus*, θεός, *Deus*, as well as the Sanscrit *Deva*, derived probably from *Djo*, or

[1] Æneid, v. l. 399. [2] Ibid. iii. 336. [3] Ibid. iv. l. 356.
[4] Ibid. iii. l. 88. [5] Ibid. iv. l. 114. [6] Ibid. v. l. 134.
[7] Ibid. v. l. 679.

Dyu, heaven, all have the hard consonant sound, and it was never lost in *Jupiter*, the *Divum pater* or *Diespites*. So we have *Diovis*, afterwards spelt *Jovis*, and *Dianus* afterwards spelt *Janus ;* while *Diana* still preserves its original form. I think you will not find a single word in Virgil beginning with *j* before which there is an elision. Again, is *j* ever found alone? If so, where is it to be found, or is it not always followed by a vowel. Can it stand by itself? If not, does it precede a vowel? Does it ever follow a consonant?

M. To add one more instance, which to my mind is decisive. Unless this be so, why does Virgil take pains to write Iulus with an *I* as a trisyllable, while he writes *Julius* with a *j;* and how could he write such a line as this?

"Julius a magno dimissum nomen Iülo."

B. Yes, I am persuaded that this is a jay in borrowed plumes.

M. And not that the difference is all in your *i.*

B. The English have a vile way of naturalizing the Roman names, though in this respect we are not so bad as the French, who carry it to such an extent that I am often quite at a loss to know of whom they are speaking, — the real Latin name has suffered such a change into something French and strange. But this they carry out in regard to names of persons and places in all languages, as in Italian, for instance, — Le Titien, Le Carrache, Le Correge, Jules Romain, Le Tasse, — Gallicizing them all, and mispronouncing them. Why

call Tiberius, Claudius, Marcus Aurelius, *Tibere*, *Claud*, *Marc Aurele*? Men are certainly entitled to their names.

M. We have modified in some respects our old habits. We no longer call Cicero *Tully*, though we still speak of *Mark Antony* and *Ovid*, and *Horace*. It seems to me impossible to justify such an usage. Why do we not give Petrarca the whole of his name? His name is not *Petrarch*. We do not say *Ariost*, or *Tass*, or *Dant*, though the French do, and add *Le* before the name. If we are going to translate names, let us do it thoroughly, and have some fixed rule, and don't let us call Ovidius Naso *Ovid*, but Ovid *Big-nose;* Fronto, *Mr. Broad-head;* Varus, *General Knock-knees;* Caligula, *Emperor Little-boot;* Fabius Pictor, *Mr. Painter;* Scipio Africanus, *Mr Staff;* Paetus, *Mr. Squint Eye;* Balbus, *Mr. Stammerer;* Calvus, *Old Bald-head;* Plautus, *Flat-foot*, and so on.

B. Or, better still, let us call Cicero, *Mr. Pea* or *Peabody*. He may have been an ancestor of the banker of that name. An honest translation is as good as a genealogy.

M. Suppose we go on a little with our translations. I should like to ask you a question. Which do you like best, Twisted Yew's poems or Flea's?

B. Whom do you mean?

M. Torquato Tasso and Pulci, of course. Don't you think their names sound well in English? Ah! what 's in a name?

B. More than you think. Should you feel as passionate an interest in Beatrice Cenci under her English name of *Miss Rags?* Calderon Della Barca has a grand sound, for instance, worthy a poet, but *Boat-kettle* is not so romantic. Suppose we should take up the old Italian habit of giving nicknames, and calling all our poets and artists by them, as they did? Did you ever think how very few of the celebrated painters of Italy are known by their real names? Almost all of them have only their nicknames. Tommaso Guido, is *Masaccio*, or *Dirty Tom;* Guercino, is *Squint Eye;* Tintoretto, *the Little Dyer;* Giorgione, *Big George;* Domenichino, or *Little Dominick.* Who knows or speaks of Perugino, Correggio, Giulio Romano, Giovanni da Bologna, and many others, by any other name than of the towns they came from? If you speak of them as Robusti, Allegri, Pippi, etc., you would have to explain who you meant to most persons. I have to stop myself and think before I can recall them.

M. It is very curious, but perfectly true. We should not ordinarily know them by their real names. But it is an old peculiarity of the Romans. They liked nicknames in ancient times almost as much as in modern times.

B. Oh, they are very much the same people as they ever were. They were always a *dolce far niente* people, — liked to do nothing, and to have panem and circenses and games and spectacles, then as now. They lounged in the baths and gymna-

sia, and talked and listened, and amused themselves, and hated work, and walked on the Pincio, just as their descendants do. They are still a fine-spirited, capable, lazy people, as they ever were. They could still do anything they chose, if they only would choose.

M. Ah! that reminds me of what Douglas Jerrold once said to Wordsworth. They were talking together one day about Shakespeare and his wonderful plays, when Wordsworth said, "I have often thought that I, too, could have written plays like Shakespeare's, if I had had a mind to." "Ah," said Jerrold, "I see! it is only the mind then that is wanting."

B. In some respects, I imagine the English of to-day resemble the ancient Romans more than the modern Italians do. There was always a certain practical character among them, a love of facts and realities, just as there is in the English. They set a high value on physical power, liked hard blows, preferred law and logic to dreams and metaphysics, delighted in games of skill and prowess, boxed and fought, and drank, and admired manliness, even though it ran into brutality, as the English do.

M. The old Romans were certainly not idealists, and their philosophy sat on them like a borrowed Greek dress. Even Cicero has extreme shallowness of touch when he enters on ideal or philosophical questions. Their poetry, too, was more characterized by vigor and realism than by imagination

and refinement. In poetry, however, there is a world-wide difference between England and Rome. The Romans had not the life, nor the imagination and humor, of the English. Catullus had in his lyrics somewhat of the grace and ease of some of the Elizabethan poets, the rest are for the most part more literal and didactic, and resemble more in character and quality the later schools of Dryden and his compeers, who strove to copy them. With all his finish, Horace is cold.

B. Why do you call him *Horace?* That was not his name?

M. Peccavi! Well, *Flaccus*, I suppose we ought to call him so, or at least *Horatius*.

B. Of course. You might as well speak of Shakespeare as *William*, or as the divine *Williams*.

M. The ancient Latin poets seem to have had very little delight in outward nature. Their descriptions are very slight and dry. They did not study and love it as we do.

B. I think we in the present day run into the opposite extreme, and over-describe with too great minuteness of detail. Many of our poems are thus mere landscape poems, so to speak, and are tiresome, drawn out, and elaborated to excess by what is now called *word-painting*. We cannot leave off when we have done; and, we might say of some poets, as Dogberry says of Verges: "A good man, sir; he will be talking. Goodman Verges speaks a little off the matter."

M. "But in faith," I ought to add, "honest as the skin between their brows," though sometimes they are as "tedious as a king."

B. It is a curious fact that Shakespeare mentions in his plays more plants even than Milton. It has been reckoned that he speaks of no less than one hundred and fifty, and this is the more curious as showing how fond he was of nature, for at his time there were no botanical books, and the study of botany was scarcely in its infancy. And how charmingly he does describe them; think of Perdita's flowers of the spring; what a wild, pretty grace there is in everything she says! —

"O Proserpina
For the flowers now that, 'frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! golden daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold ox-lips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

M. Thank Heaven that there were no botanical books in his day, or we should have lost all the old, simple, pretty, English names of our flowers, and in their stead had the long-legged, stilted, foreign polysyllables, which are very scientific and very heartless, which are now come into fashion. What is this pretty little flower, I ask? expecting some intelligible and simple name. I am told it is the

Polygonium Borealis, or the *Monogolypticum Imperiale*, which crushes me at once. Can you have any love for things with such names?

B. I sympathize with you, and feel as the French lady did when for the first time she was shown the hippopotamus in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. "*Mon Dieu!*" said she, looking at it with a singular expression of disgust and amusement; "*Mon Dieu! c'est l'hippopotame. Comme c'est disproportionnée!*"

M. If our learned botanical books had then been written I fear that we should have had none of Perdita's flowers, — no rosemary or rue; no primroses, gillyvors, carnations, or dandelions; no lavender, mint, savory, marjoram, pansies, marigolds, or morning-glories. Every one of these familiar friends would have had a Greek train as long as a court dress.

B. The Italians are singularly ignorant of the names of these common flowers. They are all *viole*, *rose*, or *campanelle;* or *una specie di viole*, *si sa.* It is the same with the trees; all are *alberi.* They only use generic names. "*Come si chiama questo?*" you ask, pointing to a flower. And the answer is, *E un fiore. Ma che fiore? Eh! chi lo sa? una viola*, no matter what it is.

M. It was so with their ancestors in ancient Rome. The Latin poets are always generic, not particular. Rose, and violet, and lily are sufficient for them. They have no landscape pictures, and no love for nature, in their poems. It suffices them

to touch with a word the scene. They do not linger over it, as we do, with love and fondness, or give you any details.

B. Some of the poems of our days, however, smell too much of the hothouse, and the flowers are reared artificially under glass. They have not a feeling of the open air and sun.

M. The ancient Romans seem to have had little sentiment, and no sentimentality. They were a practical people, and stood by facts. They had little sympathy with dramatic or ideal representations on the stage. They liked the real blood, the real fighting, in the circus. *That* stirred their blood. Terence and Plautus bored them, and shall I own (*sub rosa*) that I don't wonder at it? Even Scipio and his circle had not influence enough to persuade the people to listen to their plays. There was mettle more attractive in the arena. Seneca knew well enough they would not listen to plays, and he did not pretend to write for the public. They did, however, seem to like orations and public speeches that touched the interests and passions of the day, and they as loudly applauded well-turned sentences as any Englishman of to-day would a good dinner-speech or a hard hit in the House.

B. In this respect the Italians are different from their ancestors. They are very fond of the play, and go night after night through the whole season to the opera, though the ballet seems, after all, most to their taste.

M. Ay; but the ballet was really to the taste

of the old Romans far more than the play. Even the emperor Nero preferred to dance the ballet of Turnus; and the pantomimists made as large fortunes as the ballet-dancers and singers of to-day. Bathyllus and Pylades, for instance, who were famous, the one in serious the other in comic pantomime, were very distinguished personages, and amassed by their representations great wealth. The Romans, ancient and modern, were natural pantomimists, and talked with their hands and bodies as well as with their tongues.

B. I cannot but think Latin must have been a cumbrous language to speak, and little adapted to common daily use, if, indeed, the people spoke it as it has come down to us in their literature, which I very much doubt. It was more manly, dignified, restrained, and grave than the flexile and compounded Greek, but it must have been a less natural language. It has strong muscles, but little grace and lightness. Their jokes are about the heaviest on record, and Cicero's attempts at humor are like an elephant's dance.

M. Oh, but he seemed to taste all his words while he was saying them, and elegant as he is and sonorous, he had nothing of what I should call lightness of hand. He never hits with an innuendo, but with a straight shoulder blow. He is always rhetorical, even in his letters, and posed, I am persuaded, even in private life just as Goethe used to do.

B. Some intimate friends of Goethe with whom

he used to spend evening after evening told me that he would be delightful as long as they were alone together, but if any stranger or mere acquaintance was announced, he became a different man in a moment. He rose, assumed a certain air, and orated immediately instead of talking.

M. I suppose he felt that the world expected it of him.

B. Let the world expect, then. There is nothing that charms like simplicity and unconsciousness. Freedom and naturalness are the very soul of life. The French understand this; artificial as they often are in their manners, they really know how to talk, and there is nothing more agreeable than the society of clever and educated Frenchmen. They are so light of hand, so frank, so quick, that the ball of conversation never falls. Sometimes they strive a little too much at cleverness, but they do not orate, which is the bane of social intercourse. They do not frame solemn sentences, but talk and let talk.

M. Ay, and let talk, — that is a great art. I suppose there are ten good talkers at least to one good listener. And what an art it is to listen with attention and interest and intelligence. Some persons look about while you are talking with them, and give only a half-mind to what you are saying; ask you to excuse them a moment while they do this or that, or give this or that order, and are ever wandering about in their thoughts, and begging you to repeat what you have said. Nothing is so boring

as this; nothing takes the whole life out of one like this. Others, on the contrary, look as if you were the whole world; they seem to drink in what you say, and to sympathize with every expression, and then one can do one's best. Others again will not allow you to say anything; they interrupt, and are uneasy and restless unless they themselves are talking. They snatch as it were words and thoughts out of your mouth, and state them quite differently from what you intended. All you can do with such persons is to listen, and if you will accept really this position you will find it far better than to endeavor to talk with them. There are far more people who will soliloquize well to a listener than are able to converse with you. To share and share alike, not to keep the ear too long; to give a chance to others; to be able at least to listen without losing interest and attention, is an art which few possess. To talk well is an art, and it can be cultivated; and to listen well is equally an art.

B. It certainly is, but it is not generally thought so, and in England it is generally, I think, despised. No conversation can be really good where there is no enthusiasm and earnestness, united with cheerfulness and a certain light-heartedness and light-handedness. But it is not "the thing" (awful statement, at which I shudder) to be enthusiastic in England, and conversation is generally cold. The general tone of talk there is very quiet, and interesting questions are avoided for fear of excite-

ment. This is all well enough. People as people are stupid, and if the talk goes on on a low plane of common facts and interests, all may join, and the different qualities of intelligence are not brought out into sharp light. But the quiet often sinks into dullness, and then falters and ceases or becomes a bore. What every cultivated Englishman avoids in general society is expansion either of ideas or feelings. He is mortally afraid of boring his listeners when he talks of what interests him really, and he will only let himself out in private and to friends who will understand and sympathize with him. He is afraid of talking shop, as it is called. But what is more interesting than to have a cultivated and intelligent man talk upon a subject in which he is deeply interested and thoroughly versed? Is it not better than the chit-chat gossip and scandal of society?

M. Yet, after the weather this is the great staple of conversation in the world, — what this one is doing or has done; and where he and she are; and where you are going and where you have been; and life could not go on without it.

B. But it is not all, and personal talk is finally boring and unsatisfactory, though I do not go so far as Wordsworth in his sonnets on the subject, and talk about persons can undoubtedly be most amusing and instructive too.

M. Don't say instructive; I feel as if you were putting me to school.

B. No; I only mean that many things thus

come out which are well worth knowing, and come out incidentally and not with malice prepense. After all, conversation should not be monotonous and confined too long to any subject. Its charm lies in its variety, — now light and careless, now deepening into earnestness and feeling, and not forever playing jackstraws with names and deeds of commonplace people and dresses and the weather.

> "I am not one who much or oft delight
> To season my fireside with personal talk,"

says Wordsworth.

M. But he also says, you remember, —

> "Yet life, you say, is life; we have seen and see,
> And with a living pleasure we describe;
> And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
> The languid mind into activity.
> Sound sense and love itself and mirth and glee
> Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."

B. I admit it; and I conclude with the same poet, —

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares, —
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
> Oh, might my name be numbered among theirs!
> Then gladly would I end my mortal days."

M. I do not know about that. Life is sweet, and as for being willing to give it up in order to have my name registered in the book called Fame, I should prefer, with the boy, to eat my cake and have it too.

B. Or rather, you feel like the old English farmer whom a clerygman was consoling on his death-bed by saying, "You are going to a better world, where there is no more sickness and sorrow," when the farmer interrupted him testily with "Oh, ay; yes! I dare say! but for all that, old England 's the place for my money."

M. Well, after all, fame is a thing to be enjoyed while we live. I say, if anybody has anything to say in my favor, let them come forward like a man or a woman (women are more apt to come forward) and say it now, while I have ears to hear and senses to be pleased, instead of shaking his head wisely and critically and waiting till I am under-ground before he admits that there is any good in me. I prefer a bunch of sweet fresh roses now, fade they ever so quick, to dry stiff garlands of immortelles hung upon my tombstone, even if they should last forever.

B. You remind me of some verses I wrote the other day on this same subject. Shall I read them to you, or will it bore you?

M. Pray read them.

B. I call it, "At the Grave."

AT THE GRAVE.

Ah yes, scatter flowers on his grave; speak low; heave a sigh;
bend your head;
Give your praises unstintedly now to our friend who is dead.
If you looked at him ever while living with cynical, critical eyes,
Saw his faults and shortcomings, and weighed on them, — now,
as he lies

Beyond all your blame and your praises; now, when his cold ear
Is sealed to all human applaudings, and never a tear
Your sharpest revilings can bring to his eyes; when his heart
That once would have throbbed in response is beyond all the art
Of love, friendship, flattery, hate; when no smile on those lips
Will answer your greeting, — oh, now, when Death's awful eclipse
Hath passed o'er our friend, what avails what you think, what you feel, what you say,
To him, who has gone all alone on his dark, dim, inscrutable way?

Oh, the chances that Love threw away; the kind words that never were said;
The blanks that were never filled up; the silence; the blame that was bred
Of jealousy, envy, perhaps, or at best of suspicion, — all these
Come back to us now with a sting, and the memory trouble and tease.
Oh, now, what we once might have said, what we once might have done, while our friend
Was walking and working and living among us, life never will lend
The chance or to do or to say. Death sternly hath closed the dark door,
And 't is vain, it is useless, to praise or condemn, yet we praise all the more.
All the kindness, the goodness survive; all the charm and the beauty return;
And the stars that were hid in Life's light come forth in Death's darkness to burn.

Come away! — from this grave let us learn one lesson: henceforward to look
With kindlier eyes on the world, not its follies alone to rebuke
In the pride of our wise self-conceit; not alone with sharp, critical eyes
To scan all the faults of our fellows, their weakness condemn and despise,

But to seek for the good and to praise it; for over life's barrenest ways
There is something, though 't is but a weed or a wild flower, to find and to praise.

M. Yes, very true, very true. There is always something to praise, but the world finds it out very often too late.

B. Yes, it is astonishing how much good we find in any one so soon as we 've got him safe under ground. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is all very well, but I translate it after the fashion of the Claimant, — of the dead there is nothing but bones. The old poets used to praise each other during their lives, and I like that better than praise on an epitaph, lie it ever so roundly. Not that I would have an epitaph speak the truth and be offensive. If one cannot lie on a tombstone, where can one lie? Truth with a big *T* is a noble thing, but with a little *t* it is the beginning of trouble. There is something else besides truth; it is love and kindness and tender-heartedness, and I like to see Truth shrouded up in these graceful robes, and not a naked, bony horror. When a friend begins to me, "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" I cry out, "For Heaven's sake, no!" I know he means to do me an ill-turn and make me miserable.

M. Silence is a pleasant veil for ugly truths, but good Heaven "Save, save, oh, save me, from the candid friend," unless you spell it with an *ie* — candied; and that too is pretty bad.

B. Do you remember the rest of those lines of Canning? If you do, pray repeat them to me.

M. I think I do some of them, at least.

"Much may be said on both sides. Hark! I hear
A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,
The voice of Candor. Hail! most solemn sage,
Thou driveling virtue of this moral age.

. . . . . .

Candor, which loves in see-saw strains to tell
Of acting foolishly but meaning well,
Too wise to praise by wholesale or to blame,
Convinced that all men's motives are the same,
And finds with keen, discriminating sight
Black 's not so black, nor white so very white.

. . . . . .

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn, his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend."

B. Excellent. How clever everything, or nearly everything, is in the Anti-Jacobin.

M. Ay. Canning was a remarkable man, and had he not been a statesman would have distinguished himself greatly in literature. But, as it was, the world rather underestimated his talents on account of his versatility and lightness of hand in literature. Somehow the idea of statesmanship is connected with that of seriousness, despite of Canning and Lord Palmerston.

B. But to go back to what we were saying. People who pride themselves always on telling the truth, however disagreeable it may be, have almost invariably the vice of seeing no truths which are not disagreeable. They willfully shut their eyes to

what is pleasant and fit to praise, — anybody may report that. Their function is to spy out abuses, and throw them in your face. Twenty persons have thought your poem charming, and one has thought it rubbish. They wish you to know what the one person thought. They believe it will do you good, and they pride themselves on telling it to you.

M. Each one of us knows that each criticises his friend, and says behind his back what he does not say to his face. Yet each of us half believes that he himself is an exception to the rule. He does not state this formally to himself, but he acts on this belief, or friendship would be almost impossible.

B. "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,"

says Burns, but I am not sure of it. I think it would rather paralyze all our powers, and make us miserable without doing us any good. Besides, what a quandary we should be in, with all the varying opinions of different persons! What one would praise as a grace, another would decry as a defect; all the various voices would stun us like a discord of confused tones. How could we distinguish between what was true and what was false; what was kind and what was bitter? We should be like the miller and his son and his ass. When there is a clear fault or vice, it is well that we should know it, perhaps; and if we are tenderly, not taunt-

ingly, told of it, it may profit us much. But I should rather some one would tell me of my faults than I tell them of theirs; it is a most ungracious office.

M. Oh, depend upon it there are some people who like it. The natural clock-setters, who are always right and whose clocks keep exact time; or rather time sets itself to their clock, and if it don't, so much the worse for time. Many of them have a regular religious drone to which they set their exhortation. They are ready to sacrifice themselves and you and everybody else, and grasp eagerly at the chance. They delight in taking sad views of everything and everybody, and it's always such a pity that the world won't go as they are sure that it should. They are even ready at times, when they are in good humor, to patronize the Creator, and to admit that nature is not destitute of charms.

B. And then there are other persons, who are cock-sure of everything, — can explain all creation, have not a doubt or misgiving of themselves, are set as a chess-board in their opinions, and are delighted to take you in hand, and teach you and put you right about anything and everything. To them friendship is nothing but a prejudice. They will trample down their best friend for a fixed idea, or for what they are pleased to call "a cause." "It is the cause, my soul; it is the cause." It is impossible for them to imagine anybody to be honest who differs from them. Their faces are set in one direction like a rusty weathercock, and they will take

no heed even of a gale of wind the other way, much less of a pleasant breeze.

M. One-idead people are almost as boring as no-idead people. I like a mind open at all quarters. People who have one idea are always arguing, and lugging it in head and shoulders. Now, of all things in the world I hate an argument, even when I have the best of it.

B. The fact is, that everything has so many sides that it is almost hopeless to make any statement that is really true except in the relation in which it is said. Give a man full swing, and after he has expended himself in one direction he will suddenly turn round with a "but," and find a good deal to be said on the other side. But if you pursue him with an argument he will run himself to ground in one direction rather than give in. But after all it is pleasant to hear a man talk who is in earnest. We all run like balls with a loaded bias, never one of us quite straight. All the men who have achieved great results have done so through excess of force in one direction. If we had an equal force in all directions we should do nothing.

M. How different men are in their books and in their talk! How few books do talk! For the most part they have no person behind them. They are abstractions rather than personalities.

B. And how very seldom an author answers to the idea we have formed of him through his books; or, to put it in the reverse way, how seldom a

man's books correspond to the impression we receive from him personally! So many, for instance, are brilliant in their conversation and dull in their books; and how many are dull in their conversation and brilliant in their writings!

M. Some persons need the constant stimulus of another mind to rouse their powers and put them on their mettle. They are like racers, who cannot do their best without an antagonist. The impulse of the other mind upon theirs strikes unconscious sparks from it, stirs and heats it, and drives it on. With other persons, again, the faculties move too slowly to do themselves justice in conversation, which requires quickness of apprehension and combination. The ball falls to the ground before they can catch it. Such persons need isolation, abstraction, silence, and concentration to give form and expression to what is in their mind. Thoughts rise silently and slowly to them, and do not flash out from contact with others. Brilliant talkers are very seldom brilliant writers. Their very brilliancy often results from a happy form of expression, accidental associations of ideas, and sudden suggestions from without, which they cannot command when alone. Persons who are thus sensitive to immediate impressions are often natural orators. Their eloquence is the result of momentary excitement; and the excitement over, the power is gone. Oratory always has the character of improvisation, and improvisators are generally inefficient authors.

B. I suppose there are no improvisators like the

Italians. It is not even a rare faculty among them, and I have heard excellent and spirited improvisations in *terza rima*, not by any means an easy form of poetry, by common and uneducated persons. The most remarkable improvisations I ever heard were by Giovanna Milli. They were so good that they even read well when printed.

M. Tell me something about her. Are you sure that the words she recited were really improvisations made on the instant?

B. Undoubtedly. The subjects were written by the audience on scraps of paper, which were folded up and placed on a plate. One of these was then drawn by chance from among them by a person appointed by the audience, and it was accepted or rejected by them by acclamation. When it was rejected another was drawn. The Signora Milli then took it, read it aloud, paused to concentrate herself, and walked to and fro on the stage or platform, while a low accompaniment of music was kept up, generally on a guitar. After a few minutes she began, and the verses flowed out without hesitation, and were delivered in a very impassioned tone. She seemed during the improvisation to be like one possessed. Her eyes were fixed on vacancy, and illumined with a singular light, as if she saw nothing about her. As each strophe ended, there came a short ritornello, and then she broke out again. Sometimes, when the poem was in *versi sciolti*, she went on for five or six minutes, and without a break or a hesitation,

interrupted sometimes by loud applause and murmurs of pleasure at any happy expression, or image, or thought. It was really a most remarkable performance. She looked inspired, and carried out of herself, as you imagine the Pythian priestesses at Delphi. These poems were taken down in shorthand, and often printed, and there are some of them which are really striking and finished performances, full of grace and spirit, and sometimes very original in their images and expressions. She seemed to abandon herself entirely to some influence which swayed her to its motions, and not to be willfully exercising a mechanical skill in making verses; in a word, she seemed possessed.

M. It is extraordinary, with all this facility of verse, that the Italians should produce so few poets. For the most part, their poems of to-day have nothing in them which is original. They are mosaics of commonplaces of sentiment and thought without real life and nature.

B. Oh, you cannot say that of all. Giusti's poems are as remarkable for their originality as for their vigor, and spirit, and satire, and in later days those of Stecchetti are full of power and individuality.

M. Yes, certainly these are exceptions: so, too, are the poems of Belli, written in the Roman dialect. These are truly admirable, full of dramatic insight, easy, unforced, and extremely humorous. He has caught the very character of the people, and his sonnets, artificial though the form of the

sonnet is, seem like natural utterances. I know nothing more humorous and characteristic in the whole range of Italian literature. They are perfectly untranslatable, and wonderfully true in their idioms, dialect, and turns of thought to the lower classes of Rome. We have in English nothing equal to them. Mr. Barnes's Lancaster Ballads are admirable, but they have not the easy truth to nature of these sonnets of Belli. Besides, some of them are wonderful in their satire, trenchant without excess, and very quaint and forcible.

B. You do not overpraise them. They are very remarkable and very little known out of Italy. Many of them are satires on politics and the church; and Mr. Belli afterwards, at the close of his life, when he changed his views and fell under priestly influence, regretted them, and desired to withdraw them from circulation, but this fortunately was impossible.

M. You were alluding a few minutes ago to the lying character of epitaphs, and I have often thought one might write a series of epitaphs which should have a solemn appearance of praise and yet be really true. In fact, I tried my hand at one the other day, and I think I have it with me in my pocket-book. Yes, here it is. Shall I read it to you?

B. Pray do.

M. The first is on any successful merchant whose life has been solely given to money-making, and it suggested itself to me apropos of the death

of no matter whom, who died a short time ago, and whose whole claim to public notice seemed to be his money. Here it is: —

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
SALES BANKS PURCHASE,
BORN AUGUST 1, 1794. DIED SEPT. 10, 1874.
AGED 80 YEARS.

"His life was long; his means were large; and his charities, though few, were always public.

"His time and his thought were devoted to business, and in all his commercial dealings he was as punctual in his payments as rigid in his requirements.

"To the Titled he was obsequious, to the rich expansive, to the poor condescending, and to his dependents imperious.

"His name was prominent among patrons of fashionable entertainments. He was president of the Savings Bank for Decayed Nobility, and director of the Royal Assurance Company.

"All the forms of religion he strictly observed. By profession a Christian, he knelt at the altar, responded sonorously to the Litany, and loudly acknowledged himself a miserable sinner.

"Though opposed in principle and practice to gratuitous loans, yet he professed that who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and the contribution-plate of his church rang to the sound of his gold.

"The great object of his life was wealth. What he amassed he carefully kept, and his last moments were consoled with the thought that he died worth

"A MILLION STERLING.

"What he could not take with him, he left behind him to his grateful and legal heirs, who erect this monument to his memory.

"Reader! go thou and do likewise."

There, I think that is a truer account of Purchase than any notice I read in the newspapers.

B. It would fit a good many I know that are

highly esteemed by the world. I like your idea immensely. Let me try my hand at an epitaph, *al improviso*. Shall I?

M. Pray do.

B. It shall be an epitaph on a certain artist I know, no matter whom; one must n't use names. Here lies, etc., etc.

M. It might end there, "Here lies," — almost every epitaph does. But go on.

B. "He was a distinguished professor. His art was a trade, but his love for it was a profession.

"Though he only claimed to be a sculptor, he excelled in many arts, all of which he assiduously employed to cut out his fellow-artists.

"He is known by his works, and they will endure as long as the stone and brass of which they are made.

"He envied no man who was unsuccessful. He attacked no one without an object. He denounced imposition by others, though he practiced it himself. He was firm in his principles, and ready to sacrifice every one whom he thought to be in his way.

"His devotion to spirituous things was so great that he often lost sight of the things of this world.

"His inventive powers were remarkable; nor did he confine them to facts or truths.

"He was social by nature, and amusing at others' expense.

"There was a beam in his eye which he never removed. He spoke ill of no one to his face, but only behind his back. He stopped at no statement which would help him.

"His reputation was wide; his commissions many, and he often committed himself.

"He has left few behind him so accomplished in many secret arts, and this tablet of brass is erected in his memory by his fellow-artists."

I think yours is better than mine.

M. Truth is great and will prevail.

B. Will it? I am not so sure; a lie is very

long-lived. You can cut it into twenty pieces, and each will get a head and wriggle. Hydra is only an allegory of a lie. Heracles managed to cut off the heads one by one, but two sprang out of every one he cut off, and he could only destroy them with the assistance of Iolaus, who burnt them as he crushed them. But one of these was immortal, and all he could do was to bury it under a rock.

M. And I have no doubt the rock was a fragment of marble, and that after all it wriggled out again and went back to its swamp, and did its beastly work, nearly as well as ever, with its one poisonous head.

B. Is that the Cappucini bell? How time flies! Well, my dear boy, good-by. I am sorry to go, for I know not when I shall see you again. I am off to Naples to-morrow, and whether I return or not is doubtful.

M. What! Are we to have no more long talks *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis?* No, don't go; stay. What shall I do without you? Who will come and talk with me as you do? Who will bear with my fancies and caprices?

B. I hope you will regret me, and think of me often.

M. You are scrawled all over my work; all that you have said while I have been working is, as it were, inscribed there, and when I return to each spot the subject we were discoursing about, as I wrought at it, will revive. Oh, I shall not forget you. I am truly sorry you are going.

B. Well, there 's comfort still in that. Keep me ever fresh in your memory, as I shall you. And now good-by, or rather *au revoir*. We must meet again some time or other.

M. I will not say good-by; the word is hateful. *A revederti*, and write to me soon.

B. I 've a great mind to write down all the talks that we have had.

M. "Do it! nor leave the task to me," as Fanny Kemble used to say, with such imposing effect. Her voice still rings in my ear.

B. I will; and now good-by, and *a revederti*.

INDEX.

Abana, Pietro, 290.
Acting, the, of Shakespeare, 178, 179; conversation on, 179-181; study of life, the foundation of good, 181.
Adams, John Quincy, the papers of, 369.
Adelboldus, 361.
Æschylus, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 121; evident belief of, in the existence of Homer, 172; Flaxman's illustrations to, 327.
Æsophus, price paid by, for a piece of pottery, 53.
After-dinner speeches, 382-384.
Agassiz, Louis, the helpful dream of, 478.
Agathocles, age attained by, 123.
Age, does not wither poets, 120-123; attained by famous men of antiquity, 123-127, 133, 134; attained by men of later times, 127-132, 136; Cicero on old, 132, 133; age attained by artists, 134, 135; the beauty and charm of a serene old, 136; the possible hideousness of old, 136; power of evil habits and impulses in old, 137.
Agoracritus, 355.
Agrigentum, gift of Zeuxis to the town of, 33.
Agrippa, Cornelius, 290.
Agrippa, Marcus, a patron of art, 36; munificence and public spirit of, 40, 41; prices paid by, for pictures, 41.
Agrippina, the rival of, 59; anecdote of, from Dion, 60; the autobiography of, 60; the lover of, 65.
Albany, Countess of, residence of, in Rome, 285.
Albertus Magnus, 290.
Alcamenes, 355.
Alcibiades, invited to the supposititious supper-party, 185.
Alexander the Great, price paid by, for a picture by Apelles, 36; price paid by, for Bucephalus, 54.
Alfieri, residence of, in Rome, 285.
Alliteration, in Shakespeare, 105.
Altovite, Bindo, the friend of Raffaelle, 286.
Amateur, in art, the term defined, 15; the, characterized, 316.
America, art in, 319; sculpture in, 323; nature's aspects as affecting the art of, 324; English, as spoken in, 393; greatness of the people of, 393; the unwigged judiciary of, 415; comments on the dress of ministers from, to foreign courts, 416-419; titles in, 422; oratory in, 426, 427. See American.
American, characteristics, 324; the, girl compared with the English, 325, 326; right of the, to modify the English language, 393. See America.
Amphictyonic Council, response of the, to Polygnotus's generosity, 39.
Angelo, Michael, the "wages" paid, for various works, 29; powers of, unimpaired by old age, 134; the various arts practiced by, 141; on certain work of Ghiberti, 141; used as an example in a discussion of genius, 151; mightiness of, as compared with Raffaelle, 151; the motto of, 151; story of the criticism of, on Raffaelle, 154; a servant's description of, 155; suffered by not employing the help of pupils, 163, 164; the "Moses," the "David," and the "Day" of, 164; the "Day" and "Night" of, 165; mightiness of the genius of, 165; the works of, not useful as models of style, 165; the followers of, 165; Raffaelle placed by Goethe above, 278; an example of the genius of determination and perseverance, 316; in sculpture and fresco, 322, 323; supposititious works of, 356.
Antæus, age attained by, 123.
Antinous, the, of the Vatican, embodies

a certain canon of proportion, 480–489.
Antoninus, the brother of Commodus, mentioned in Fronto's letters, 50.
Antony, Mark, pictured, 184; invited to a suppositious supper-party, 184.
Ape, the, and the painted beetles, 329.
Apelles, price paid for a picture by, 36; instance of the high-mindedness and generosity of, 36, 37; Phryne and Campaspe the models for the Venus Anadyomene of, 37; the valuation put upon the Venus by, 43; story of, and Protogenes, 155–157; not a Greek proper, 365; a pupil of Pamphelus, 365.
Apollo Belvedere, the, a work of the age of Nero, 356.
Apollodorus, arrogance of, 33; quoted in Ctesibus, 125; quoted on illusion, 330; incidental mention of, 366.
Apples, and poets, 119; in the old myths, 170.
Apuleius, 362.
Arabesque, 348.
Arabian Nights, cited on spells and incantations, 222.
Aram, Eugene, constitutionally a murderer, 169.
Aratus, gift of, to Ptolemy, 39.
Arcesilaus, sum offered to, for a statue in plaster, 52.
Archilaus, gift of Zeuxis to, 33.
Architect, the, in classic days, 140.
Arganthonius, King, age attained by, 123.
Argument, and the spirit of contrariety in man, 546.
Ariosto, the French form of the name, 528.
Aristides, prices paid for pictures by, 34, 41; a point of resemblance between Goethe and, 96; incidental reference to, 366.
Aristobulus, green old age of, 125.
Aristocrat, Pinkney an, 424.
Aristotle, evident belief of, in the existence of Homer, 172.
Arnulphus, 361.
"Arrêté," word used to characterize the "manner" of the Greeks in sculpture, 356.
Art, prices commanded by modern, 1–3; to-day's critical taste in, refuses deference to certain old masters, 2; the newly-rich patronize, to win notoriety, 3; deepens natural sentiment into cultivation and sincere enjoyment, 3; illustrative anecdote, 4, the serenity of the world of, beside the hurry and confusion of life, 10; the world of, grotesquely at odds sometimes with the world of reality, 11; a work of, needs solitary study, 11; criticism in, 15; what constitutes a great work of, 16, 319, 352; is the "fashion" at the present moment, 21, 339; natural artistic sense of the Greeks and Italians, 21, 22; influence of the life of the day on, 23; in France, 27; in England, 28; "chic" the ideal of the day in, 27, 28; to-morrow's judgment of the, of the day, 28; in Greece and Rome, 32–54; influence of the greed of money on, 72; the love and practice of, what it demands, 72, 73, 148; what is done for us if we truly love and follow, 73; an unceasing delight, 139; to-day's specialism in, 140; how associated in other days with other employments, 140, 141; how this was and is to be managed, 141, 142; the influence of one, on another, 142, 143; the evolution of a work of, 145–149, 310, 317; inspiration in, 147–149, 320; genius in, 150, 314; Michael Angelo as a force in, and his followers, 165; mission of Canova in, 166; among the Greeks, 166; influence of the religion of the Greeks on, 166; of the Christian religion on, 167; the problem of to-day in, 168; lip-service in, 195; the second commandment as affecting, 210–215; how considered among the Jews, 210, 215; Goethe on, 278, 280; Schiller on, 280; in the future life, 304; the life devoted to, 309, 311, 312; the beginnings of, 312; the difficulties of, 313; an exacting mistress, 314; facility often fatal in, as elsewhere, 315; dabblers in, 316; perseverance and determination necessary in, 317; the education necessary for the study of, 318; in America, 319; bigness not necessarily grandeur in, 319; detail in a work of, 320; naturalism in, discussed, 327–353; the object of, not illusion, 328–330; is nature interpreted, not imitated, 328–332, 343; neither reality nor illusion, 328; Wordsworth quoted on, 331; the vice of modern, 333; the unnecessary is an impertinence in, 338; proper subordination of detail in a work of, 338, 339; freedom the life of, 339,340; a medium between man and nature, not a mere rescript of nature, 351; a language learned that ideas may be expressed, 351; the

aim of, 352; so-called "realism" in, 463, 464; its choice of themes, 464; reaction in, 465, 466; Goethe quoted on the bounds and bonds of an, 466; each, has its own limitations, 466; the boundaries of each, in England, seem becoming confused, 467; the essential in, 468.
Artaxerxes, age attained by, 124.
Artist, the denotation of the term, 15; the sensitiveness of the, 18; the, and the farmer — each reaps his harvest, 73; illustrative anecdote, 74; the, of to-day, a specialist, 140; the mental equipment necessary for a great, 140, 148, 318; broad usefulness of the, of yesterday, 140, 141; and the reason thereof, 141, 142; must possess some power of statuesque modeling, 143; and must be sensitive to music, 143; at work, 145, 310; how inspired and influenced, 145–149; is it allowable for him to intrust work to scholars? 158–163, 168; his conception uninterpretable by another's hand, 161, 162; popularity and the, 248, 249; the life of the, 309–319; love of the, for his own work, 310; age attained by the, 311; the black days of the, 311; daily conquers fresh difficulties, 313; genius in the, 314; the work demanded of an, 314–316; art is nature as interpreted, not imitated, by the, 328–330; the mission of the, 351, 352; judgment as well as imagination to be exercised by the, 353; generosity and miserliness of the, 373.
Arnold, Matthew, quoted on the Germans, 281.
Asa, the demon, 222.
Asael, the demon, 222.
Asander, age attained by, 124.
Asclepiodorus, price paid for a picture by, 35.
Aspasia, invited to the supposititious supper-party, 186.
Astronomy, the wonders of, 453.
"At the Grave," 540.
Athenæus, quoted on Phryne and Campaspe, 38; quoted on true grandeur, 320.
Athenion, 365.
Athens, the festival of Neptune at, 22; Apollodorus in, 33; the Pœcile at, 38, 39; gold first coined when at, 43; Herodotus reading his history in, 44; value of the Athena in the Parthenon at, 47, 355; the architects of the Parthenon at, 140; works of art in the Parthenon at, 355; but few famous artists born at, 364, 366; as an "Harris" among cities, 366.
Athlete, the, and the blacksmith, 143, 318.
Athletics, this age an age of, 284; love of, among the English and the ancient Romans, 530.
Attalus, King, refusal of Nicias to sell a picture to, 34; prices paid by, for pictures by Aristides, 34, 43; price offered by, for another by Aristides, 41.
Aurelius, Marcus, the letters of, 49; the presence of, haunts Rome, 287; one of the four famous authors born at Rome, 364; eulogized, 364.
Authors, the sensitiveness of, and the cause thereof, 18, 269; ages attained by, 120–123, 125, 126, 133; popularity no sure test of the excellence of, 248, 249; fondness of, for their own works, 270; at work, 490–494; the conversation of, 546.
Autophilus, 365.
Averni, statue made by Zenodorus for the city of the, 47.
Avicenna, the powers of memory of, 443 (*bis*).

Bacon, Lord, was he Shakespeare? 172–175; verses of, compared with those of Shakespeare, 178; recipe of, for improving the memory, 444.
Badges, medals, and orders, 420–424.
Balbus, meaning of the name, 528.
Baldness, 414.
Ballet, the, love of the Italians for, 534; of the ancient Romans for, 535.
Bancroft, George, the sturdy old age of, 136.
Barbatus, Scipio, the epitaph of, cited on the Latin *g*, 513.
Bardyllis, powers of, unimpaired by age, 124.
Barlow, Joel, the "Columbiad" of, 265.
Barnes, Rev. William, the "Lancaster Ballads" of, 550.
Bartlett, Sidney, the old age of, 136.
Beaupin, Doctor, longevity of, 128.
Beauty, how inherent, 348; behind nature, 349; Ruskin on, 349; Ruskin's views on the sense of, criticised, 350; outward and inward, 378.
Beethoven, the Pastoral Symphony of, 238.
Belli, the poems of, 549.
Bellini, Gian, employed the aid of pupils, 168.
Benedix, Dr. Roderick, on Shakespeare, 93.

Béranger, quoted on the anthropomorphic idea of God, 454.
Bernini, intemperance of the art of, 166.
Bible, the, quoted, 210, 213–218.
Bigness, mere, not grandeur, 319.
Biography, the Elizabethan age not one of, 175.
"Bird in the hand, a," discussion of the proverb, 469, 470.
Blacksmith, the, and the athlete, 143, 318.
Blank-verse, of Shakespeare, how influenced by Ben Jonson, 80.
Blind, the association of sound and color by, 342.
Boccaccio, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 122; invited to the supposititious supper-party, 185.
Bodinus, Johannes, 290.
Body, the comfort of a, 305, 306; the death in life of the, 405.
Bojardo, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 122.
Bologna, Giovanni da, 529.
Borachio, quoted on fashion, 26.
Boston, the pronunciation of the word, 399.
Botany, names in, 533.
"Bouquet," English pronunciation of the word, 521.
Bourbon, Sebastian, Goethe on the etchings of, 279.
Brazer, Rev. Dr., pulpit-companion of the, 131.
British Museum, altar-piece by Raffaelle stored in the, 31; the "Clytie," 62.
Brontë, Charlotte, her choice in writing paper, 381.
Bronze, price paid for a small, in classic days, 51.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, tribute to, in Florence, 288; transcriptions of Chaucer by, 403; anecdote of Lander and, 440.
Browning, Robert, descriptions of thunderstorms by, 236, 237; Landor befriended by, 436.
Brummel, Beau, and the dress-coat, 24.
Brunow, Baron, quoted on longevity, 130.
Bucephalus, the price paid for, 54.
Bularchus, price paid for a picture by, 43.
Bulwer-Lytton, anecdote illustrating the friendship of Landor for, 440.
Burbage, Richard, how little we know of, 176.
Burger, translation of "Macbeth" by, 94.
Burns, the songs of, 230, 231; the lines "O wad some power" of, commented upon, 544.
Butcher, anecdote of the poet and the, 74.
Buxton, Jedediah, the powers of calculation of, 443 (*bis*).
Byron, the poetry of, 119, 120, 233–235, 239, 242; morals of, in a new aspect, 169; the character of, 234; foreigner's judgment of, 234; a thunderstorm as described by, 235; the night-scene on Lake Leman by, 239; conversation of Landor and Wordsworth on, 439; when to quote, to the sea, 504.

C, pronunciation of the Latin, before *i* and *e*, 510.
Cæsar, Julius, as a patron of art, 35; price paid by, for a pearl, 54; remonstrated in Greek with his assassins, 360; one of the four famous authors born at Rome, 362.
Cagliostro, residence of, in Rome, 288; a legend *apropos* of, 289.
Cain, the only villain left us, 169.
Calamis, 355.
Calhoun, John Caldwell, anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall and, 195.
Caligula, meaning of the name, 528.
Callicrates, one of the architects of the Parthenon, 140.
Callimachus, a "niggler," 347.
Calvus, meaning of the name, 528.
Campaspe, sat as model to Apelles, 37; compared with Phryne, 38.
Candaules, price paid by, for a picture by Bularchus, 43; the story of, and Gyges, 44.
"Candor," so-called in the telling of unpleasant truths, 379, 542, 543 (*bis*); Canning on, 543.
Canning, quoted on the "candid friend," 543; the "Anti-Jacobin" of, 543; as a statesman, 543.
"Canon," the, statue, so called, by Polycleitus, 48, 346.
Canova, employed the help of scholars, 163; debt of gratitude owed by sculpture to, 166; the presence of, haunts his studio in Rome, 286.
Caracci, the, price paid for the Farnese frescoes of, 30; Goethe on the school of, 278; Goethe's genius like that of, 279.
Cardanus, 290.
Carew, the songs of, 228.
Carlo Dolce, his name an expressive one, 2; illustrative of a change in the estimation of the old masters, 2.
Carlyle, quoted on lines from Goethe, 198.

Carneades, age attained by, 125.
Carolino, Pedro, English phrase-book of, and José de Fonseca, 470, 471.
Carrara quarries, opened, 356.
"Carré," word used to characterize the "manner" of the Greeks in sculpture, 356.
Carvillius, Spurius, credited with the introduction of the *g* into the Latin, 513.
Cato, Marcus Porcius, in the "De Senectute" of Cicero, 134; cure recommended by, for sprains, 220
Catullus, 361; the poetry of, 531.
Cellini, Benvenuto, various arts practiced by, 141; his escape from the Castle of San Angelo a haunting picture, 286.
Cenci, meaning of the name, 529.
Cervantes, cited on proverbs, 470.
Cethegus, Cicero on the old age of, 134; Ennius on, 134.
Chance, its strangeness, 379; a curious illustration of the strangeness of, 405–409.
Change, our bodily and mental, with the progress of our years, 405; the, death makes us subject to, 405.
Chapman, the "Bussy d'Ambois" of, condemned by Dryden, 202.
Charity, a talk on, 374–376.
Charles of Burgundy, price paid by, for a recipe for improving the memory, 445.
Charmidas, the memory of, 442.
Chaucer, was "a youth when he died," 118; the "Canterbury Tales" of, 119, 120; a "good keeping fruit," 119; the transcripts of, by Dryden, 249, 403; the Tabard Inn of, 285; the spelling of, 399; the Knight's Tale in, 400; quoted, 401, 403; eulogized, 402; the metrical exactness of, 402; admirable transcriptions of, 403; Leigh Hunt and, 404; Milton quotes, incorrectly, 489.
Chettle, Henry, the plays of, 177.
Chic, the artistic ideal of the day, 27, 28.
Children, rhymes of, 223.
Christian, the, not always Christian, 380.
Christian religion, the, its influence on art, 167; and Jewish ordinances, 212–216.
"Church" and "judge," difficulty of a German to distinguish the words, 509.
Church pronunciation of Latin, 519.
Cicero, a patron of art, 36; an admirer of, 45; anecdote of, and Hortensius, 46; discussion of the literary characteristics of, 49, 535; the letters of, 49; quoted on the prices paid for works of art in his day, 51; the *De Senectute* of, 132; quoted on the study of literature and art, 139; attitude of, towards religion, 220; the presence of, haunts Rome, 287; on the vogue of the Greek language among the Romans, 360; born at Arpenium, 361; on the Roman practice of law, 363, 364; cited on the memory of Cineas, 442; the name of, how pronounced, 510; meaning of the name of, 528; the philosophical acumen of, 530; the jokes of, 535; a point of resemblance between, and Goethe, 535.
Cineas, the memory of, 442.
Circle, comment on the beauty of the, 350; its symbolism, 483.
Circus, love of the Romans for the, 529, 534.
Claude, age attained by, 135.
Claudia, the wife of Aurelius, age attained by, 126.
Claudius, letters introduced into the Latin by the Emperor, 513–517.
Cleanthes, age attained by, 124; Cicero on the old age of, 134.
Cleopatra, love of, for Antony, 184; invited to the suppositious supper-party, 186.
Clock-setters, self-appointed, of creation, 545.
"Clytie," the so-called, of the British Museum, why so called, 62; argument to prove, really a bust of Poppæa, 62, 63.
Cnidus, and its Venus by Praxiteles, 52.
Cock-sure, the, man, 545.
Codes, the Roman and Theodosian, 363.
Colburn, Zerah, the powers of calculation of, 443.
Cold more favorable to life than heat, 129.
Coleridge, on Shakespeare, 93; Schlegel's borrowings from, 94; on the after-effects of evil habits, 137; quoted on nature's solely subjective existence, 333; the "Kubla Khan" of, 489, 490; the "Christabel" of, purposely left unfinished, 490; Tupper as a pendant to, 490.
Color, in England, 323; no absolute scale of, 341; an attempt to make a thorough-bass of, 342; close connection of sound and, 342; significance of the word "tone" applied to, 342.
Colossus, the, size and cost of, at

Rhodes, 46; of the Sun, size and cost of, 47.
Columella, Julius, 362.
Commandments, discussion on the, 209–218.
Commodus, mentioned in the letters of Fronto, 50.
Commons, the character of the House of, to-day, 427.
Composition (in art), subordination of detail in, 338, 339, 352.
Composition (literary), in the memory, 446, 447; the Horatian rule for, 490; results of slow and careful elaboration in, 490; results of, fervid and enthusiastic, 491.
Conception (in art), the process of, 147–149; an artist's cannot be carried out by another's hand, 161, 162.
Connoisseur, the would-be, 11; compared with the *valet-de-place*, 11, 14; the cant of the, 15; the term, defined, 15.
Constant, the Abbé, cited on magic, 290.
Conundrum, a, 389.
Conversation, the charm of, 19; Cethegus the "marrow of," 134; a talk on, 194–196; the powers of, of the French, 536; "talk and let talk" the golden rule of, 536; the true art of, 536–538; among the English, 537, 538; weather and gossip the prime staples of, 538; on personal matters, 538; the nobler uses of, 539; earnest, 546; argumentative, 546; the, of authors, 546, 547 (*bis*); brilliancy and dullness in, 547.
Cornelius Nepos, 361.
Cornwall, the wreckers of, Ruskin compared to, 351.
Correggio, and the prices modern art commands, 29; how valued yesterday and to-day, 29; anecdote of, and the copper only a *ben trovato*, 29; price paid for the San Giovanni frescoes of, in Parma, 31; the Madonnas of, 152; the true name of, 529.
Counting-out rhymes, 223, 224.
Court etiquette, the rationale of, 417–419.
Cowards, as works of art, 273.
Cowley, the popularity of, 248.
Crassus, Marcus Licinius, a patron of art, 36; the mingled avarice and liberality of, 64; anecdote of the death of, 64; Juvenal quoted on the fortune of, 65; Cicero on the old age of, 134.
Creation, the, according to Moses, Milton, and the elder Darwin, 260.
"Credo," the word, in what way characteristic of Latin and Catholic nations, 182.
Creed, thoughtless utterance of the words of the, 209; the satisfaction of accepting a "ready-made," 219.
Criticism, the evils of bad, and foolish enthusiasm compared, 16; lack of true, in England, 17; in France and Germany, 17; an illustration of an average, 17, 18; Disraeli on, 18; effect of, on a work in progress, 19; evil, avails nothing finally against good work, 19; topsy-turviness in, 169; savage, and the pain it inflicts, 267–269, 544; Voltaire and, 269; Scott and, 269; of one's friends, 544; what is its value if doctors disagree, 544.
Ctesibus, age attained by, 125.
Curves, Ruskin on, 350; the true beauty of, 350.
"Cymbeline," curiously chosen by the Germans to be played on Shakespeare's anniversary, 94.
Cyrus, the elder, age attained by, 124; Cicero on the old age of, 134; the powers of memory of, 444.

Dante, his "Commedia," the product of his maturity, 121; the home of, in childhood, 287; French form of the name, 528.
Darkness and light, our associations of good and evil with, 452; both hide alike, 452.
Darwin, Dr. Charles, the elder, esteemed a genius in his day, 249; quotations from, and from Miss Seward's Life of, with comments, 256, 258–264; the creation, according to, 260, 261.
Darwin, Dr. Charles, the younger, the creation, as viewed by, and as described by his ancestor, 261.
Davenant, Sir William, Shakespeare adapted by, 204.
"David," comment upon the, of Michael Angelo, 164.
"Davy's Locker," Ker's explanation of the phrase, 224.
"Day" and "Night," comments upon the, of Michael Angelo, 164, 165.
Death, peculiarly repulsive to Shakespeare, 117; and its changes, 405–410.
Debt, "It 's the only, I ever knew him pay," 70.
Debutades, used the Egyptian canons of proportion, 484.
Decorations and orders, their value, 420–424.

Dekker, Thomas, how little we know of, 175.
Delrio, 290.
Democritus, age attained by, 124, 126; powers of, unimpaired by age, 134.
Demonous, age attained by, 126.
De Quincey, Thomas, on the population of Rome, 358.
Destrier, the word, as used by an author of to-day, 385.
Detail, delicacy of, not primarily desirable in a work of art, 320; proper subordination of, 338, 339; how treated by the ancients, 347; over-elaboration of, a sign of decay in true artistic feeling, 348.
Diadumenos, price paid for the, of Polycleitus, 48.
Diana, the Temple of, at Ephesus, painting by Apelles on the walls of, 36.
Dickens, Charles, and Shakespeare as contemporaries, 92; the sale of the effects of, 371.
"Different to," and "different from," 389.
Digamma, the inverted, introduced by Claudius into Latin, 517.
Dinner given by Crassus, 64.
Diogenes the Stoic, age attained by, 125; Cicero on the old age of, 134.
Dion, anecdote of Agrippina from, 60.
Dionysius of Colophon, Anacreon's lines on a picture by, quoted, 38; medium used by, in painting, 38.
Dionysius, the artist, 365.
Ditmarus, 361.
Dogmatism, the pettiness of, 455.
Dolce far niente, the use of, 277; a love for the, a characteristic of the Italy of to-day and of yesterday, 529.
Domenichino, price paid for his San Jerome, 31; meaning of the name of, 529.
Donne, John, lines of, quoted, 8; comments on the same, 8.
Doryphoros, the, of Polycleitus, 48.
Dreams, as a source of inspiration for artists, 312; proverbs in, 475; epigrams and repartees made in, 476; wild freaks in, 477; consecutiveness in, how explainable, 477; problems solved in, 478–480; the "Kubla Khan" of Coleridge composed in, 489; in fever, 494–498.
Dresden, the San Sisto Madonna in, 152.
Dress, fashion in, made a test of modesty, 21; of the Greeks, 22; of to-day, 23–26, 427–431; the French as arbiters of taste in, 25; the Italians formerly ruled fashions in, 26; the dignity it may confer, 415; the charm and value of, distinctive, 419, 420; of to-day, 427–431; women and, 429; among the French, 461.
Dress-coat, hopeless vulgarity of the, 23; evolution of the, 24.
"Drink to me only — ," Ben Jonson's song criticised, 228, 229.
Dryden, powers of, unimpaired by age, 122; the "Indian Emperor" of, quoted, 201; emptiness and pretension of much of the poetry of, 200, 201; quoted against himself, 202; the "Spanish Friar" of, 202; the prose of, 203; imitation of Shakespeare by, 203; quoted on Shakespeare, 203, 204; adaptations of Shakespeare by, 203, 204; a second-rate man, 204; on Ben Jonson, 205; on Little, 205; criticism upon, 206; the popularity of, in his day, compared with that of his contemporaries, 249; the transcripts of Chaucer by, 249, 403; Robert Treat Paine as the peer of, 257; the school of, imitated the didactic poetry of ancient Rome, 531.
Duality in man and in nature, 149.
Dufournet, Doctor, longevity of, 128.
Duilius, the inscription of, 511; quoted on the Latin *c*, 511, 512.
Dumas, Alexandre, fils, the work of, 463.
Duroy, M., longevity of, 128.
Dutch, our nursery-rhymes as perversions from the, 224.
Dutch painters, exalted by Goethe, 279.

Echoes, "amorous," a phrase of the elder Darwin's, 263.
Edgeworth, Maria, one of the habits of, 381.
Egyptian and European modesty compared, 21.
Eiffel Tower, the, 319.
Electric eel, the, and the Olympian eagle, 262.
"Elegant," American use of the word, 392.
Elizabethan age, not one of biography, 175.
Ellsworth, 373.
Eloquence, a thing of the past, 425; a counterfeit, readily accepted in America, 426.
Elpinice, the daughter of Miltiades, portrait of, by Polygnotus, 38.
England, the worship of Truth associated with a reverence for Humbug in, 21; Propriety made a fetish of

and Mrs. Grundy feared in, 21; art in, 28, 467; Shakespearean criticism in, 93; centenarians in, 128; acting in, 179–181; salutation used in, a characteristic one, 182; represented by Shakespeare and Sidney at the suppositious supper-party, 184; the home of water-color, 323; oratory in, 426, 427; changes in, 428.
English, the, used to-day, examples of, 385–396; use of French in, 386, 394; newspaper, 386, 387; euphuism in, 387, 395; the, of art criticism, 387, 396, 467; in America, 388–394; chamber-maid vulgarisms in, 391; the right of Americans to modify, language, 393; "as she is spoke," 471; Italian pronunciation of, 519; treatment of Latin names in, 527; names of flowers in, 532.
English literature, a remark of Goethe's on, 504.
English (people), the, certain characteristics of the, 324, 325; the, girl and the American, compared, 325, 326; character of the, and the French, contrasted, 462; the most ill-bred nation in one respect, 472; mistakes made by foreigners in speaking, 472; pronunciation of Latin by the, 505, 507, 508, 519, 520, 524; the French as spoken by the, 506, 520; the, as caricatured on the Italian stage, 521; illustrations, 521–524; compared with the Romans in character, in poetry, and oratory, 534; conversational powers of the, 537.
Ennius, on Cethegus, 134.
Ephesus, the Temple of Diana at, 36.
Epicharmus, age attained by, 125.
Epitaphs, truth in, 542; two imaginary, 551, 552; where many, might end, 552.
Escorial, anecdote connected with the pictures of the, 9.
Etiquette, the rationale of court, 417.
Euphranor, and proportion, 346.
Euphuism in the English of the day, 387, 395.
Eupompus, 366.
Euripides, powers of, unimpaired by age, 121.
"Ever so much," the American phrase, 393.

Fabii, the, their family cognomen, how derived, 36.
Fabius Maximus, Quintus, age attained by, 126; Cicero on the old age of, 133.
Fabius Pictor, gave the Fabian family their cognomen, 36; meaning of the name, 528.
Facility, the fatality of, 315, 316.
Faith, "webs of," 412; in anything better than faith in nothing, 458.
Falernian wine, 188, 189.
Fame, must grow slowly and surely, 248; present popularity no surety of future, 249, 437; would one exchange life for? 540–542
Farmer, the, and the artist — "each reaps his harvest," 73; illustrative anecdote, 74.
Farnesina Palace, Raffaelle's frescoes in the, 154, 155.
Fashion, as affecting prices paid for pictures, 2; the arbitrary sway of, 21; art, a fashion of the day, 21, 319; a Proteus, 23; a corrupter of taste, 23; France as the arbiter of, 25; Italy formerly followed in matters of, 26; Borachio quoted on, 26.
Fate, Nature and Man, 409–412.
"Faust," criticised, 96, 97.
Fechter, Charles, a vicious habit of pronunciation on the English stage possibly caught from, 180.
Feet, national types in, 325.
Feuillet, Octave, "The Village" of, 465.
Fever, dreams in, 494–498.
Figaro, quoted, 11.
Flaccus, Valerius, 362.
Flatman, Thomas, the popularity of, in his day, 248.
Flaxman, John, the work of, 326, 327.
Flegon, treatise "De Longævis" of, referred to, 127.
Flies, and their powers of annoyance, 412; at Tel-el Kebir, 413; and baldness, 414.
Florence, price paid for frescoes of Michael Angelo in, 29; the doors of the Baptistery in, 141; the home of Dante in, 287; the Casa Guidi inscription to Elizabeth Barrett Browning in, 288; mausoleum of the Medici in, 405.
Flowers, in Shakespeare and Milton, 532; the botanical names of, 534; ignorance of the names of, among the Italians, 533.
Fonseca, Jose de, English phrase-book of, and Pedro Carolino, 470, 471.
Ford, John, how little we know of, 175.
Forearm, as a unit in proportional measurements of the human body, 484.
Foreigners, a way to make, understand English, 471; ill-breeding

shown by the English in talking with, 472; ludicrous anecdotes of errors made by, in speaking, 472, 473.
Form, without matter, and matter without, 341; no absolute scale of, 341; Greek and Roman treatment of, distinguished, 356; the laws of, coincident with the laws of number, and of magic, 481–488.
Formula, usurps thought, 195, 209, 218; illustrative anecdotes, 195, 196; in religion, 209–220.
Fornarina, La, Raffaelle and, 154.
Fortunes, colossal, of ancient Rome, 64; what has become of them, 66; as stated in francs and pounds sterling, 71; unexpected, 376–378.
Franc, the, and its absurdity, 71; and the pound sterling, 71.
France, as an arbiter of taste in dress, 25; the architecture and sculpture of, 25; the literature of, 462–465; the music of, 465; the drama in, 462–465.
Francisco, Henry, longevity of, 131.
Frankness, 378.
Frascatorius, Hieronymus, 290.
French, the, as arbiters of dress, 25; their architecture and sculpture, 25; their work in art praised and condemned, 27; absurdity of the monetary system of, 71; suggestions for its improvement, 72; cases of longevity among the, 128; acting of the, 181; mode of salutation of the, characteristic of them, 182; represented by Montaigne at the supposititious supper-party, 185; words and idioms from the, in the English of the, 385; the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, how great an incentive to the, 420, 423, 424; literary ability of the, 460; character of the, and the English contrasted, 461; the literature of the, 462–465; the music of the, 465; French fiction does not depict the real life of the, 463; Italian criticism on the dramas of the, 464; the dramas of the, 462–465; a Spaniard's use of, 473; as spoken by the English, 473, 520; Latin as pronounced by the, 509; an Irishman's use of, 521; naturalization of Roman names by the, 527; freedom and naturalness of the, 536; conversational powers of the, 536.
Friend, the "candid," 379, 542, 543 (*bis*); the "candied," 542; Canning on the, 543; each criticises his, 544; the "natural clock-setter" as a, 545; the, of one idea, 545.
Friendship, a comment upon, 544; the, of one-idead people, 545.
Frisingius, 361.
Fronto, the letters of, 49; quoted, 50; was a Numidian, 362; meaning of the name, 528.
Fuller, Dr. Thomas, the memory of, 444.
Future life, the, 294–296, 304–307.

G, the letter, in Latin, 513.
Gaffarel, the treatises of, on magic, 482.
Gaius, 363.
Galen, age attained by, 126.
Galeria, age attained by, 126.
Galleries, are confusing, 11; anecdote illustrating the annoyances of, 11–14.
Garrick, David, Partridge on, 179; Buxton's way of enjoying, 443.
Genius, first receives and then conceives, 149; a, the creature of an influence beyond his guidance, 150; vanity never a trait of great, 150; a, the best critic of his own work, 151; with some a perennial spring, 277; Shakespeare quoted on, 277; of the Germans, 281; in art, 314–316; is three quarters will and determination, 316.
Genre, demanded by the taste of the day, 28; the Greeks never degraded art to, 166.
George III., and Solomons, anecdote of, 414.
Germans, Shakspearean criticism among the, 92, 95–99; their mode of salutation characteristic, 182; Richter chosen to represent the, at the supposititious supper-party, 186; the genius of the, 280–282; Matthew Arnold on the, 281; the Italian language and that of the, contrasted, 474; illustrative anecdote, 474; Latin as pronounced by the, 505, 510; accuracy of pronunciation impossible to the, in any language, 505, 509.
Ghiberti, various arts practiced by, 141.
Ghosts, our dead selves are, that haunt us, 405.
Gibson, employed the help of scholars, 163.
Giorgione, meaning of the name of, 529.
Giotto, various arts practiced by, 141.
Giovine, Palma, age attained by, 135.
Giusti, Giuseppe, his mode of composing, 493; the poems of, 549.
God, the, of the Hebrews, 213; man and, 454–457; Béranger quoted in

illustration, 454; how symbolized in the Seal of Solomon, 481.
Godesius, age attained by, 124.
Goethe, on Shakespeare, 93; the "Analysis of Hamlet" by, 93 (*bis*); on the Laocoön, 95; characterized and criticised, 96, 123; the Faust of, 96, 97; the novels of, 97; the plays of, 98, 99; as a translator, 101; powers of, unimpaired by age, 122, 123; not a fit guest for a supper-party, 185; Carlyle on certain lines from, 198; acknowledges a liking for mannerists, 278; his opinion of various artists and schools, 278, 279; deliberate and academic character of the genius of, 279; civility of, to the Muses, 279; contrasted with Schiller, 280; anecdote of the literalness of, 282; quoted on the bounds and bonds of art, 466; an Italian's horror at hearing a quotation from, 474; anecdote of an admirer of, in Rome, 474; the *Italienische Reise* of, 475; remark of, on English literature, 504; a point of resemblance between, and Cicero, 534; pomposity of, with strangers, 536.
Goldoni, green old age of, 122.
Goldsmith, the poetry of, 120.
Gorgias, age attained by, 125.
Gossip, a prime staple of conversation, 538.
"Got," the word, in America, 390.
Grandeur, mere bigness not, 319.
Grataroli, Guglielmo, the recipe of, for improving the memory, 444.
"Grave, At the," 540.
Greatness in a work of art, to what referable, 16, 17.
Greek Church, careful registration in the, 130.
Greek language, how pronounced by the ancients, 504.
Greeks, natural artistic sense of the, 21; the beauty of the nude constantly before the, 22; dress of the, 22; prices paid by the, for works of art, 32–37, 39, 42–48, 51, 52; deference paid to art by the, 32, 33; the medium used by the, in painting, 38; sums paid by the, for literary work, 44, 45; Goethe on the, as sculptors, 95; art among the, 166–168, 344–348; belief of, in the real existence of Homer, 171; our knowledge of the language, poetry, and history of the, better than theirs, 172; "Yes" and "No" among the classic, 183; represented by Alcibiades at the supposititious supper-party, 185; precision in the matter of proportion among the, 344–348; the stage among the, 354; music of the, 354; the great works of art of the, are lost, 355; the "manner" of the, and the Romans in sculpture distinguished, 356; in Rome, 357, 359; Roman sculptors took the names of, and why, 357, 359; vogue of the dress, manner, and language of the, in Rome, 360.
Greene, Robert, work of, ascribed by Tieck to Shakespeare, 95; and the Baconian theory, 172, 173; how little we know of, 176.
Greenwich Hospital, centenarians in, 129.
Guercino, meaning of the name of, 529.
Guido Reni, decline of the taste for, and in values set upon canvases by, 2.
Guido, Tommaso, the nickname of, 529.
Gyges, the story of Candaules and, 44.

Habit, overmastering sway of, in old age, 137; Coleridge a case in point, 137; is second nature, 137, 138; the money-making, 138; danger involved in breaking away from the life-long, incidental to one's business or occupation, 501.
Hadrian, an artist and art patron, 35; the Antinous of the Vatican a statue of the time of, 480.
Hair, nothing so living about us as, 404; a classification of men by their, 414.
Halford, Sir Henry, quoted on centenarians, 129.
Hamlet, the "swell's" criticism on, 91.
"Handling," a much abused word in the vocabulary of the "connysōōr," 15.
Hands, national types in, 325.
Harmony, discussion of, 341–347; of line and form sufficient in itself to give pleasure, 348.
Hayward, Sir John, essay of on mythical speeches in history referred to, 170.
Hazlitt, William, on Hamlet, 93.
"Head over heels," Ker's explanation of the phrase, 224.
Head, the, as a unit in proportional measurement of the figure, 484, 487.
Heine, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 122.
Helen of Troy, as now considered, 169.

Henry VIII., under modern critical lights, 169.
Heracles and the Hydra, an allegory of a lie, 553.
Herodotus, reference to the story of Candaules and Gyges in, 44; eulogy upon, 44; how recompensed by the Athenians for reading his history, 44.
Herrick, the songs of, 227, 228 (*bis*).
Hesiod, Cicero on the old age of, 134; Flaxman's drawings from, 327.
Heywood, Thomas, how little we know of, 175; called the "prose Shakespeare," 176; the plays of, 176, 177.
Hiero, age attained by, 123.
Hieronymus, age attained by, 125, 126.
Hightower, John, longevity of, 131.
Hillard, George S., letter of Sumner to, quoted, 448.
Hippocrates, age attained by, 126.
Hippopotamus, anecdote of the French lady and the, 533.
History, comment upon, 44; curious process of reconstruction in, 169, 170; Hayward referred to, on mythical speeches in, 170.
Holmes, Judge Nathaniel, book of, on the Baconian theory, 173.
Holyoke, Dr. Edward Augustus, longevity of, 131.
Home, what pictures mean in the, 7; "Be thou thine own," lines of Donne quoted, 8.
Homer, the Iliad of, written in old age, 121; Cicero on the old age of, 134; belief asserted in the real existence of, 171; cited on incantations, 221; quoted, 268; Scott compared with, 282, 283; Flaxman's illustrations to, 326; as pronounced by the modern Greeks, 504.
Horace, his presence haunts the Via Sacra, 285, 287; quoted on facility, 316; was an Apulian, 361; quoted on to-day and to-morrow, 469; the seven years' rule of, 491; quoted on inspiration, 491; our use of the name unjustifiable, 528, 531.
Horne, Richard, transcription of Chaucer by, 403; the correspondence of, with Mrs. Browning, 404.
Horoscope, the drawing of a, 292.
Hortensius, a patron of art, 36; his fame, 139; his powers of memory, 45, 139, 442, 444; works of art in the house of, 45, 46; anecdote of Cicero and, 46; the memory of, 139.
Houses, men's, and their furnishing, excellent tests of their taste and feeling, 7; "shells of the creatures that dwell in them," 7, 8; "a part of ourselves," 8; of famous men should be marked by tablets, 285.
Huet, Pietro, longevity of, 128.
Hugo, Victor, criticism of, 460.
Humble-spirited are blest, 18.
Humbug, reverence for, 21; the skeptic's word of explanation, 298.
Humor, the, of Scott, 272; in the future life, 304.
Hunt, Leigh, transcriptions of Chaucer by, 403; love of, for Chaucer, 404; and the lock of Milton's hair, 404.
Hydra, the myth of, the allegory of a lie, 553.
Hymns, discussion on, 250, 251.
Hypsicrates, age attained by, 125.

Ictinus, one of the architects of the Parthenon, 140.
Idealism and Realism, the mean between, 320, 340; Schiller quoted on, 341.
Ideals, progressive, in art, 312, 313.
Identity, our changes of, in the course of life, 405.
Illusion, not art, 328.
Imagination, for its display, does not need grand, pretentious canvases, 27; instances, 27; the poet endangered by his, 352; the, a scene-painter, 353.
Imitation, literal, in art, 327-353.
Improvisation, oratory has the character of, 547; among the Italians, 548; the powers of, preserved by Giovanna Milli, 548.
"Inaugurate," abuse of the word, 388.
Incantations and charms, 220-222, 229.
"Indorse," abuse of the word, 389.
"Initiate," abuse of the word, 388.
Inspiration in art, 147-149, 162; dreams as a source of, 312.
Irishman, anecdote of the, and his French, 521.
"Irriguous," Miss Seward's use of the word, 263.
Isocrates, a fee received by, 45; age attained by, 125; Cicero on the old age of, 133.
Isodoros, the fortune of, 65.
"Issue," abuse of the word, 388.
Italian, the affirmative in, 182; the assumption by opera-singers of names from the, 359; anecdotes of mistakes made by foreigners in speaking, 472, 473; and German compared, with illustrative anecdote, 474; richness of the, in proverbs, 470; modern, and ancient Latin, 504, 505, 524; was itself perhaps a dialect of the lower classes among the an-

cients, 505; church pronunciation of Latin, 518, 519; pronunciation of English, 519.
Italians, acting of the, 181; the phrases of salutation used by the, in what way characteristic of them, 181; attitude of the, towards a certain phase of French art, 464; a proverb of the, on the sea, 503; Latin probably pronounced more nearly correctly by the, than by any other people, 505, 524; the English as caricatured on the stage by, 521–524; the same people that they were in ancient Rome, 529; their ignorance of the names of their flowers, 533; fondness of the, for the play, 534; improvisation among the, 548; the poetry of the, 549.
Italy, England once imported her fashions from, 26; represented by Boccaccio at the supposititious supper-party, 185; improvisation in, 548; the poetry of, 549.

Jacob, the patriarch, in the French assembly at the age of one hundred and twenty, 127.
Jefferson, Joseph, in "Rip Van Winkle," 180.
Jeffries, assault of, on Wordsworth, referred to, 19.
Jenkins, Henry, longevity of, 129.
Jerrold, Douglas, caustic reply of, to Wordsworth, 530.
Jews, art among the ancient, 210, 215; charms and incantations among the ancient, 221; the square, how considered symbolic by the, 482.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, his treatment of Shakespeare, 19; on Swift's old age, 136; his style in conversation imitated, 171; on Percy's "Reliques," 249; the "Lives of the Poets" by, 252; quoted on mysterious phenomena, 302.
Jokes, of the ancient Romans, 535.
Jonson, Ben, comparison of, and Shakespeare, by their contemporaries, 77, 78; his estimation of Shakespeare as illustrated by his verses, 77, 173; popularity of, not so great as that of Shakespeare, 78; Shakespeare's admiration for, 79, 80; our estimation of, 79; sneer of, at Shakespeare, for his lack of classical learning, 91; and the Baconian theory, 172, 173; how little we know of, 175; Dryden on, 205; the songs of, 228, 229; quoted on life with reference to grandeur, 320; his methods of composition, 492.
Josephus, quoted on the hatred of the Jews for graven images, 215.
Judas, his recent rehabilitation, 169.
"Judge" and "church," difficulty of a German to distinguish the words, 509.
Judges and wigs, 415.
Julius II., Michael Angelo's emolument from, 29.
"Jupiter and Io," Mr. "Shoddy's" Guido, 6.
Justinian, the Code compiled under the order of, 361.
Juvenal, quoted on the fortunes of Pallas and Licinius, 65; age attained by, 126; the presence of, haunts Rome, 287; probably born at Aquinum, 361.

Ker, John Bellenden, the work of, on nursery rhymes and common phrases, 224–226.
Kings, ages attained by, of antiquity, 123.

Lacépède, Count Bernard Germain Étienne de la Ville, anecdote of the memory of, 446.
Lachmann, Professor Karl, on Homer, 171.
Lagus, Ptolemy, age attained by, 124.
Lamb, Charles, on Shakespeare, 93.
Landor, Walter Savage, the memory of, 433, 434, 442; the Latinity of, 434; the style of, 434; an epigram by, on his wife, 435; turned out of doors by wife and children, 435; the power of, 437; the "Imaginary Conversations" of, 437; the poems of, 438; passages from Wordsworth and, on the shell, compared, 438, 439; the grudge of, against Wordsworth, 439; conversation of Wordsworth and, on Byron, 440; anecdotes showing how the personal likes and dislikes of, interfered with his literary judgment, 439, 440; carried his library in his memory, 442.
Landscape, why better painted than the human figure, 22; the artist's treatment of, 336.
Laocoön, Goethe on the, 95.
Latin language, names assumed by mediæval writers from the, 361; the charm of the, 435; the proper pronunciation of the, 504, 520; Italian was perhaps once itself a dialect of the, 505; tokens of the close kinship of the Italian and the, 505; English pronunciation of the, 505–508; German pronunciation of the, 505, 509, 510; result of an attempt

to use the, in a Roman Catholic council, 507; anecdote of an attempted conversation in, 508; necessity for some universal agreement as to the pronunciation of the, 509; the *c* before *i* and *e* in the, 510–515; the letter *g* in the, 513; the letters added by Claudius to the, 513, 516; the *v* in the, 516–518; argument in favor of the Italian church pronunciation of the, 518, 519; rhythm and metre in the, 520; the letter *j* in, 524–527; cumbrousness of the, 535; jokes in the, 535.
Latin nations, the word "Credo" characteristic of, 182.
Lecturing, money-profits of, compared with those of an author reading his works at the great Greek festivals, 44.
Legion of Honor, the ribbon of the, a powerful incentive, 420, 421.
Leman, Lake, Byron's night-scene on, 239.
Lentulus, the fortune of, 65.
Leonardo, age attained by, 134; various arts practiced by, 141; employed the help of pupils, 168 (*bis*); worked as a pupil in his youth, 168; Raffaelle placed by Goethe above, 278; Pamphelus a Greek, 365; on Vitruvius's explanation of Polycleitus's canon of proportion, 484.
Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim, all Shakespeare pronounced by Benedix inferior to the "Nathan the Wise" of, 93; on the Laocoön, 95.
Letters, their value, if properly preserved, 369.
Levi, Elephas, cited on magic, 291.
Liar, conundrum on the, 389.
Library, "could one but carry one's, in one's mind," 139.
Librettos, 229.
Lie, a, is long-lived, 552; the myth of Hydra an allegory of a, 553. See Lying.
Life, the evanescence of, and the immortality of art, 10; the, of plants and men compared, 118; cold more favorable to, than heat, 129; the, of to-day, its tendencies, 140; the mystery of simple, 301; and death — Nature careless of the single, 405–412; would one exchange, for fame, 539, 540; verses "At the Grave" *apropos* of this point, 540.
Light and darkness, our associations of good and evil with, 452; Blanco White's sonnet, "Night," 452; both hide alike, 452.
"Like," wrong use of the word, in America, 392.
Limitations in art, 467.
Lip-service in art, 195; in religion, 209.
Liquor-law of England, illustration drawn from the, 212.
Listening, the art of, 536.
Literature, the emoluments of, in classic days, 44, 45; an "undying source of delight," 139; of the brothel, 463; its choice of themes, 463.
Little, Dryden quoted on, 205; popularity of, in his day, 249.
Livy, 361.
Loggia series of compositions by Raffaelle, the, 158.
Lollia Paullina, the value of the dresses of, 59; Pliny quoted on, 59; untimely end of, 60; the presence of, haunts Rome, 287.
Longevity, 120–135, 310.
Longfellow, the "Psalm of Life" of, how written, 381.
Lope de Vega, the fertility of, 274–276; remarkable feat of, 276, 371.
"Love" for "like," the use of, in America, 392.
Lovelace, the songs of, 228.
"Lovely," American use of the word, 393.
Lucan, Marlowe's translation of, 86; the same quoted, 86; cited on incantations, 221; was a Spaniard, 361.
Lucian, list of long-lived Greeks given by, 123.
Luck, 380.
Lucretius, one of the four famous authors born at Rome, 362.
Lucullus, Lucius, a patron of art, 36.
Lucullus, Marcus, a patron of art, 36; the Colossus of the Sun, brought by, from Apollonia, 47; sum offered by, to Arcesilaus for a statue in plaster, 52.
Luitprandus, 361.
Lying, anecdote of the French maid and her habit of, 20; how considered in Roman Catholic countries, 20; anecdote of an Italian servant on his, 21; in epitaphs, 552. See Lie.
Lyons, Gulf of, a gale on the, 503.
Lysippus, employed the aid of pupils, 168; and proportion, 346, 347; the works of, lost, 355; the canon of proportion of, 484.

Macaulay, the memory of, 139; Sumner on the memory of, 448.

"Macbeth," Burger's translation of, 94.
Macpherson, James, the popularity of the "Ossian" of, 249.
Madonnas, the, of Raffaelle (*bis*) and of Correggio, 152.
Magic, a talk on, 288–291; not obsolete, 291–293; the laws of number, of form, and of, coincide in the theory of proportion put forward, 481.
Man, the nothingness of, 405–409, 454; nature and, 409–411, 452–454; and the brute beast, 411; and his absurdity, 411; and God, 454–457; Béranger quoted in illustration, 454; various social species of the genius, 543, 545.
Mannerists, Goethe's acknowledged liking for, 278–280.
Mantegna, age attained by, 135.
"Mantua-maker," derivation of the word, 26.
Mantua, the word "mantua-maker" derived from the name of the town, 26.
Manuscripts, the value of the, of noted works, 370, 371.
Manzoni, Goethe's translation of the "Cinque Maggio" of, 101.
Marlowe, Christopher, influence of, on Shakespeare, 80, 81, 90, 107; immense promise evidenced by, 80; influence of, on Shakespeare illustrated by quotations, 83–87; translation of Lucian by, 86; quoted, 86; the "Edward II." of, 87; scene from, quoted, 87, 90; the death of, 90; how little we know of, 175, 176.
Marriage-contract, the, 218.
Marshall, Chief Justice, anecdote of Calhoun and, 195.
Martial, quoted from on a remarkable case of longevity, 127; not a Roman by birth, 361.
Masinissa, age attained by, 124; the powers of, unimpaired by age, 127.
Massinger, work of, ascribed by Tieck to Shakespeare, 95.
Maurus, Terentius, quoted on the Latin *v*, 517.
Meannesses, little personal, 368, 372, 381.
Medals and badges, 420–424.
Medici, mausoleum of the, in Florence, cost of the, 406; the despoilment of the coffins in the, 406; opening of the, 406.
Medici Chapel, daily allowance paid Michael Angelo for his frescoes in the, 29; comment on his work in the, 165.
Meissonier, what would Titian have thought of the prices paid to, 29; prices paid for pictures by, compared with those paid for pictures by Raffaelle, 32.
Melanthus, value of pictures by, 39.
Melody, of nursery ditties, 227; in a song's words, 230; Tennyson's so-called, 230.
Memory, the, of Hortensius, 45, 139, 442; of Macaulay, 139, 448; a good, is a great gift, 139; the, cannot be pilfered from, 140; a test of the, 244; a change of, proposed, 433; the, of Landor, — his library carried in his, 433, 434, 442; of Charmidas, 442; cases of wonderful powers of, 442–444; the powers of, of great men, 443; recipes for tonics for the, 444; the powers of, usually possessed by royalties, 445; comments upon certain phenomena of the, 446, 450, 451; the, of de Lacépède, 446; of Prescott, 447; literary composition in the, 447; the, of Charles Sumner, 448; of Justice Story, 448; the difference between one, and another, 450; the privilege of forgetfulness often as blessed as that of, 451.
Men's women, 254.
Mercury, statue of, by Zenodorus, 47.
Merimée, Prosper, criticism on, and anecdotes of, 458, 459; the "Colombe" of, 460; his style, 460.
Metastasio, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 122.
Metellus, Lucius Cæcilius, Cicero on the old age of, 134.
Milan, the word "milliner" derived from, 26.
Milli, Giovanna, the improvisations of, 548.
"Milliner," derivation of the word, 26.
Millionaire, the, and art, 3; illustrative anecdote, 4.
Miltiades, the portrait of, 39.
Milton, quoted on Shakespeare, 77; works of, written in old age, 120; illustrates the slow growth of true sentiment, 247; Leigh Hunt's lock of the hair of, 404; quotes Chaucer incorrectly, 489.
Mind, riches of the, and worldly wealth contrasted, 139, 140; cannot be pilfered from, 140; "What is," "No matter," 367.
Mirrault, longevity of, 128.
Mirror, illustration drawn from the reflection in a, 328.

Miser, the, 373; illustrative anecdotes, 374.
Mistral, the, an experience with on the Gulf of Lyons, 502.
"Mrs. Grundy," tyranny of, in England, 21.
Mithridates, age attained by, 124.
Mnason, sum offered by, for a picture by Aristides, 34.
Model, the function of the, 346.
Modern art. See To-day.
Modesty, a creation of fashion, 21.
Mohl, Madame, 458.
Molière, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 122.
Money, the, of France, 71, 72; the greed for, corrupts art into a business, 72; the habit of, making, 138.
Money-making habit, the, 502.
Montaigne, a guest at the supposititious supper-party, 185; residence of, in Rome, 285.
Montalvan on Lope, 274–276; remarkable feat of, 275, 276.
Moore, the songs of, 242, 246; as a singer of his songs, 246.
"Moses," the pay received by Michael Angelo for his, 29; comment upon, 164; the story of the, of the Piazza de' Termini, 267, 268; comment upon the same, 268.
Mosquitoes, 304.
Moth, the, and the painted flowers, 329.
Mother Goose, in Dutch, 225, 226; beauty of many rhymes from, 226.
Mould, as spelled in America, 398.
Mountains, the proper means to estimate the height of (used figuratively), 77.
Mozart, anecdote of, 320.
Mulsum, an ancient drink, 189.
Mummius, Lucius, his transactions in art, 41, 42.
Murrhine cups in ancient Rome, prices paid for, 54.
Music, influence of, in painting and sculpture, 143; anecdote of the old gentleman devoted to, 146; in the future life, 305; naturalism in, 330, 338, 341; the most ideal of all arts, 336; of the Greeks, 354.
Myron, 355.

Namby-pamby in art, illustrated, 28.
Names, of persons, as safe carriers of correct pronunciation, 514; the naturalization of foreign, 527, 528; beauty and dignity of many Italian, a matter of sound only, 529.
Napoleon, Whately's doubts as to the existence of, 173.
Naturalism, its influence in art towards the exclusion of poetry and imagination, 27; inimical to any high development of art, 327; discussion of, in art, 327–353.
Nature, why better understood and painted than the human figure, 22; and the artist, 309; its influence in the national choice of this or that form of art, 323, 324; the relation of art to, 328–353; the outward garment, the body, which the spirit of art informs, 329, 332; the grammar and dictionary of art, 332; the idealism of, 333; Coleridge quoted on the solely subjective existence of, 333, 336; phrase-books of, 334; and man, 409–411; love of, a modern feeling, 531.
Neptune, festival of, 22.
Nero, an artist and art-patron, 36; price paid by, for a murrhine cup, 54; for a carpet, 54; his presents to his friends, 55; his extravagance, his crimes, and the hatred the patricians bore him, 55, 58, 59; his character, 56; his attitude towards his mother, 56; his tractability and tender-heartedness in youth, 56; his father's remark upon his birth, 57; considerations to be remembered in passing judgment upon, 57, 58; the record of the end of, by Tacitus, lost, 61; Suetonius's account of the last days of, 61; love of, for Poppæa, 61; grief of, for Poppæa's murder, 63; under modern historical criticism, 169; the presence of, haunts Rome, 285, 287; Carrara quarries first opened in the time of, 356; the Apollo Belvedere a work of the age of, 356.
Nicias, pride, vanity, and generosity of, 34; incidental reference to, 366.
Nicknames, Italian and Roman fondness for, 529.
Nicomachus, 366.
Night, White's sonnet on, quoted, 452.
"No," the word, lacking in Latin and classic Greek, 183.
Nollekens, Joseph, the miserliness of, 373.
Norris of Bemerton, the popularity of, 248.
"Notably," abuse of the word, 388.
"Notify," abuse of the word, 388.
Nude, the, in art, 22.
Number, the laws of, form, and magic coincide, in the theory of proportion as explained, 481; the perfect, 483.

Nursery-rhymes, English, in Dutch 225, 226; beauty of many, 226.

Offenbach, criticism on, 465.
Old masters, reasons for the high values set upon, 1; modern critical authority refuses the deference once paid to certain, 2.
Olympia, Zeuxis in, 33; statue of Zeus in, its value, 47; presumed statue by Praxiteles unearthed in, 355.
"One-idead people," 545, 546.
"Open up," the phrase, 388.
Oratory, in America, 426, 427; in England, 426; has the character of improvisation, 547.
Orcagna, various arts practiced by, 141.
Orders, badges, and medals, 420–424.
Orion, the nebula of, 453.
Orodes, anecdote of, and the head of Crassus, 64.
Orthodoxy in doctrine and life, anecdote of, 169.
"Ossian," the popularity of, in its day, 249.
Ostiensis, Adhemarus, 361.
Otho, the vice and luxury of, 55.
"Our ladies in those days," anonymous lines quoted, 428.
Ovid, cited on incantations, 221; born at Sulmo, 361; meaning of the name of, 528.
"O wad some power," the lines of Burns, commented upon, 544.

Pætus, meaning of the name, 528.
Paine, Robert Treat, the poetry of, 206–208; reputation of, in his day, 256, 257; Prentiss and Selfridge on, 257; the peer of Dryden, 257; a couplet by, 265.
Painting, or sculpture, which? 321; its advantages and disadvantages, 321, 322; imitation carried further in, than in music or poetry, 336.
Pallas, the fortune of, 65.
Pallas Athene, value of the drapery of the statue of, in the Parthenon 47.
Palmerston, Lord, said to be a convert to the Baconian theory, 174.
Pamphelus, value of pictures by, 39; the birthplace and works of, 365.
Pancœnus, 366.
Paolo Veronese, price paid for his "Marriage at Cana," 31; his method of painting, 31.
Paper, its effect on the writer, 381; the Arabs' careful regard for scraps of, and the reason therefor, 368.
Paris, high prices paid at auction sales in, of pictures and china, 1; comments on the Opera House in, 25.
Parr family, the, longevity of, 129.
Parrhasius, pride and luxury of, 33; value set upon pictures by, 46; the curtain of, 329; was an Ephesian, 365.
Partridge on Garrick, 179.
Pascal, the memory of, 442, 443.
Past, the sculptor must turn to the, 431.
Pausanias on Praxiteles, 355.
Peele, how little we know of, 176.
Percy, Bishop, Johnson's ridicule of, 249.
Perennius Tullius, age attained by, 126.
"Perfectly," American use of the word, 393.
Pericles, evident belief of, in the existence of Homer, 172; posing as Athenian shell-fish, 366.
Peripateticus, Cristolaus, age attained by, 125.
Perseverance, the genius of, 316, 317.
Persius, 361.
Perugino, age attained by, 135; Raffaelle worked as a pupil for, 168; the true name of, 529.
Pestilence, the demon of, how personified by the elder Darwin, 264.
Petrarca, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 122; our naturalized form of the name of, unjustifiable, 528.
Petronius, Titus, a patron of art, 36; price paid by, for a murrhine cup, 54.
Phædrus, 362.
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart, the "Gates Ajar" of, 306.
Phidias, the various arts practiced by, 140; employed the help of scholars, 162, 168; the Athena and Zeus of, 47, 355.
Philemon, age attained by, 125.
Philosophers, ages attained by ancient, 124.
Phonetic spelling, 397.
Photograph, having one's, taken, 382.
Phryne, at the festival of Neptune, 22; sat as model to Apelles, 37; compared with Campaspe, 38; invited to the supposititious supper-party, 187.
Piccolomini, Cardinal Francesco, contract of, with Michael Angelo, 30.
Piccolomini Chapel in Siena, price paid Michael Angelo for his work in the, 30.
Pictor, cognomen of the Fabii, how derived, 36.

Pictures, discussion of prices paid for old and new, 1–3; the "buying of, begets cultivation," 3; gradual growth of good taste in the selection of, 4; "any, on the wall, better than none," 4, what pictures and works of art evidence in a household, 7; appeal to a larger number than do statues, 323.
Piety, and the "unco pious," 380.
Pindar, green old age of, 121.
Pinkney, William, anecdotes of, 424, 425.
Pittacus, age attained by, 124.
Plants, life of, and human beings compared, 118.
Plaster, modeling in, not known to the ancients, 52.
Plato, age attained by, 125; Cicero on the old age of, 133, 134; evident belief of, in the existence of Homer, 172.
Plautus, 361; meaning of name, 528.
Pleasure, the deliberate chase of, 499.
Pliny, quoted on Parrhasius, 33; mentions paintings by the chief of the Fabian family, 36; records Agrippa's purchase of pictures, 41; records King Attalus's offer for a picture by Aristides, 42; records Lucullus's offer to Arcesilaus, 52; records prices paid for pottery, 54; records the price paid for Bucephalus, 54; quoted on Lollia Paullina, 59; story of Apelles and Protogenes told by, 155; the elder, born at Verona, the younger at Como, 361; cited on the memory of Charmidas, 442.
Plutarch, cited on the Latin *g*, 513.
Poet, anecdote of the, and the butcher, 74; apples and the, 119; popularity and the, 248, 249; authors thought worthy of the name, by Johnson, 252; the folly of the foolish, 265–267; the temptation of the, 352; Wordsworth quoted on the mission of the, 539.
Poetry, the poetic faculty, develops early, but is not dimmed with age, 120; this fact illustrated, 120–123; absurdities concealed in the form of, 196, 250; the, of to-day, 197, 531, 534; not to be judged as we judge prose, 198; trite moralities valued when cast in the form of, 198, and an illustration, 198, 199; the meaning and truth to nature of, 200; illustrations, 200, 201; Dryden's essay on dramatic, 202, and on, and painting, 203; admiration accorded certain, 209; popularity no test of, 249; hymns considered as, 250, 251; tastes in, change, 252; recipe for making, 252; effect of names in popularizing, 253; absurd attempts at, 265–267; of the Germans, 281; less an imitative art than painting or sculpture, 336, 337, 341; one danger in the exercise of the art of, 352; one phase of the, of to-day, 384; English and Latin, compared, 530, 531; Wordsworth on the mission of, 539; improvisation in, 548, 549; of Italy, 549.
Polycleitus, sum paid for a statue by, 48; the statue called the "Canon" by, 48; lost treatise on proportion by, 48; the works of, lost, 355; the canon of proportion of, 484, 485.
Polygnotus, paintings of, in the Pœcile at Athens, 38, 39; an artist-prince, made the guest of the state, 39; employed the aid of pupils, 168; a Thracian by birth, 364.
Pomponatus, 290.
Pope, a reference to, 11; illustrations drawn from, 201; one of the habits of, 381.
Poppæa, characterized, 61; argument to prove the so-called "Clytie" of the British Museum really a bust of, 62, 63; invited to the suppositious supper-party, 187; the presence of, haunts Rome, 287.
Popularity, the sole requisite of a singer or actor, 248; with poets and artists, 248; no test of poetry, 249, 256, 257; present, no test of fame, 249, 437.
Portraits, ancestral, their influence towards upholding family traditions and ideals, 9; famous, that have vanished, 38.
Portuguese, English as transformed in the, mind, 470, 471.
Posidonius, age attained by, 125.
Pottery, prices paid for pieces of, in classic days, 53.
Praxiteles, the Cupid of, its story, 50; the various Venuses of, unique, 52; offer made for a Venus by, 52; will be called to life by Shakespeare's song at the supper-party, 192; the works of, lost, save perhaps one, 355; two sculptors by the name of, 355; Pausanias on, 355.
"Precious," abuse of the word, 387.
Prentiss, Charles, on Robert Treat Paine, 256, 257.
Presbyterian, anecdote of the ardent, 169.
Present, the. See To-day.
Prices, paid for old masters and modern canvases, compared, 1, 29, 32;

decline in, in certain directions, illustrated by Guido and Carlo Dolce, 2; effect of fashion and the artist's "name" on, 2; reports of extravagant, paid by the newly rich, 3; paid the first artists of the day, 28; paid to Michael Angelo for various works, 29, 30; paid for works of art by the Greeks and Romans, 32–37, 39–43, 45–48, 51–54; paid by the ancients for literary works, 44, 45.
"Prominent," abuse of the word, 390.
Pronunciation, in the English pulpit, 396.
Propertius, 361.
Proportion, Polycleitus's theory of, 48; among the ancient, 343–346; an exact scheme of, would be a benefit to-day, 345; an exact system of, would not lead to mechanical work, 345–347; principles of, properly observed, sufficient in themselves to give pleasure, 348; the Antinous of the Vatican embodies a canon of, 480; talk on the same, 481–489.
Propriety, made a fetish of, 21.
Protogenes, and his fellow-townsmen of Rhodes, 36; generosity of Apelles to, 37; anecdote of, and Apelles, 155–157; birthplace of, 365.
Proverbs and trite moralities in verse, 198, 199; a talk on, 468, 469; the characteristics of good, 470; richness of Italy and Spain in, 470; English, in a Portuguese phrase-book, 470, 471; in dreams, 475.
Ptolemy, sum given by, in recompense for a gift of pictures, 39.
Pulci, meaning of the name, 528.
Pupils, the work of, how far permissible in a work purporting to be the master's, 158, 159, 168.
Pygmalion, no, in modern life, 310.
Pythagoras, Cicero on the old age of, 134.

Quinctilian, on Callimachus, 347; a Spaniard, 362; on Claudius's addition of the inverted Digamma to the Latin alphabet, 517.
Quincy, Josiah, age attained by, 135; the character of, 135.
"Quite," wrong use of, 391.

Raffaelle, intrinsic and commercial value of a canvas by, 1; comment on the "Vision of Ezekiel" by, 27; his success, had he lived to-day, 28; price asked for the great altar-piece by, compared with what he would have asked, 31; this altar-piece commented upon, 31; the only large canvas by, on sale, 32; prices paid Meissonier and for pictures by, compared, 32; used as an example in a discussion of genius, 151; incidental criticism on, 151–155; compared with Correggio and Michael Angelo, 152; the San Sisto Madonna of, 152; his habit of leaving his work to other hands, 153, 168; might have done as well in sculpture, 158; the Loggia series of compositions by, 158; worked as a pupil in his youth, 168; exalted by Goethe, 278; the presence of, haunts the Bridge of San Angelo, 286; an example of "facility" in art, 316; suppositious works of, 356.
Rauch, Christian, employed the help of scholars, 163.
"Recital," the new word, 388.
Realism, in technique, see "Naturalism," so-called, in literature, 463; the golden mean between, and Idealism, 320–340; Schiller quoted on, 341.
Recreation, how, to be taken, 142.
Religion, its influence on art, 166, 167; lip-service in, 209; a discussion of points in, 209–220; established, and the acceptance of it, 219; dogma in, 454–457; the sum of all, 457; Rembrandt, comment on the "Jacob's Dream" by, 27.
Repetitions, vain, 209.
Republicanism, a comment on the, supposed to be shown in the regulations as to the dress of American ministers, 416–419; and in the matter of orders and decorations, 420–422.
Reumont, Alfred von, a legend from, 289.
Rhodes, the people of, and their ill-treatment of Protogenes, 36, 37; price paid for the Colossus at, 46.
Rhymes, used by children, 223; English nursery, in Dutch, 225, 226.
Rhythm, is untranslatable, 103; the, of Shakespeare, and illustrations thereof, 103–112; of Chaucer, 402; of the Latin poets, 520.
Rogers, Samuel, his methods of composition, 493.
Romance, recipe for a popular, 253.
Roman Code, the, was it Roman, 363.
Romano, Giulio, 362; the true name of, 529.
Romans, prices paid for works of art by the, 32, 35, 41, 45–47, 51–54; sums paid by the, for literary works, 45; their idea of wit, 46, 184; extravagance of the, in various directions, 53–55, 58–60, 62; fortunes of

the, 63, 67; what has become of the gold and jewels of the, 66; the affirmative used by the, 182; represented by Antony at the supposititious supper-party, 184; spells and incantations of the, 220, 221; precision in the matter of proportion among the, 344-348; the "manners" of the Greeks and, in sculpture distinguished, 355; the Apollo Belvedere a work of the, 356; were the sculptors among the, Greeks, 357, 359; names of sculptors among the, imitated from the Greeks, and why, 357, 359; Greek language, manners, and dress among the, 360; the Code of the, 363; discussion on the greatness of the, in law and the science of government, 363, 364; were there no native artists among the, 364, 366; a *dolce far niente* people, as to-day, 529; the philosophy of the, 530; the practical genius of the, 530, 534; the, compared with the English, in their characters, 530; their poetry, 531; their oratory, 534; the stage among the, 534; love of the, for the ballet, 535; were natural pantomimists, 535.

Rome, the "Moses" of Michael Angelo in, 29; Carracci's frescoes in the Farnese Palace, 30; residences of famous people in, 285; presences of the famous dead in, 285-287, 289; wherein consists the charm of, 286, 287; legend connected with a gate in, 289; and the *Urbs* proper distinguished, 357; the population of ancient, 358; the Circus Maximus in, 358.

"Round," the word, in America, 390.

Rubens, characterized, 11; age attained by, 135; exalted by Goethe, 279.

Rupertus, 361.

Ruskin, and naturalism in art, 334, 335, 348; characterized, 335, 336; on arabesque, 348; on the sense of beauty, 349; on curves, 350; his views criticised, 350; criticised as a guide in art matters, 351.

Russell, Earl, much quoted phrase in a speech by, 196.

Russia, longevity in, 130.

Sabbath, observance of the, 216, 217.

Sabinus, Asellius, how recompensed for a literary production, 45.

Sailor, the, away from the sea, 502.

St. Peter's, what makes it a great work, 16.

Sallust, 361.

Salutation, modes of, of various peoples, invariably characteristic of them, 181, 182.

Salvator Rosa, various arts practiced by, 141.

Sand, George, the French of, 460.

Saxo, Chronographus, 361.

Scaliger, Joseph, the powers of memory of, 443.

Scaurus, Marcus Emilius, a patron of art, 36; the fortune of, 65, 66; the theatre built by, 65, 357.

Scene-painter, the importance of the, to-day, 353.

Schamir, the worm, 222.

Schiller, quoted against Goethe, 280; essays of, and Goethe on art, 280.

Schiller, all Shakespeare pronounced inferior to certain plays of Benedix, 93; quoted on the necessity for freedom in art, 340 (*bis*).

Schlegel, on Shakespeare, 93 (*bis*), 94.

Scholars, the work of, how far permissible in a work purporting to be the master's, 158, 159, 168.

Schumann, a comment on music by, 143.

Scipio, meaning of the name, 528.

"Scissors, the tyranny of," 23.

Scopas, 355.

Scotland, what Scott has done for, 272.

Scott, Sir Walter, the songs of, 242; and criticism, 269; on his own poetry, 270; as a worker, 270, 271; criticism on the works of, 272-274; Scotland and, 272; the humor of, 272; women in, 273; cowards in, 273; the "Fair Maid of Perth" a favorite of Goethe's, 274; the fertility of, 274; comparison of, with Homer, 282, 283; curious disregard for, in the present day, 282, 284; residence of, in Rome, 285.

Sculptor, must be sensitive to color and music, 143; how far may he intrust his work to other hands for mechanical execution, 159-163; is not a copyist, 346; the, and the dress of the day, 431.

Sculpture, Raffaelle might have done as well in, 158; in Michael Angelo's hands, 165; at the hands of followers, 165; Bernini observed no restraint in, 165; brought back by Canova into quieter fields, 166; among the Greeks, 166, 168; influence of the religion of the Greeks on, 166; of the Christian religion on, 167; in Italy during the Renaissance, 186; painting or, which?

321; the difficulties of, 322; in America, 323, 324; in England, 323, 326; in Greece, 324; illusion not art in, with an illustration, 330; imitation is carried farther in, and painting than in music or poetry, 336; why in these days defective, 343, 344; and the dress of to-day, 431; the belief that the power and purpose of, is past, 471.

Sea, the sailor away from the, 501; the fascination exerted by the, 501; the fierceness, cruelty, and treachery of the, 501; description of a gale at, 502; "Praise the, from the Shore," 503; when to quote Byron to the, 504; the, and English literature, 504; onomatopoetic pronunciation of Homer's epithet for the, by the modern Greeks, 504; the, on the coasts of Greece, 504.

Selfridge, on Robert Treat Paine, 257.

Seneca, and his defense of Nero, 55; the fortune of, 65; was a Spaniard, 361.

Sestertium and sestertius, the value of the, 40.

Seward, Miss Anna, her life of Darwin the elder, 256, 258–264.

Shadwell, Thomas, popularity of, in his day, 249.

Shakeress, interview with a centenarian, 132.

Shakespeare, criticism of, 16; Dr. Johnson and, 19; quoted on fashion, 26; the universality of, illustrated, 74, 75; eulogy upon, 75–77, 90, 91, 99, 101; praised to-day for his art, and yet by his contemporaries for his artlessness, 77; his contemporaries on, 77, 78, 172; his popularity, 78; his own opinion of himself, 78–80; sonnets quoted in illustration, 78–80; his estimation of Ben Jonson, 80; influence of Christopher Marlowe on, 80; illustrated by quotations, 83–87; the promise of Marlowe as great as that of, 90; anecdotes containing honest criticism upon, 91, 92; comment upon those ignorant of, 91; German criticism of, 92–95, 99; in the closet and on the stage, 93, 353; English criticism on, 93; "the plays of, grow, others are constructed," 98; compared with Goethe, 98; the translation of, 99, 100; illustrated by attempts to translate certain words of, into German, 100; the rhythm of, and illustrations thereof, 103–112; the various "manners" of, 103, 106, 107, 108; the poems and sonnets of, 104; alliteration in, 104; sonnet-strains of rhythm in the plays of, 104–106; the most impersonal of all writers, 112, 114; the "Hamlet" of 93, 113–117; Goethe's critique of the "Hamlet" of, 93, 115–117; death peculiarly repulsive to, 117; the powers of, at their highest in old age, 118; used as an example in a discussion of genius; 150; referred to in a discussion on Homer, 171; the Baconian theory concerning, 172–175; Heywood called a prose, 175; why, did not print, 177; a number of the plays of, probably lost, 177; Bacon's verse compared with that of, 178; as an actor, 178, 179; advice of, to the actors, 180; invited to a suppositious supper-party, 185; to sit by Cleopatra at the same, 185; would prove himself at the same a man of the world and of all time, 190; the songs to be sung by, 191, 192; Dryden on, 203, 204; adaptations of, by Dryden, 203, 204; the songs of, 191, 227; the name of, linked with that of Byron by foreigners, 234; storms in, 237; illustrates the slow growth of true fame, 248, 249; quoted on genius, 277; emendation suggested for a line in, 277; "Take, oh take those lips away," quoted in illustration, 281; the "Tabard Inn," near the home of, 285; has degenerated as a spirit, 293; illustration of the vogue of the Greek language among the Romans, drawn from, 360; Merimée's sneering criticism on, 459; was a rapid composer, 492; Grant White cited on, 492; Wordsworth believed himself the possible peer of, 530; the English name of the poet Horace as absurd as that of the "divine Williams" for, 531; plants in, and Milton, 532.

Shelley, the songs of, 231, 242; the original MS. of the "Lines to an Indian air," 331; the character of, 232–234; the world's judgment of, 232; the "infidelity" of, compared with that of Byron, 232; description of a thunderstorm by, 235; Italian night described by, 238; lines by, suggested by lines of Wordsworth, 331; quoted on the life of man, 411; his mode of composing, 494.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley Butler, quoted on facility, 316; and the House of Commons, 425.

"Shoddy, Jefferson, J. Q.," anecdote of, 4–7.

Sienna, work of Michael Angelo in, and the price paid therefor, 30.
Simonides, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 121; age attained by, 126.
Simoom, the elder Darwin's description of a, 264.
Singer, voice will not compensate for soullessness in the, 247; popularity all a, needs, 248.
Sistine Chapel, pay received by Michael Angelo for his frescoes in the 29; comments on his work in the, 165.
Skepticism, unscientific, 299.
Sky, the awfulness and mystery of the, 452.
Slang, in America and England, 393.
Smiths' "Rejected Addresses," quoted on thinking, 200.
Snail and his house, the, lines of Donne on, quoted, 8.
Society, a strangely shuffled pack of cards, 379.
Solomon, the magic lore of, 221, 222; the seal of, and its connection with a canon of proportion, 481.
Solomons, the musician, and George III., anecdote of, 414.
Solon, age attained by, 124; Cicero on the old age of, 134.
Song, the difficulty of writing a good, 227; various English writers of the, 191, 228, 230, 231, 241–243; words and music of a, wedded, 229; attention paid to the music of a, and not the words, 229; how to enjoy the poetry of a, 230; qualities desirable in a, to be sung, 230.
Sophocles, anecdote of, and his "Œdipus at Colonus," 121; age attained by, 125; Cicero on the old age of, 134.
Sound, association of, and color, 342.
Spain, famous sons of, 361; proverbs in, 470.
Spaniard, anecdote of the, and his use of the French tongue, 473.
Specialism, a creature of the influences in play to-day, 140.
Speechifying, its oppressiveness, 384.
Spelling, proposed changes in, commented on, 397–399; changes back to, and old forms in, proposed, 399, 400.
Spells and charms of antiquity, 220–222, 289.
Spenser, the "Faery Queen" of, when written, 121.
Spiritualism and spirits, 292–304; table-rapping, 293, 296–301; the test of science on, 296–300; the humors of, 303, 304.
"*Spleen, la*," so called of the English, as caricatured in Italy and France, 524.
Sprains, Cato's cure for, 220.
"Square," the word, in America, 389.
Square, the, its symbolism, 482.
Stage, the, in England, 179–181; of today, 353; among the Greeks, 354; among the French, 462–465; among the Romans, 534; among the Italians, 534.
Statius, 362.
Stecchetti, Lorenzo, the poems of, 549.
Stesichorus, the powers of, unimpaired by age, 121, 134; age attained by, 126.
Story, Chief Justice Joseph, story told by, of William Pinkney, 424; the memory of, in matters of law and letters, 448; illustrative anecdote, 449.
Strabo, quoted on the valuation of Apelles' work, 43; born at Amasia, 362.
Strada, quoted on the memory of Suarez, 443.
Studio, the atmosphere of the, 309.
Suarez, Francis, the memory of, 443.
"Substance, they the, we the shadows," anecdote from Wilkie, 9; comments upon, 9–11.
Suetonius, quoted with reference to Tiberius's gift to Sabinus in return for a literary production, 45; records price paid by Cæsar for a pearl, 54; quoted on Nero's extravagance, 58; account of Nero's end by, 61; birthplace of, unknown, 362; cited on the Claudian letters, 513.
Sumner, Charles, oracular advice given by the spirit of, 303; the memory of, 448; on the memory of Macaulay, 448.
Supper-party of ancients, a suppositious, 184–193.
"Supreme," abuse of the word, 387.
"Sweet," American use of the word, 393.
Swift, Dean, Dr. Johnson on the old age of, 136.

Tabulæ Decemviræ, quoted, 221.
Tacitus, his record of Nero's end lost, 61; the Tiberius of, 61; the presence of, haunts Rome, 287; birthplace of, unknown, 362.
"Take, oh take those lips away," quoted in illustration, 281.
Tale-bearing, the Scriptural commandment against, 215.
Talent, the value of a, 34.
Talk. See Conversation.
Talmud, cited on spells and charms, 221, 222.

Tartuffe, not dead yet, 381.
Tasso, residence of, in Rome, 285; French form of the name, 528; meaning of the name, 528.
Taste, changes in, as affecting certain of the old masters, 2; natural, and feeling, how deepened and enriched by art into true cultivation, 3, 4; a man's house and its furnishing an excellent test of his, and real feeling, 7; effect of fashion on, 23; in poetry, changes, 249.
Technique, exclusive attention to, leading to soulless work in every art, 27, 247, 337; its evil consequences, 27; a note on the, of the ancients, 38.
Tel-el-Kebir, the flies on the battle-field at, 413.
Tell, William, an exploded myth, 169.
Tenerani, employed the help of scholars, 163.
Teniers, curiously framed sometimes by the world of reality, 11; a popular favorite if he lived to-day, 28; age attained by, 135.
Tennyson, the songs of, 230.
Terence, 361.
Terza rima, improvisation in, 548.
Thales, age attained by, 124.
"Think, I," the phrase, characteristic of northern and Protestant nations, 182.
Theodectes, the memory of, 442.
Theomnestus, price paid for a picture by, 35.
Theseus, the, of the Elgin Marbles, 357.
Thinking, the, power rarely exercised, 195, 209, 218; is "nothing but a waste of thought," 200; on religious matters, 218; an easier matter to forego, 219, 220.
Thorwaldsen, employed the help of scholars, 163; the presence of, haunts his studio in Rome, 286; anecdote of, 313.
Thucydides, quoted on the value of the Athena of the Parthenon, 47.
Thunder in verse, 235–237.
Tiberius, his gift to Sabinus in recompense for a literary production, 45; pictures in the possession of, by Parrhasius, 46.
Tibullus, 361; cited on incantations, 221.
Tieck, Ludwig, on Shakespeare, 94, 95.
Timanthes, 366.
Time, preciousness of, 499.
Timomachus, price paid for pictures by, 35.
Tintoretto, silent influence of portraits by, 9; age attained by, 135; meaning of the name, 529.
Tiridates, royally entertained by Nero, 59.
"Tit for tat," Ker's explanation of, 224.
Titian, intrinsic and commercial value of a canvas by, 8; silent influence of portraits by, 9, 10; annoying to find, elbowed by Teniers, 11; comment on the "Entombment" by, 27; and the prices commanded by modern art, 29; the translation of Shakespeare an attempt as vain as to try and copy, 99; age attained by, 134; criticism on the "Entombment" by, 153; employed the aid of pupils, 168.
To-day, the art of, 2, 21, 319, 333, 343, 345; the dress of, 23–26, 427–431; "a poor thing, but our own," 120; the life of, its tendencies, 140, 169; the problem of, in art, 168; our age, an athletic age, 284; the stage of, 353, 462, 465; the poetry of, 385, 531, 534; English, as spoken, 385, 386–396; certain aspects of life, 428, 429; the sculptor of, must turn to the past, 428; French fiction of, and its influence, 462–465; French influence on the music of, 465.
To-morrow and to-day, 469, 470.
Torreblanca, 290.
Translation, its deficiencies, 99, 101, 103; of Shakespeare into German, 94, 100; Goethe and, 101.
"Transpire," abuse of the word, 387.
Triangle, the, its symbolism, 482.
"Trouble," abuse of the word, 388.
Truth, as an ultimate resource, 20; Anglo-Saxon reverence for, 21.
Truth, and love, 378, 542; blunt telling of the so-called, 379, 542, 543 (*bis*); with a big *T*, 542; many a pleasant, may be told, 544; the many-sidedness of, 546; "will prevail," 552.
Turner, Joseph Mallard William, anecdote of, 372; miserliness and generosity of, 373.
Tupper, Martin Farquhar, the popularity of, at one time, 249; the "Proverbial Philosophy" of, 250; imitated, 250.
Tussaud, Madame, illustration drawn from, 330.
Twilight, Darwin's figures in describing, 262.

Vairus, 290.
Valerius Corvus, Marcus, Cicero on the old age of, 134.

Valets-de-place, a nuisance, 11, 12, 14.
Vandyck, silent influence of portraits by, 9.
Vanity, a blessing, 18; and a worldly advantage, 19; not a trait of genius, 150.
Varro, age attained by, 126; one of the four famous authors born at Rome, 362.
Varus, meaning of the name, 528.
Vatican, the Antinous of the, 480.
Verres, and the Cupid of Praxiteles, 51.
Verrocchio, Leonardo worked as a pupil for, 168.
Versi sciolti, improvisation in, 548.
Vervecchio, various arts practiced by, 141.
Vespasian, number of centenarians recorded in the census of, 127.
Violinists, Solomon's classifications of, 415.
Virgil, gift to, for his lines on Marcellus, 45; a Mantuan, 361; quoted in support of the English pronunciation of the Latin, 526.
Vitellius, the Emperor, price paid by, for a piece of pottery, 53.
Vitruvius, on Polycleitus's canon of proportion, 48, 484.
Voice, the heart in the, 247.
Volcanoes, in Darwin's verse, 261.
Voltaire, on Shakespeare, 93; and criticism, 269.
Vossius, Mattheus, quoted on the Latin *v*, 518.

Waller, Edmund, the songs of, 228; the popularity of, 246.
Walls, "we scrawl our lives upon our," 8; "are telltales," 9; of boudoirs, 9; of old houses with their ancestral portraits, 9-11.
Washington, defying the lightning, in Paine's song, 208; the, Monument, 319.
Water-color, England the home of, 323.
Wax, used as a medium by the Greeks, 38.
Wealth, of the mind and the world, contrasted, 139, 140.
"Weather, the," a prime staple of conversation, 538.
Webster, Daniel, in the Senate, 426.
Webster, John, the plays of, 175; how little we know of, 175; a slow composer, 491.
Webster, Dr. Noah, 397.
Whately, Richard, historic doubts of, as to the existence of Napoleon, 173.
"Whatever" and "whenever," wrong use of, 391.
White, J. Blanco, sonnet by, quoted, 452.
Wigs, the impressiveness of, 415.
Wilcocks, General, quoted on longevity, 129.
Wilkie, Sir David, anecdote from, 9.
Will, genius three quarters, 316.
"Williams, the divine," 184, 531.
Wills, two anecdotes connected with the making of, 68.
Wind, the, the fit playmate of the sea, 502; the Mistral on the Gulf of Lyons, 502; a sailor's phrase for a heavy, 503.
"Windy," as poetically used to-day, 385.
Wines of antiquity, the, 188; drinks made from, 189.
Wither, George, the songs of, 228.
Wolf, Professor Friedrich August, on Homer, 171.
Woman, character of a, may be read by her boudoir, 9; and dress, 429.
"Women's men," 254.
Women's rights, 255.
"Word-painting" in English verse, 531.
Words, old, worth recalling to the language, 400.
Wordsworth, survived Jeffries's assaults, 19; the powers of, unimpaired by age, 122; quoted, on the greed for money-making, 138; on absorption in the world, 138; morning after a storm described by, 237; not a song-writer, 243, 245; a sonnet by, quoted, 243; story of this sonnet by, 244; love-poems of, 243, 245; quoted on the true mission of art, and lines of Shelley suggested by the quotation, 331; transcriptions of Chaucer by, 403; passages from Landor and, compared, 438; the grudge of Landor against, 439; Landor on, 439; conversation of Landor and, on Byron, 440; believed himself the possible peer of Shakespeare, 530; Douglas Jerrold's caustic comment on this notion, 530; on personal talk, 538, 539; quoted. 539; quoted on the poet, 539.
Work, the proper way to. 142; true recreation after, 142.
World, the, Wordsworth quoted on, 138; riches of, and the mind, contrasted, 139; the struggle of the, its effect on man, 140.
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, the songs of, 228.

Xenocrates, age attained by, 125; Cicero on the old age of, 134.

Xenophanes, green old age of, 125.
Xenophon, age attained by, 125.

"Yes," forms for the word, in antiquity, 183.
Young, Charles Julian, anecdote of Turner told by, 372.

Zeno, age attained by, 124; Cicero on the old age of, 134.
Zenodorus, price paid, for a statue, 47.
Zenophilus, age attained by, 124.
Zeus, the statue of, at Olympia, value of each lock on the head of, 47.
Zeuxis, the princely state of, 33; employed the aid of pupils, 168; the painted grapes of, 329; was a Macedonian, 365.
Zola, Emile, the work of, 463.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09938 959 3